



**EARLY AMERICAN
HISTORY FOR
YOUNG AMERICANS
SABIN**



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EARLY
AMERICAN HISTORY
FOR
YOUNG AMERICANS

By

HENRY SABIN, LL.D.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Iowa,

1888-1892 and 1894-1898

AND

ELBRIDGE H. SABIN

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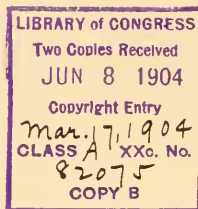
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PREFACE.

The senior author of this book is a lover of history. The junior is not, or at least was not at the time when the work was undertaken. In a conversation between father and son, regarding the reason for this difference, it seemed to develop that the one found continual pleasure in the study because he had not contented himself with simply the limited knowledge obtained in school and college. On the contrary, for many years he had cultivated and retained a taste for history by reading and re-reading many a treasured volume in which there is such a wealth of imagery and description, that the reader can see and hear and actually take part in the events of long ago.

The other, his head filled with a jumbled mass of dates, names, and figures, at the end of his school days had closed his history with a sigh of relief, and had sought no farther, glad to think that no one thereafter could make him pursue so dry a subject. This disgust, occasioned partly because he had been shown only the dry husk and not the kernel concealed within, had followed him for twenty years.

In part, this was the fault of the junior author himself. In part, it was the fault of the text books he studied, and the methods of instruction in vogue when he was in school. In those days attention was given exclusively to what happened, and, above all, to the exact date *when* it happened. There was little attempt to find out why, how, and with what result; to appeal to the active imagination possessed

by every healthy boy and girl; to contrast the past with the present, and to plan from the present into the future, or to mingle the interesting with the uninteresting, so that all would be remembered with pleasure.

An effort seldom was made to present the subject so that men and events should have an actual, living existence outside of the printed page; to draw occasional simple, practical lessons from the lives and deeds of bygone years; or to arouse in each pupil a desire to search for himself and to become familiar with the many works by gifted authors, in which explorations, settlements, battles, debates, and the careers of soldiers and statesmen are described with a power and picturesqueness impossible in any condensed text book.

As a result of this conversation, father and son concluded together to write an early American history for boys and girls, and this somewhat personal explanation has been given as the best means of making known its object—to give enjoyment and to awaken interest, rather than to instruct in details and to tell everything. While there is an attempt to furnish a full outline of events up to the close of the Revolution, the book by no means is presented as a complete history of that period, and the outline itself is given more to connect the different chapters and points of prominence than to be memorized and retained.

If the boys and girls, into whose hands this book may come, read it with zest, they must read it with profit also, and be led to look into other volumes, perhaps first selecting those which most appeal to their fancy, but gradually acquiring the taste of the true student of history. If the perusal of these pages inspires their hearts with a more

intense love of our country, and gives them a few simple reasons for that love, they will labor the harder to do their part to make her future such that she may be worthy the devotion of generations yet unborn. If they turn the final page with a feeling of admiration for the self-sacrifice, the heroism, and the patriotism of their forefathers, they will strive the more to make their own lives deserve the emulation of their children and their children's children.

These are some of the thoughts we have had in mind as these pages have been written. That our plans have been carried out but imperfectly, we are aware; but our hearts have been in our work, and we have tried to reach the hearts of the boys and girls of our land; and to the extent that this is accomplished, we shall be satisfied.

HENRY SABIN.

ELBRIDGE H. SABIN.

EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

I.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

On these pages we shall together study the early history of our own country. While it is well for us to know about other lands and other races ; their customs and their governments ; how they have had their rise and fall ; how their great men and women have lived and died ; and of the traits of their common people, in whom rests the strength or the weakness of every nation, yet of highest interest to each boy and girl of the United States is the story of our own dear land.

To this let us for the present confine ourselves. We shall see how a brave voyager found a new continent ; and how those who followed him grew in vigor and number until they formed a small but independent nation — a nation which has increased in wealth, territory, and power so that to-day it stands a leader in the civilized world.

With a feeling of pride we shall come to the last pages ; but let us ever keep in mind the fact that

the history is not then ended, and the portion yet to come is to be filled with our own acts and deeds. Our part also will be well performed if we are honest, brave, and true, as have been those who have gone before us; and if humbly, yet confidently, we always look for guidance to Him who never failed our fathers nor our forefathers in times of trouble, and who will not fail us if we call upon Him and try to do His will.

According to the way you go about it, history will be found a dull or a delightful study. If you look upon it simply as something you must learn because others do, and your parents and teachers want you to, it contains only a mass of bare facts and dry dates. To read it thus is drudgery, and even if you know the book from cover to cover, there is little of gain or profit. If on the other hand you enter into the spirit of the book, there is no subject which can be to you a source of greater pleasure. Think while you read. Try and believe that you actually are living amid the scenes described on the page before you. Remember always that these things truly happened and to those then living were as real as the events of the present are to you.

When Columbus said that by going straight ahead he could pass around the world and come

back to the place whence he had started, people thought him as crazy as you would consider a man who should come into your schoolroom and tell you that he had climbed a high mountain, and reaching up his hand, had touched a solid sky. Columbus was laughed at just as you would make fun of a boy who after the next shower should start off across the fields to find a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.



PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH.

Boughton.

How would you like to go to church through the woods, with your father carrying a shotgun to defend you from savages who at any moment might send an arrow at you from behind a tree? Yet this is the way the children went in the early days, not in a picture, not in a book, but along the paths

beneath the overhanging branches, in sunlight and shadow; sturdy lads and brave lassies, but just as anxious as you are not to be hit by an arrow nor cut with a knife.

When the snow and ice cover the ground and the cold wind howls through the leafless trees, to you has come the season for skates and sleds, and for cozy evenings in your warm and cheerful homes; a jolly Thanksgiving, a merry Christmas, and happy New Year. Think of the contrast when you read about the first winter spent by the colonists on the New England coast. On the one side was the pitiless ocean and on the other the bleak forest. Little food was left from what they had brought with them and none had been raised before winter had come. They had no letters from home, no telegraph, and no newspaper. Sad indeed must have been their hearts, wondering when spring would arrive and what even the next day might bring.

So through each year and period, take the facts and people home to yourselves. Then you will find that history is simply a story, and is more interesting than legend or fairy tale because it really is true.

In reading history, we are very apt to let our passions and prejudices run away with our judgment. In every struggle, one side appeals so strongly to our sympathies, and our feelings are

aroused to such a pitch, that how any just man could have been on the other, is more than we can understand. This party seems made up entirely of heroes and patriots, and that of traitors and oppressors.

The true student, however, tries to look calmly on both sides of every question. He remembers that many things which now seem as clear as the sun at noon-day, were, in the times of which he is reading, points upon which people honestly could differ. He finds that men were not necessarily bad at heart because they favored the wrong cause, and they arouse pity and compassion rather than hatred and contempt. In their devotion to what they believed to be right, he sees much even to praise.

You will read how the savages tortured men, women, and children and with the glee of fiends laid waste the homes of the early settlers; yet it is not true that all Indians were devils in human form, for many of them met the whites with kindness, and welcomed them. They fought only when the streams, woods, and fields in which they fished, hunted, and built their homes, were taken from them in the irresistible approach of a stronger race. Wrongs the Indian did, but wrongs were done him also. As you read, give him a fair hearing.

If ever a holy war were waged, it was the Revolution. All peaceful means to obtain our rights were tried without avail, and by arms alone could oppression and tyranny be resisted. How well the little army strove, and to what end, is a tale old but ever new. Still every red coat did not cover a tyrant's heart, and many a boy sailed away from his home in his loved England, fought bravely and died gladly, doing, as he saw it, his duty to his king and country.

Then, when you read of that most terrible of all wars, the Rebellion, where father engaged against son, and brother against brother, there is need for all your calmness and self-control. The gray was wrong, eternally wrong. The blue was right, as it always has been, and we trust always will be. This we realize, but we need not be ashamed if our hearts thrill as we read of the desperate bravery and the heroic self-sacrifice of old and young who pledged themselves to the lost cause.

If some time you should visit in a southern home, perhaps your host will bring forth a faded picture from some secret drawer and you will gaze on the features of a smooth-faced, dark-eyed boy who, pure in purpose, years ago went forth to battle against the north and came not back. His mother's tears were just as sincere as is the grief in some of the

homes of your own state over the soldier boys who have lately died in foreign lands for the dear old flag. You, the children of a new generation, impartially should study the history of these terrible times from which both sides learned many a lesson never to be forgotten.

It will not be the aim of this book to give a complete account of the early history of the United States. Much must be omitted, or merely touched upon in passing. If it tells you some things which are new and interesting; if it increases your love of your country, your pride in its past and your trust in its future; and if it suggests farther study by each of you for himself, it will have done that for which it has been written.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF COLUMBUS.



THE DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS FROM SPAIN.

II.

THE COMING OF COLUMBUS.

To the first man the earth was flat, except as varied by hill and dale. To whom it first occurred that the world is round, will ever be a secret. The ancient Egyptians studied the paths of the stars, and perhaps the shape of the world also, was known to some of them. It was taught by Aristotle and other wise men of Greece centuries before the birth of Christ. From their time down to the sixteenth century, learned men speculated, astronomers figured, and poets dreamed; meanwhile a new land slept unknown, waiting for him who had not only power to think, but courage to perform.

This man was Columbus. He was born in Italy in 1435 or 1436. As a boy he studied; as a youth he journeyed far and wide—in his own words, “wherever ship has sailed.”



THE BOY COLUMBUS.

The islands and shores of the Mediterranean, the coast of Africa, England, and even Iceland, the “farthest land,” were visited by him. Into his willing ears were poured tales of the riches of India beyond the mighty Indus and of a still stranger land, China, beyond the river Ganges; and how these places might possibly be reached by sailing around the southern point of Africa.

If, however, the world were really a sphere and these countries, as many thought, extended indefinitely eastward, by sailing west across a narrow strip of water untold riches would be his. That this could be done became firmly fixed in his mind, and with him, to think was to act.

Slow was his progress in carrying out this purpose. History gives us no example of greater pluck and patience. He lacked funds to furnish and fit out ships. He had not the rank to per-

suade sailors to undertake so bold a venture. Genoa refused all his offers. For ten long years without success he besought the king of Portugal. Then, wearied but not disheartened, he turned his steps towards Spain. There for four years more he haunted the courts of king and queen and noblemen, praised and encouraged one day, reviled and rebuked the next, but ever keeping in view his one purpose.

Finally, when, disappointed but determined, he was departing for France, a messenger called him back to the court of Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand of Spain, and in April, 1492, the pledge sought through so many years was given. His reward was to be a title of high degree in the new possessions and one tenth of all profit by trading or conquest. What prompted this king and queen to back a scheme the success of which at the best must have seemed possible rather than probable? They, too, longed for the fabled riches of the East, but in their hearts burned the desire to spread to lands and races unknown the gospel of the blessed Christ.

Love of God and greed for gold! These are the motives which have ever sent men westward across the seas. True, Columbus and his followers did not reach China or India; but hand in hand the trader and the missionary landed on our shores;

hand in hand they wandered across the continent ;
and to-day hand in hand they sail the Pacific
Ocean, still onward, carrying our religion and the
fruits of our industry to the isles and empires of
the East.



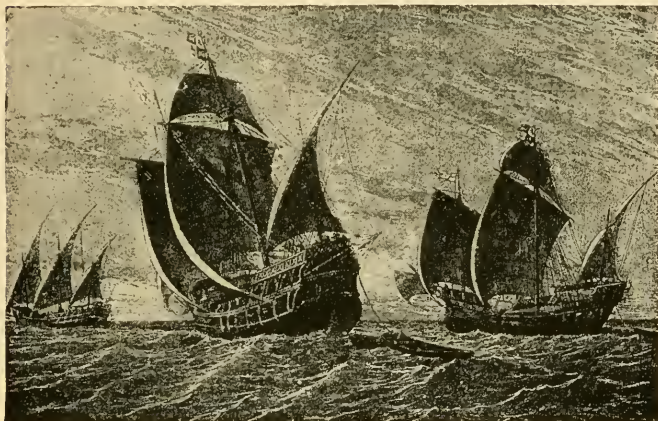
COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA.

Rotting.

He argues that the world is round.

Strange it is to think that you, the children of
to-day, are to be the first to reap the benefit of the
vast trade with that Orient towards which the king
and queen of Spain reached out their arms in vain
four hundred years ago. Your corn and cotton,
the products of your mills, factories, and packing
houses, will be sent into the countries of the East ;

and back will come woods and spices, silver, gold, and precious stones — not to Spain, but to the land which has recently driven her from her last stronghold in the new world.



THE SHIPS OF COLUMBUS.

On August 3, 1492, in three small vessels and with one hundred and twenty men, Columbus sailed. October 12, seventy days later, land was seen. It was one of the Bahama Islands, and was christened "San Salvador." The exact point is not established beyond dispute. Perhaps it is the island still bearing the name San Salvador, but by some it is thought to be Watling's Island, lying still



LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

(Irving, in his "Life of Columbus," gives this picture as having been drawn by Columbus himself.)

farther east. Look on your maps, just off the southern point of Florida, and see for yourselves where a European, coming from the east, first trod the new world.

In August he sailed. In October he landed. These are simple words, but how much they mean ! Who can imagine the feelings of Columbus and his ignorant crew when the last known land sank behind the eastern horizon and before them stretched those restless, rolling waters, where man never had been before ? There was no fear of hunger or thirst, of heat or cold, or even of a manly death. All these things they had bravely faced time and again in previous voyages. But now they sailed to meet untold dangers.

The child laughs and plays in the light shed by the evening lamp close to his mother's chair ; yet behind the sofa in the distant corner of the room, in the darkened hall, or in the gloomy cellar, lurk hidden perils, and if he approach these places, a strange dread seizes him and back he hurries to where his hand can reach his mother's gown. A terror akin to this must have touched the hearts of those grown men as the breezes bore them steadily into the mysterious West.

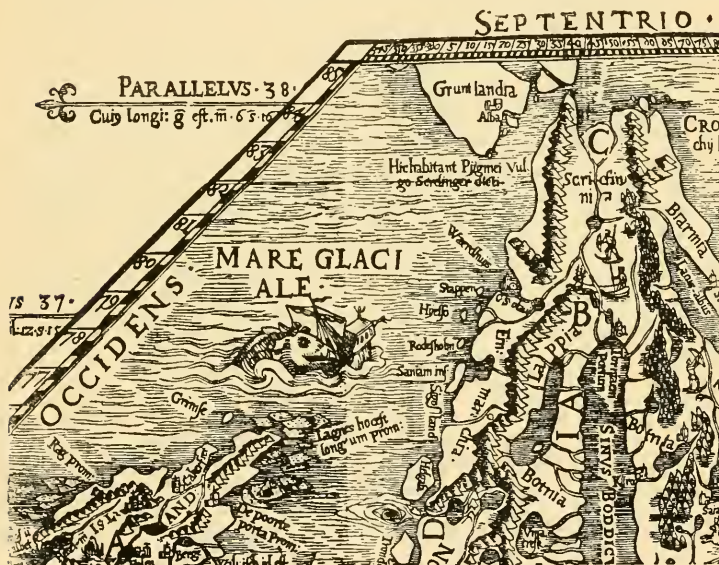
From time immemorial, men had peopled the unexplored regions of earth, air, and sea with spirits

and monsters ready to attack the unhappy person who might come into the realms set apart for them alone. At first the sailors under Columbus must have whispered secretly among themselves; then there were murmurs of discontent, and as month merged into month, open threats of mutiny. Here again was displayed the spirit of their leader. He who had waited year after year for a chance to carry out his plans, was not to be thwarted now when the goal was almost within his reach.

Explaining, pleading, promising, commanding, he kept his vessels ever turned towards the setting sun; and when drifting wood, flying birds, and perfumed winds told of land near by, confidence came to all. At last toil and pain, grief and fear were forgotten as the mariners knelt on the shore and gave thanks to God for his care and guidance.

Five months later Columbus returned to Spain. Triumphant was his reception. Few men have borne news so startling or of such import. To convince the doubtful, he brought with him gold, strange plants, beasts, and even natives. As these passed in long procession before their eyes, those who previously had scoffed and derided him probably were loudest in their praise. No one realized that a new continent, and not China nor Arabia, had

been brought within their reach ; but here was gold to be dug, new fields to be explored, a new race to be Christianized, and, swayed by cupidity, love of adventure, and religious zeal, men of all nations were aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.



MAP SHOWING SEA MONSTER—1500.

Three more voyages Columbus made, carrying priests and colonists across the water to the new world, and returning, at times in health and honor, again in sickness and disgrace. Finally he died without having understood the importance of his discovery.

What advantage did Spain take of her great opportunity? To-day she should be a leader of nations in two continents. What is the fact? Not one foot of soil on this side of the ocean is hers. In the war fought by your fathers and brothers, Cuba, her last possession, was set free. Her only relic is a handful of dust, the remains of Columbus, which recently were taken back from Havana to Spain.

Let this teach us that nations, like men, suffer from evil deeds. If we are not honest and thrifty at home, and do not govern with justice and kindness abroad, then will Cuba look elsewhere for protection, the Philippines pass into other hands, the trade of the Orient be lost, and our glory and our greatness likewise be gone forever.



THE SANTA MARIA, ONE OF COLUMBUS' VESSELS.

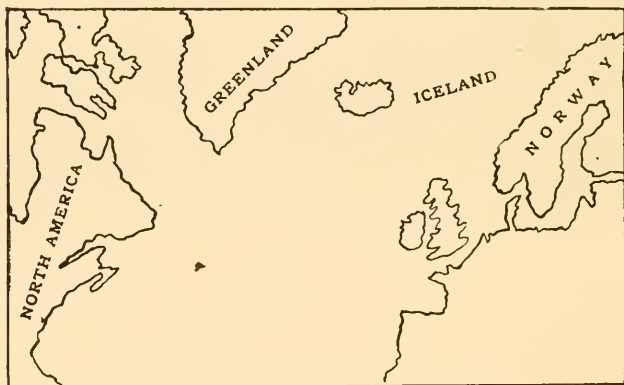
(From a model shown at World's Fair, Chicago.)

III.

WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?

Columbus discovered America. That is well known to every boy and girl. However, although everything points to the fact that the origin of mankind was in the old world, when Columbus set foot on the shore of the new world natives came to greet him. Consequently, since he found others here before him, he discovered America only in that he was the one to open up lasting communication between the two continents.

Some one else was the first to disclose this great treasure. Who he was, of what race, when and whence he came, is not known beyond dispute. Look on your globe or map and see how short is the distance from Iceland around the southern point of Greenland to North America. From Norway to Iceland is an easy journey, and more bold



NORWAY, ICELAND, AND NORTH AMERICA.

and dashing rovers never sailed the sea than the hardy Norsemen and their descendants.

Tradition has it that several times before Columbus came, they visited this country. Very likely what they told him on his voyage to Iceland was one of the things convincing him that his ideas were right. The Norsemen, however, left few perma-

ment traces, and it is not probable that those arriving by this route had anything to do with the early settlement of the continent.

Directly across the Pacific Ocean from the southern part of North America, is the seat of the oldest civilization of the world. Doubtless in that locality was the cradle of the human race. Ages ago the coast of Asia may have extended much farther to the east than now, and America much farther to the west. The small islands dotting the ocean may have been much larger and more inhabitable, or there may have been other islands of vast size which since have sunk beneath the waves.

Borne from one to another of these, by chance or design, men may have passed from continent to continent. Then, as the shores receded and the islands became barren or disappeared, they would forget each other, except through myth or tradition.

Look again on your maps and see how close to Asia is the northwestern extremity of Alaska. From shore to shore, at that point, or from island to island, by boat in summer or by ice in winter, is an easy passage. In this way, no doubt, men crossed ages before Columbus came. Perhaps, with the lapse of centuries, they drifted south and east, here becoming fierce and warlike, there domestic

and peaceful; here roaming and following the chase, there becoming settled and building rude homes; and finally the strong attacking the weak and driving them into the mountains and barren, sunburned plains. This probably is the easiest way to account for the population of America.



ASIA AND NORTH AMERICA.

There is a legend, too, that in times long past, somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean, west of Spain, was another continent—the fabled Atlantis. Here, as some believe, lived a race far advanced in civilization, with busy cities, green farms, and happy homes. They traded with Europe on the east and sent colonies to America on the west. Then came some awful convulsion of nature. The island sud-

denly was submerged and where once was life, love, and industry, now rolls the ocean.

All these are interesting theories. The facts are, that Columbus found America inhabited and that the exact origin of the Indians probably never will be known. They had no system of writing and possessed no literature. Their knowledge of past events was confined to tales told from generation to generation by the old men of the tribe to the young men, and repeated to the children by the young men as they themselves grew old.

The traditions of one tribe say that the sun was their father and the moon their mother; of another that they came out of a hole in the ground, and that when enough men had issued, the Great Spirit closed the opening with his foot, and left a hollow in the earth, to which the narrators pointed in proof of the story; of others, that their remote ancestors came from the north and west, driving weaker tribes before them and possessing the country. It is possible that, if the truth were known, the Indian could trace his ancestry in this continent back through the mound builders and other more civilized races to a time centuries before the Christian era.

The extent of the Indian population at the time Columbus came has been much exaggerated. Some

authorities claim that there were not more than three thousand east of the Rocky Mountains. In disposition the Indians were mild and kind towards those they regarded as friends; relentless and cruel towards their enemies. This is shown by the spirit with which they met the whites in the beginning and with which, a little later, they fought them to the death. In physical characteristics they were much alike. All had the same red complexion, straight black hair, high cheek bones, black eyes, and sloping forehead. Their bodies were tall, straight, and graceful. In actual strength they usually were inferior to the white man, but often they more than made up for this by their quickness and agility.

One of their great peculiarities has been their inability to adapt themselves to a civilized life. They have been killed in battle, they have perished through disease, and they have yielded to the vices which always follow in the track of the white man, but they have not mingled with the conqueror nor adopted his customs. With few exceptions, as far as possible the Indian of to-day lives and dies in the same way as did his fathers before Columbus came.

While often they cultivated patches of corn and sometimes they raised enough to carry over from one year to another, to a great extent the Indians

depended for food on hunting and fishing. Their dwelling-places were made of skins sewed together, or of the bark of trees. Not infrequently they erected quite spacious buildings, as a place of abode for some great chief or for public council. As a rule they did not stay long in any one place, but roamed here and there where game might best be found.



INDIANS AND THEIR DWELLINGS.

Although at times tribe waged bitter war against tribe, as a whole their lives were peaceful and happy. They loved their families and their homes, they prized field and forest, brook and river. Stern necessity demanded that the civilization of the whites should occupy this fertile country, but the



OLD VIEW OF MOUND CEMETERY.

thoughtful historian, without a feeling of sympathy and sorrow, cannot see an entire race banished from the face of the earth.

The title of the uncivilized red man to the land on which he and his fathers had dwelt for centuries, need not here be discussed. It is enough to say that whatsoever the right he may have had, to his mind it seemed absolute and by the early settlers it was utterly disregarded. If to-day there should suddenly appear among us strange men from some distant planet, who should calmly proceed to take possession of our farms and cities, would we not be filled with fear and would we not fight them, sparing neither young nor old?

Thus felt the Indian when mysterious strangers came from over the sea and took from him his home and hunting grounds. Perchance in his simple mind there was a dim foreboding of the fate which might await him. So he fought, fiercely and perhaps cruelly, but impelled more by a sense of self preservation than by a natural thirst for blood. In the struggle for supremacy, right and justice have not always been on the side of the white men.

We have now learned that whatever may have been the origin of the Indian, centuries before the landing of Columbus, men dwelt where we now live.

In many parts of the United States, particularly in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, are mounds of huge size and plainly the work of human hands. They form circles, squares, parallelograms, and even the figures of animals. Some, encircled at the outer edge by a fence of wood, were used as forts; on some



CLIFF DWELLINGS.

homes were built; others were for religious ceremony or places of burial; and others, placed on hills or bluffs, were points whence signals could be flashed from one to another—a kind of wireless telegraphy.

The vast labor necessary to erect these mounds shows an industry and joint effort of which the

tribes found by the white men gave no signs. In them are unearthed pottery and implements of war and chase made with a skill unknown to the Indians. Many of them contain human bones mingled with those of the mastodon, an animal rivaling in bulk the modern elephant, and believed to have existed here when the land slowly emerged from the vast fields of ice by which it once was covered.

In Colorado, Arizona, and other western states where, through countless years, the rivers have worn deep canyons in the steep mountains, are visible traces of another race. On a level space on the top of an abrupt cliff they constructed homes of sun-dried brick or hollowed out great rooms in the very sides of the canyon. These could be reached only by the means of steps cut in the rock, or else by a ladder which could be taken away after entering, thus leaving the occupant safe from foes. By irrigation a little corn was raised, and the streams furnished fish. These people, too, were skilled in pottery, weaving, and in making implements of stone.

Furious must have been the attacks which could have driven men to live in such a desolate place; yet here they dwelt for centuries and probably as happily as the Indian who could throw himself down to rest on the green grass by the water rippling under overhanging trees.

Some time you may find pleasure in studying for yourselves about the mound builders, the cliff dwellers, and those who lived in bygone times in other parts of this land. Although hard to believe, it is possible that here, as far back as the glory of Egypt or Babylon, there may have been men civilized to a degree not known in Spain at the time Columbus sailed.

It is not the purpose of this book to deal with such subjects. The foregoing has been written to try to broaden the view and widen the horizon before limiting ourselves to the growth and development of one nation, which, mighty in itself, still is but a single link in an endless chain of events stretching far back into an uncertain past and forward into an unknown future. While we are proud of what has been done and proud of what we feel we ourselves can do, let us guard against being vain or boastful. The study of history teaches us to be meek. Our wisest men always have been the humblest.

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their names are on your waters,
Ye may not wash them out.

'They 're where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Upon her stately crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;

Connecticut has wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves ;
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart ;
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout its lofty chart ;
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust ;
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
The regions of their power ;
Ye drive them from their fathers' land,
Ye break of faith the seal ;
But can ye from the court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal ?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
A caravan of woe ;
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf ?
His sleepless vision dim ?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to Him ?

— *Sigourney*.

IV.

SUCCESSORS TO COLUMBUS.

The prospector, wandering here and there over hills and mountains, is the forerunner of many a modern city. A plain but picturesque character is he. In the early spring, while the snow still clings to the higher peaks and, slowly melting, swells the mountain streams to raging torrents, he starts out. On the back of mule or patient burro are packed food, frying pan, blankets, pick, hammer, and instruments for testing ore—a scanty outfit, but enough for his few needs. Thus, far from civilization, he strays alone, looking for silver or gold.

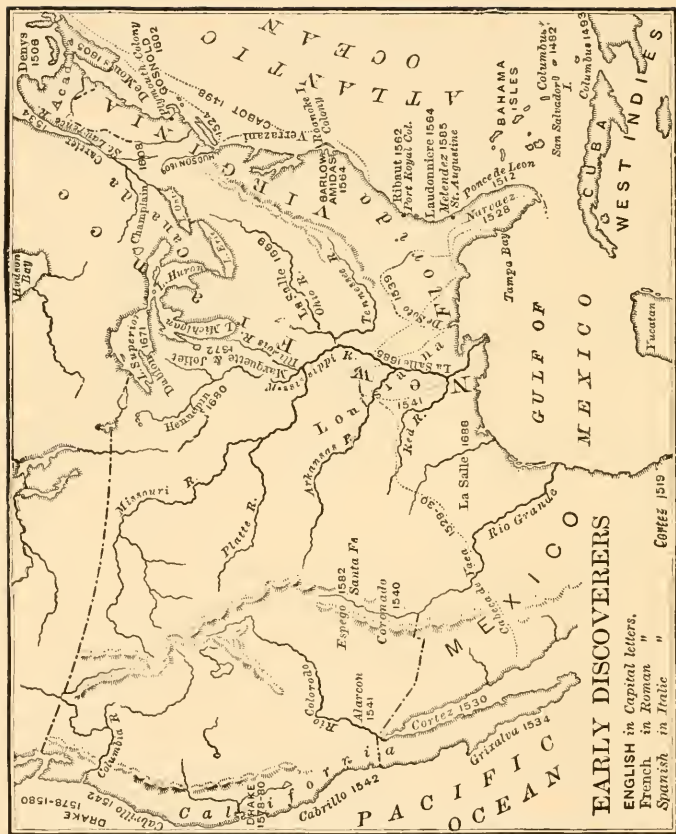
Sometimes he is successful, but more often the blasts of winter force him back to some mining camp, there to wait for the time when it will be safe for him again to take up his work. The money he earns in town is used in purchasing his material when he leaves; or perhaps some richer friend furnishes the cash, expecting as reward a share in whatever may be discovered.

When the prospector has found the object of his search, there is great joy. For himself and those

who have helped him, he at once claims as much land in the most promising location, as is allowed by law. On his return to his friends, the good news cannot long be held secret. Then there is a rush to follow him.

Men in crowds leave their stores, trades, and professions for the new fields. Those who cannot go, give funds to those who can. Claims are staked out in all directions around the first one; sometimes they overlap each other, and often two or three are located on the same ground. Then come persons who erect near by houses, stores, churches, and theatres, and in a few weeks, where there has been only the wilderness, a thriving city rises as if by magic.

Columbus was a prospector. Across the sea he sailed in quest of treasure. His outfit was furnished by the king and queen of Spain. The land he found, with all it contained, he claimed for their majesties and himself. When he returned, the news could not be kept from spreading. Then, as men with frantic haste rush into the mountains to share the benefit of some miner's lucky strike, so those who heard the great tidings of Columbus were themselves eager to visit these new lands, and other rulers were glad to send explorers to find possessions and riches, as had Ferdinand and Isabella.



EARLY DISCOVERERS

ENGLISH in Capital letters.
French in Roman " "
Spanish in Italic " "

Year by year more colonies were established, more territory was claimed, and like the mining city in the mountains, here rose a mighty nation — even to-day a source of wonder and amazement to European countries.

In his later voyages Columbus discovered the coast of South America near the Orinoco river, and explored the south side of the Gulf of Mexico, but he never set foot on North America, and he died believing that he had found Asia. Amerigo Vespucci, sailing from Florence at the beginning of the sixteenth century, probably was the first to realize that a new world had been brought to light; unjustly the continent was called America, after his first name.

Events followed rapidly. Balboa planted a Spanish colony on the Isthmus of Darien, and crossing the narrow neck of land, was the first to gaze on the Pacific ocean. Ponce de Leon, another Spaniard, old as well as rich, landed on the coast of Florida, where fifty years later were laid the foundations of St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. His mission was to find a fountain the water from which would bring back youth, but he searched in vain, and finally he was killed by an Indian's arrow. Magellan, a Portuguese, but sent out by Spain, sailed across the Atlantic, through

the strait now bearing his name and thence westward across the Pacific to the Philippine Islands. There he died, but one of his ships, continuing the journey, passed the Cape of Good Hope and again reached Spain — the first vessel to go around the world and prove beyond dispute that it is a sphere.

In 1539 came De Soto, brave and dauntless. North from Florida he marched into South Carolina, and west to the Mississippi at a point nearly opposite the mouth of the Arkansas River. Thence his band sailed down the Mississippi to the gulf and east to the Spanish colonies.

Sad is the tale of De Soto. With pomp and splendor he set forth. On the bank of the Mississippi he died, sorrowful and discouraged because he had not found an empire rich in gold, and his body was buried beneath the water. Yet when you look at the vast territory he explored, you will see that he achieved fame and success far beyond his power to realize.

Meanwhile France had not been idle. Verrazani boldly skirted the coast from Delaware to Newfoundland. Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence river to the present sites of Montreal and Quebec. Explorers sent out by Coligni, the Protestant admiral of France, attempted, but unsuccessfully, to plant colonies in Carolina and Florida. Near

the beginning of the seventeenth century, Champlain gave attention to the country around the St. Lawrence river, and then began the power of France in the northeast, where her customs and language still are dear to a people who for years have been under English rule.



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

England, too, was not slow to seize the opportunity. On June 24, 1497, John Cabot sighted the coast of Labrador, the real discovery of the mainland of America. A few years later his son, Sebastian Cabot, sailed from Maine to Cape Hatteras, the first European to trace this coast. Frobisher's voyages resulted in little save the bringing back of shiploads of dirt containing mica instead of gold. Sir Francis Drake, like Magellan, rounded South America and passed up the Pacific coast as far as Oregon.

At first, the attempts of England to obtain a foothold met with disaster. Humphrey Gilbert, sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, reached Newfoundland, but mistaking glittering dirt for silver he abandoned all thought of establishing a colony, and on the return trip, of his five vessels all but one were lost. A second expedition dispatched by



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Raleigh became frightened and was taken back by Drake on his homeward voyage. A third, on the Island of Roanoke, off the coast of North Carolina, where on August 18, 1587, was born the first white child, Virginia Dare, met a fate unknown.

Thus it continued until on May 13, 1607, a permanent colony was planted at Jamestown, Virginia, the oldest English settlement in the United States. Then came the Pilgrims, a name which will be dear as long as our country lasts. Driven from their homes by religious persecution, here they sought refuge, and on December 22, 1620, in the ice and snow of winter, they landed at Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts Bay.

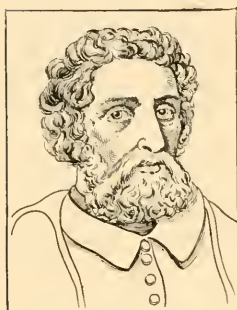
The Dutch, too, had their part in the opening of the new world. In 1609 Henry Hudson entered New York Bay and sailed up the mighty river which since has borne his name. Soon a small post was established on Manhattan Island, the beginning of what is now New York City. From this point, north and south, along the coast and up the Hudson, the Dutch traded and although ridiculed by France and England, laid claim to the surrounding territory.

So the beginning of the seventeenth century finds the French in the northeast, the Spanish in the southeast, and between them the English and the Dutch.

This is but a simple outline. In future chapters we shall follow the footsteps of some of these hardy explorers and study the customs of the early colonists; their peculiar laws and ways of living; and the wars they had with each other and with the savage tribes by which they were surrounded. We shall see how the influences under which they were raised in the old world followed them into the new, and have extended down to even the present time.

V.

FIRST VOYAGE TO THE PHILIPPINES.



MAGELLAN.

In the preceding chapter the bare statement has been made that Magellan sailed from Spain, around South America, to the Philippines, and that one of his ships, proceeding westward, again reached Spain. But this gives no idea of the pluck and bravery, the determination and fortitude of the strange man, or of his marvellous voyage.

We who travel in magnificent steamers from continent to continent, often fail to appreciate the perils encountered and the difficulties overcome by those who made such journeys in times of old, when conditions were so different. In boats in which we scarcely would dare to venture out of sight of land, men once sailed across strange oceans and into pathless seas, without any possible means of knowing when or where the voyage would end. Yet, tortured by hunger and plagued by thirst, they never

turned back while there remained a single vessel with a patched sail to catch a breeze and bear them onward.

Let us keep these facts in mind when in imagination we pass with Magellan's fleet out from the sunny harbor of the ancient city of Seville, and follow it through three long years until at last one shattered but triumphant ship again anchors on the coast of Spain.

Magellan's object was to reach Asia; for even when it was realized that Columbus had found a new continent, the rulers of Europe were not satisfied. They still desired a short water route to China and India. So expeditions were planned to sail around the northern and southern extremities of America, and across the new ocean, knowledge of which had been brought by Balboa.

The first fleet to cross the Atlantic had been sent by Spain because the King of Portugal had turned a deaf ear to Columbus. Now the first ship to sail through the southern strait into the Pacific was to be fitted out by the same nation, because the Portuguese king had not learned the lesson which the glory won by Columbus for Spain should have taught.

When Ferdinand Magellan, a bold and able Portuguese sailor, sought the aid of his king in equip-

ping a fleet to try the southern passage to Asia, he met with no encouragement, and, like Columbus, turned to Spain. There his requests were granted. While the voyage does not directly affect the settlement of the United States, the tale of the first white man to reach our new possessions in the Philippines will ever be of interest to all Americans.

Ferdinand Magellan was born in Sabrosa, Portugal, about 1480. Of noble family, brave, impulsive, romantic, and withal deeply religious, he began life in times which well might stir men's blood and arouse the coldest to action. He was yet a boy, serving as page to the Queen, when Columbus returned from his first voyage. Waving flags and fluttering pennons, braying trumpets and clashing cymbals, announced the glad tidings that the east had been reached by sailing west.

As to the sound of whistling fife and throbbing drums our blue clad heroes march with even tread up and down the city streets, what American boy does not long for a soldier's life and the excitement of daring feats and combat in foreign lands? Thus four hundred years ago the boys of Portugal imbibed the spirit of adventure and conquest with the very air they breathed. Among them was Magellan, whose dreams were to come true.

Up to the close of the fifteenth century, India

had been reached by way of the Mediterranean Sea and a long overland journey. Then, in 1497, Vasco da Gama doubled the southern point of Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, and his vessels, wafted by the gentle trade winds of the Indian Ocean, reached the country of fragrant woods and spices.

Magellan, however, after a voyage to the West Indies in 1509, made up his mind that South America extended towards the west and that, sailing around its southern point, he could reach the riches of the East by a water route much shorter than that around the Cape of Good Hope. As to distance, he was greatly mistaken; but how the rest of his plan was realized we now shall see.

The King of Portugal had refused to grant Magellan a pension asked on account of a wound, received in his country's service in a war with the Moors, and which had left him lame for life. Stung by this base ingratitude, and despairing of obtaining help for his schemes from such a monarch, he departed for Spain. The wound to his body had healed, but the one in his heart forever rankled, and from that time on he and his descendants foreswore the country which had given him birth.

In Spain the lame sailor received a hearty welcome. King Charles V. was glad indeed to secure his services, and listened with approval to his plans.

The ships for the venture were fitted out in the land-locked harbor of Seville, the proudest city in all proud Spain, crowned with glittering minarets and lofty towers, with its grand cathedral and wealth of churches to which sea-faring men so oft betook themselves to say before some sacred shrine, a silent prayer for success and safe return.

There were five vessels, the "Trinidad," the "Conception," the "San Antonio," the "Victoria," and the "Santiago," familiar names which to-day mark the trail of the Spaniard through this continent. Well equipped they were with rope and mast, with sail and spar. The armament was heavy for those days and in the holds were stored powder and ball.

Two hundred and seventy men comprised the company and fortunate it was that among them there were two noble souls, ever staunch friends of Magellan. One was Pigafetta, an Italian sculptor, who had joined that he might see the strange sights of unknown lands and seas ; the other was Mesquita, who was destined to be brought back to Spain by mutineers and confined in a dungeon until, as you shall see, a single ship returned victorious, but without its leader.

In August, 1519, the fleet set sail, taking its course southward along the coast of Africa to the

Canary Islands, and thence west and south past the Cape Verde Islands, across the equator, to the coast of South America.

Early in the voyage Magellan's troubles commenced. Carthagena, captain of the *San Antonio*, openly rebelled and Gomez, its pilot, showed signs of the bitter feeling which afterwards caused him to desert with his vessel; for he himself had desired to lead such an expedition, and he never forgave Magellan for superseding him in the confidence of the Spanish king.

Magellan, however, ruled with a firm hand. Carthagena was removed from the captaincy, and Mesquita was put in his place. Gomez was compelled, for the time, to conceal his feelings.

In the bow of Magellan's ship a lantern was hung at night to mark the course which all unquestioningly must take. Thus, night after night, month after month, through rolling waves or glassy calm, under star-set skies or the storm clouds' canopy, 'mid perfumed breeze from tropic shores or freezing blasts from icy realms, a lantern's feeble but constant ray traced a path around the world.

The winter of 1519-20 was spent along the coast of Brazil. Flocks of brilliant parrots, at times almost obscuring the light of the sun, flew screaming over the masts. In the dense woods, crowds of

chattering monkeys swung from tree to tree. On every hand were strange forms of animal and vegetable life, and the curious Pigafetta lived in ecstasy.

Many natives, too, Magellan and his companions met; hideous men and women with tatooed breast, and pierced lips, ears and nostrils, some of whom were not averse to a meal of human flesh.

In the spring, as the party proceeded southward, the country became more barren. Here, according to Pigafetta's account, they met a race of giants. Two of these were taken prisoners, and shortly afterward perished. Probably this refers to the inhabitants of Patagonia, noted for their size, and who, according to early explorers, in those days attained a height of between seven and eight feet.

In spite of discouraging indications and the cold, constantly increasing as they neared the Antarctic Circle, Magellan held to his course. But now a mutiny broke out. Mendoza, captain of the "Victoria," aroused the fears and superstitions of his sailors. Already they had encountered giants and cannibals. Who could tell what awaited them in the desolate, frozen regions they were approaching? Magellan, a Portuguese, cared nothing for the lives of Spaniards. He was luring them to certain and horrible death. Thus Mendoza argued, and his words carried conviction.

Again Magellan, warned by the faithful Mesquita, acted with promptness and energy. Mendoza was killed. Carthagena and a priest, who were accomplices, were put on land, with a little food and wine. Then the fleet sailed on southward and left them.

In the fall, Magellan reached the strait to this day bearing his name,—the Strait of Magellan. He sent the “Antonio,” under the command of the faithful Mesquita, but unfortunately carrying Gomez as pilot, into the bay to explore. This was the opportunity for which Gomez had waited. He, too, excited the fears and jealousies of his crew. Under cover of clouds and darkness, Mesquita was placed in irons and the “Antonio” sailed for the north. Carthagena and his companions were rescued and soon anchor was cast again in the harbor of Seville.

To the king and his court Gomez told of terrible adventures, and that Magellan, rash and demented, had killed Mendoza, marooned Carthagena and a companion, and was leading his ships against the fierce current of a mysterious bay, to sure destruction. Forthwith, Mesquita, as an abettor of Magellan, was cast into prison by the king, Gomez was honored, and Magellan was execrated and then almost forgotten.

Meanwhile, undaunted by the desertion or destruction of the "Antonio," Magellan proceeded west. As he entered the strait, the rushing tide dashed with fearful force against his ships. Around him were floating fields of ice and snow, over which swept the bitter winds of winter. To the south were steep and gloomy hills where at night gleamed strange fires. To-day the country still is called *Tierra del Fuego*, Land of the Fire.

As the vessels forced their way between the ice and land, the tempests grew more violent and the cold more intense. The very Angel of Death seemed to stretch forth his chilling hand and beckon onward. Night came down, snow filled the air, and the dark clouds lowered. In the prow of the leading ship, half revealed by the waving lantern's sickly glare, wrapped in a thin cloak, his long hair streaming in the wind, his face pale and care-worn, and in his eyes the light of prophetic determination, stood Magellan. What wonder that the shuddering, shivering sailors whispered each to the other, "We are lost! He is mad!"

Day ever follows night; and calm, the tempest. So, one morn, from a clear sky the rising sun sent his rays to cheer the weary watchers on the storm tossed fleet. The air became balmy and the waves subsided. Joyfully Magellan and his companions

gazed over the placid waters of the great ocean, first seen by Balboa, and named it "The Pacific." As the ships swiftly sped over the smooth surface, the end of the long trip seemed near at hand, and fame and riches within the reach of all.

In truth, the perils had but commenced. It was in November, 1520, when Magellan entered the Pacific, and it was four months before he again sighted inhabitable land. As week after week passed, the supply of food ran short and the drinking water became foul and ill smelling. The sailors lived on mouldy bread and were forced to eat the ox hides stored in the hold, and even their leather shoes and trappings.

Their gums were swollen and bleeding, their eyes red and bleared. Under the equator the sun sent his pitiless rays straight down upon them, and their skins became blistered and shrivelled. At times they lay becalmed for days, the sails hanging limp against the masts, the endless expanse of water smooth as a mirror, each vessel as though anchored in place, with neither

" Breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

In March, 1521, land appeared above the western horizon. In all the history of the world never have

suffering mariners had more cause to welcome such a sight. As the boats approached the shore, the pains of gnawing hunger and burning thirst ceased, and before the eyes of these brave men danced visions of fresh meat and fruit, of damp earth beneath the cooling shade of spreading trees, and of bubbling springs of pure water.

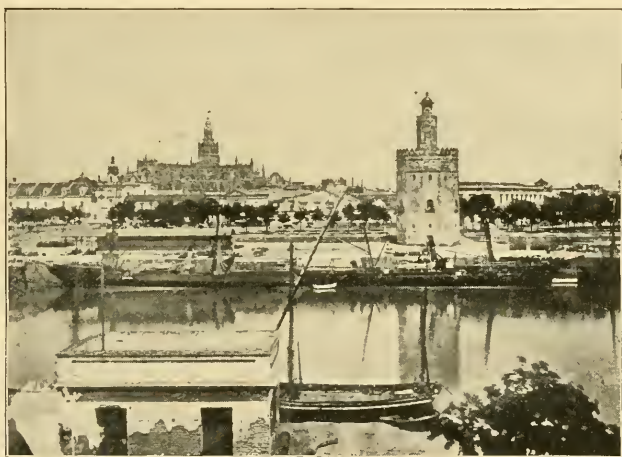
Their hopes proved vain, for the fierce and warlike natives would not permit them to disembark. Bitterly disappointed, they named the islands the "Ladrones," the Robbers, and proceeded west. Ten days later, they reached the island of Samar in the Philippines.

Now at length there was rest and comfort for Magellan. His first act, as became the servant of the Christian King of Spain, was to erect a cross, give thanks to God, and summon the inhabitants to faith in Christ. Then day by day he roamed over these islands or coasted along the shores, visiting and trading with the natives.

Fresh water and provisions were taken on board, and plans were made for the onward voyage to Spain, where honor and praise awaited. Yet the reward was not to come to Magellan. One day late in April, 1521, he suddenly was attacked by a treacherous tribe and a spear thrust ended his life. Even his body was not recovered and

neither stone nor cross marks his last resting place.

The few survivors now were ready to leave. In two ships, the "Victoria" and the "Trinidad," they passed on to the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, which they reached in November. Here they stopped but



THE PORT OF SEVILLE.

a brief time, and abandoned the "Trinidad." Then in May, 1522, they doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and September 6 the good ship "Victoria" cast anchor at Seville!

Great was the astonishment of the Spanish king. Fifteen months before, Gomez had filled his ears with tales of the mad Magellan butchering part of

the crew, and rushing into an icy gulf to inevitable death. Poor Mesquita, the alleged abettor of Magellan, still languished in the dungeon. But here safe in the harbor lay the "Victoria," and into the palace Pigafetta proudly marched, glad to give a detailed story of the marvellous voyage!

Again the streets resounded with martial music and shouts of rejoicing. Mesquita was released and due reparation was made him for the injustice done. In all Spain there were but two men whose hearts were heavy — Pigafetta, who ever mourned the untimely death of his dear friend, and Mesquita, who gladly would have given his own life to save that of his brave leader.

Four hundred years passed away, and our Admiral Dewey, leading his fleet into Manila Bay, wrested the Philippine Islands from Spanish rule. Transport after transport, laden with troops, followed him. Bravely our gallant boys have bared their breasts to the knives and bullets of a fierce foe. On sandy shore, by mountain stream, 'mid dense jungles or sun-dried fields, lie many heroes in their unknown graves. Peace be unto them all; and it is meet that side by side with them sleeps Magellan, who first found these islands and first sailed around the world.

VI.

DE SOTO AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

The early explorers on the land met with dangers and hardships equal to those encountered on the sea. They bravely faced the piercing blasts of the frozen north and the burning heat of the tropic south. With little food, scanty clothing and clumsy weapons, as long as there remained strength to drag one foot after the other, they slowly toiled over plain and mountain. If their course lay down a river, in frail canoes they patiently drifted between banks on which at any moment hostile savages might appear; or if it lay in the other direction, day after day they plied the paddles, slowly forcing their way against the swift current. Attacked by Indians, suffering from sickness, misled by false reports and treacherous guides, they still pressed on and on, and stopped for naught save death.

Ferdinand de Soto, the first adventurer to penetrate far into the interior of the United States, is a



DE SOTO.



DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI.

Wm H. Pencil.

fair example of these intrepid men. Let us now learn of his life, and follow him from the time he sailed from Spain, as did Magellan, until he died in sorrow on the banks of the Mississippi, and found his grave beneath its flowing waters.

Early in the sixteenth century, Spain was full of bold and restless spirits who had done good service in the war waged by the Spaniards against the Moors. In their excited imagination these men saw in America new fields where were to be gained riches and renown. Among such a company was Ferdinand de Soto, who had won for himself great fame as a bold soldier. Dreaming of rich and magnificent cities in the interior of Florida, he gained from Charles V. of Spain, permission to conquer that country.

From Portugal as well as from Spain multitudes of men came to his standard. Every class of society was represented. Persons who all their lives had lived at ease and in luxury, sold their estates to purchase an equipment. They scorned hardships and danger, and even death itself, if they might follow so brave a captain.

If we search for the ruling spirit which incited these men, we shall find it was not wholly the love of gold, nor was it altogether religious zeal. "Perils," says an old writer, "always exalt the poetry of life,"

and this remarkable age, unfolding as it did new worlds to men, gave to every enterprise the charm of novelty and surprise.

With the utmost pains De Soto selected six hundred men, each one in the full strength of manhood, the very flower of the Peninsula. He attended personally to their equipment. Nothing was left to chance, nothing was rejected because too costly.

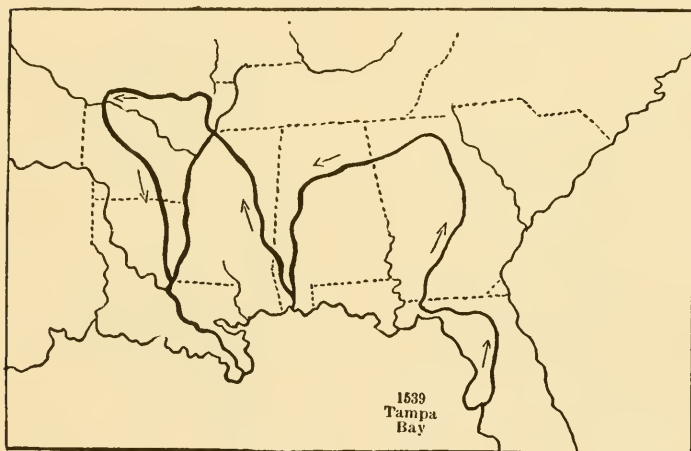
So does the builder of a stately ship select with greatest care the timbers for her keel and the live oak for her ribs; inspect with keenest eye each plank and brace; choose with the nicest skill the tapering mast of Norway pine, the cordage and the sails; and send her forth complete in every part to brave the dangers of the northern deep.

At last, in the spring of 1539, they sailed, commended with solemn blessing to the guardian care of Heaven, and bearing the hopes of Spain. They landed for a few days at Cuba, obtaining bloodhounds, and chains with which to capture and subdue their enemies; a forge on which to repair their arms when broken or worn out; and swine to fatten on the wild maize, that they might not suffer from hunger.

In June the coast of Florida was reached at Tampa Bay. Gay with all the glittering array of war, with banners streaming, amid the clangor of trumpets

and the neighing of steeds, De Soto with his little army of six hundred men and about two hundred and twenty horses commenced the march into the interior.

Twelve priests accompanied the expedition. Every religious rite was to be observed, every festival was to be kept with the utmost fidelity. Wherever they



DE SOTO'S COURSE.

stopped at night, an altar was erected and the priests offered their accustomed worship.

The journey seemed to be without any fixed goal, but wherever the whims of the Indian guides might lead. Sometimes the soldiers' march lay through fields of fragrant clover and they encamped in groves where the trees were full of melodious birds,

while the wild-flowers crowned the green sod with life and beauty. Again, misled by treacherous natives, they became lost in deep swamps where their horses and heavy cannon sank in the black mud, and they themselves floundered all day waist deep in the water ; then they were thankful if they could gain but a dry spot of land on which to make their camp for the night.

At the end of five months they found themselves near Appalachee Bay on the southwest coast of Florida. Discouraged and dispirited, the soldiers besought De Soto to give up the expedition and return to Cuba. To them the land of gold had lost its charm and they dreamed of only the vineyards and the olive groves of Spain. Thus the human heart is ever the most true to the things it first learned to love, and in times of trouble turns to home and native land.

Yet De Soto, a man stern and of few words, would not go back till with his own eyes he had seen the riches of the land ; and in the spring of 1540 they resumed their march, stimulated by the story of an Indian who so perfectly described the art of refining gold that they exclaimed, " He must have done it himself or else the Devil has been his teacher."

They penetrated the country as far north as

Tennessee, and finding no treasures, returned to an Indian village called Mobile, on the Alabama River. Here a new desire seized the Spaniards. For months they had lodged in the open air; they were sick and weary. Plans were made to drive the Indians from the village and make it a resting place till spring.



ALABAMA RIVER

A severe and bloody battle followed. Shot from the cannon plowed furrows of death through the dense crowds of the warriors, and the charge from the cavalry carried terror into their ranks. Yet the Indians fought with the courage of men defending their homes. The woods rang with the shrill war-whoop, until finally the Spaniards, terri-

fied by the clouds of arrows from concealed foes, ended the contest by burning the village. The fight, however, was from morning till night, and not an Indian asked for quarter!

Although twenty-five hundred Indians are said to have been slain, the victory was dearly bought by De Soto. Eighteen of his little army were dead, and one hundred and fifty were wounded. Twelve horses were killed, seventy hurt. The flames which burnt the wigwams destroyed much of the baggage of the army, with all the curiosities he had gathered. There were signs also that the courage of the Indians was unbroken.

The Spaniards retreated to the western bank of the Yazoo and spent the winter of 1540-41 in a deserted Indian village. In the spring, De Soto demanded two hundred Indians, to carry the baggage of the army. Then the chief, angered by the cruelties of the Spaniards, plotted revenge.

One night there suddenly arose the startling cry of "Fire." The soldiers, half awakened, blinded by the smoke, groped in vain for their arms or rushed, stifling, from their cabins. Horses ran riderless through the lurid blaze. Everywhere was the shouting of men, the war-whoop of the Indians, and the crackling of the flames. On every side "fire answered fire."

When at the break of day De Soto mustered his men, he found that fourteen had been killed, and that many of the living were without clothing or arms. Fifty-seven horses and three hundred swine had been slaughtered.

The disaster was more severe than that which had befallen them at Mobile. Yet so wonderful was their spirit, that when a week afterward the Indians renewed the attack, the broken weapons had been repaired or replaced, the thinned ranks had closed up, and the dauntless array of men formed ready for battle. When the line of march for the west was taken up again, we can imagine that there was less of enthusiasm, but no less of courage; less of joy, but no less of hope.

Seven days brought them to the Mississippi near the mouth of the Arkansas. It was a day in the early spring of 1541, when De Soto, riding at the head of the column, beheld for the first time the rolling flood. As rank after rank of toil-worn, battle-tried soldiers halted upon the high bluff and gazed upon the river, swollen by the melting of the northern snows, they gave voice to no shouts, but stood in deep, expressive silence. Then, as from one great heart, a mighty cry of joy burst forth; and as the echoes died away over the dancing waters, from out the western bank a fleet of two

hundred Indian canoes shot into the middle of the stream.

Along either side of each canoe stood a line of warriors, decked out with feathers and war paint, while the chief reposed under a canopy of mats, woven, with all an Indian's art, from reeds and rushes. They rowed in utter silence, yet with wondrous skill. A thousand great white plumes streamed in the wind; a thousand broad, smooth paddles glistened in the sun. The Spaniards grasped their arms, ready for war or peace, but the natives, offering them presents of fish and bread, made no hostile signs.

After a month spent on the east bank, De Soto crossed the river and penetrated at least two hundred miles north and west. The spring of 1542 found the little band following the Red River through bayous and canebrakes, down to its junction with the Mississippi. They had given up their search for gold, and were anxious for only tidings of the sea. Horsemen were now sent out, who reported the river impassable. To go back was certain death, to go forward was impossible, to remain where they were was starvation.

Here despondency, like the black mantle of a starless night, fell on De Soto. A burning fever attacked him, and his body, worn out by care

and crushed by disappointment, had no power to resist the disease. He called his companions about him, appointed his successor, and died, as has many another ambitious man, of a broken heart.

His companions, anxious that the weakness caused by the death of their leader should not be known to the Indians, cut down a huge tree from beside the river, and fashioned it into a coffin. They placed in it the body of their chief, wrapped in his military cloak, with the crucifix on his breast. The priests chanted over it the solemn service for the dead; and then, with no light but the silent stars, with no music but the dash of the sobbing waves, they bore it to the deepest part of the channel and sank it beneath the waters.

Thus the mighty river became at once De Soto's tomb and monument—a tomb so deep and silent, that neither the wild beast nor the wilder savage ever forced it to reveal its secret; a monument more lasting and more worthy of his fame than all the wealth of which he dreamed could rear to his memory.

When De Soto died, the courage of his men died with him. They wandered west to Mexico and again returned to the river. There, building seven frail boats, they gave themselves to the mercy of

the water, only desiring to see once more the faces of their countrymen.

In forty days they reached a Spanish settlement on the Gulf of Mexico. An old historian says that all the inhabitants of the village were touched with pity at beholding this forlorn remnant of the gallant band of the renowned De Soto,—blackened, shrivelled, haggard, half naked, clad in only the skins of animals, and looking more like wild beasts than human beings.

The woeful story of hardships and poverty which these men told put an end to all attempts on the part of Spain to penetrate the mysteries surrounding the mighty Mississippi. A century was yet to elapse before the white man should possess the secret. The hour and the man were coming, but they were not yet.

In the character of De Soto and other Spanish explorers, there were many things to condemn, but there were also many things to soften our judgment. If they were cruel and haughty, it was the fault of their nation. If they were greedy of gold, it was the weakness of our common nature. If they were superstitious and bigoted, they were loyal to their sovereign and their church. Wherever they went, they planted the flag of Spain and the Cross of their faith.

Let the years that have passed since their day fall like a broad mantle of charity over their deeds, while we admire the dauntless courage and the tireless energy of those whose wonderful deeds made Spain for nearly three centuries mistress of some of the fairest portions of our continent.

VII.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT.

Nothing in the history of the world is of more absorbing interest than the accounts of the men who first penetrated the unknown and marked out paths for others to follow, by land and sea. The stories of Magellan and De Soto have been related in full, not as exceptions, but as examples of what has been done by many. If the last two chapters have entertained you, in other books in any library you will find true tales of additional adventures, just as thrilling and as tragic, and inscribed by abler pens. Now we must turn our attention to the early attempts, not to reach out into the interior, but to plant permanent settlements along the coast.

As Columbus landed on one of the Bahama Islands, naturally the first efforts at colonization were in the territory in that vicinity. It was on Easter Sunday, 1512, when the Spaniards under the leadership of Ponce de Leon discovered the long, low coast of the main land west of the Bahamas. Because they found it to be an exceedingly pleasant country of green woods and fragrant flowers, and

in honor of the day, in their language *Pascua Florida*, they called it Florida. Eight years later they tried to conquer the country, but were driven back by the natives and De Leon received a wound from which he afterwards died.

In April, 1528, Narvaez, whom Charles V. of Spain had appointed governor of Florida, with three hundred men, landed in Tampa Bay. He did not establish a settlement, however, because the savages, who showed small lumps of gold and told of a mighty city to the north, lured him and his companions into a disastrous trip inland.

For months they wandered through gloomy swamps and deep morasses, finding only a dirty Indian village instead of a large city, and not a sign of gold. One day they would be compelled to swim a swollen river, and the next to march for hours through deep mud or stagnant water, in constant fear of snakes, alligators and the no less dangerous natives.

At length the survivors again reached the gulf, where they hoped to find their vessels, but not one was in sight. Hastily they built a few boats and put to sea, intending to reach a Spanish settlement in Mexico. Misfortune still followed them and a storm cast them, ship-wrecked, on the coast. Again they wandered here and there, perishing by

drowning, disease, starvation, and from the attacks of the hostile savages. Finally, of all the company, four wretched men arrived at a Spanish colony on the far-off Pacific.

The next Spaniard to visit Florida was De Soto, of whose journey you have already heard. He left behind him nothing but the graves of the dead. It was not until 1565 that the Spaniards, under the command of Pedro Melendez, obtained a foothold in Florida and founded a settlement which has endured unto this day.

Melendez was a soldier, wicked and bloodthirsty, and was under fine as a criminal at the very time he set forth from Spain. His commission was from Philip II. It instructed him to explore the coast of Florida within three years and to establish a colony of not less than five hundred souls. For this the king was to pay him an annual salary, and grant him a large tract of land. The fleet left Spain in July, 1565, and reached Florida in the latter part of August.

On the 8th of September, Melendez performed the one solitary act in all his career for which he deserves honorable remembrance. On that day he laid the foundation of St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States.

According to account, the scene must have been

grand, the ceremony impressive. In long procession, led by the priests clad in somber robes and holding aloft the sacred crucifix, round and round the site of the future city, marched the gallant Spaniards. The sunlight glittered on their armor of polished steel. Streamers and pennons of scarlet and black fluttered in the breeze, and overhead the



A CORNER IN OLD ST. AUGUSTINE.

yellow flag of Spain proudly waved. Then in a circle all knelt with bared heads, while the solemn mass was said and the benediction was pronounced.

In the background, naked Indians gazed in awe on the strange actions of these mysterious white men who had come so suddenly among them. Above, the dazzling blue of the southern sky stretched down

on the west to touch the green of the forest, and on the east to meet the foam-crowned waves of the sea. A holy calm seemed to brood over earth and air and ocean. There was no outward sign of the bloody deeds and the acts of treachery and vengeance so soon to follow.

It soon developed that in his expedition to Florida, Melendez had a purpose deeper than colonization or exploration. He was an ardent Catholic and had formed the plan of restoring himself to the good graces of King Philip II. by destroying a company of Huguenots, Protestant refugees from France, who a short time before had settled in that neighborhood.

During the period of which you are now reading, there was a spirit of most bitter hatred between Catholics and Protestants in the old world. In both Spain and France the Catholics were in power, and many of them, inflamed with religious zeal, thought it an act pleasing in the sight of God to torture or destroy those of the opposite faith.

To escape persecution in France, in 1562 a colony of Protestants, under the leadership of John Ribault, sailed for America. They settled near Port Royal, South Carolina, calling the fort, which was there erected, Carolina, in honor of the King of France, Charles IX. Ribault soon went back to France, leaving a few men to hold the fort, and promising

to return with more emigrants and provisions. This he did not do, and those he had abandoned became discouraged. Embarking in a rude boat, they sailed away and finally were taken on board an English vessel.

Two years later, another colony of Huguenots, under the leadership of Laudonniere, set forth from France. This was one year before the coming of Melendez. They settled on the St. John's River about fifteen miles from St. Augustine, where a fort was erected. At first these settlers were dissatisfied and vicious, but near the close of the year Ribault arrived from France with supplies, and the prospect for the future improved. Apparently France had obtained a permanent foothold in Florida.

These were the men whom Melendez now plotted to destroy. After founding St. Augustine as a base of operations, he did not long delay action. On the 17th of September, with five hundred men, he marched to the attack. His army was well equipped with fire arms and pikes, and carried a plentiful supply of bread and wine. Led by two Indian guides, on the next day they arrived within a short distance of the French fort.

Here they remained all night, standing waist deep in water; they lay in ambush all the follow-

ing day, also. Early in the morning of the third day, they suddenly appeared before the fort. There had been a heavy rain a few hours before. The air was still dark with mists and clouds, which concealed their approach. The surprise was complete, and most of the garrison were still in bed.

The half naked bodies of the startled Frenchmen were easy marks for the guns and pikes of the Spaniards. Though many fell on their knees and begged for mercy, it was not granted, and one hundred and forty were butchered. About three hundred managed to escape, some to French ships in the harbor and some into the forest. Not a single Spaniard was injured. Returning to St. Augustine, Melendez gave thanks because it had been granted to him to serve the Lord in the destruction of the French heretics.

There was little time for him to rest, for the work of slaughter was not completed. On the 26th of September, Indians brought word that a French vessel had been wrecked on the coast near by and that there were also a great many Christians on the St. John's River, not far away. Melendez, taking a few soldiers with him, marched down the bank until at night he descried, across the water, the fires of the Frenchmen. When morning came, he concealed his men behind certain sand hills and

approaching, signalled to the French to come to him. A man immediately swam over, and negotiations for surrender were commenced.

The Frenchmen were in a most deplorable condition. For eight days they had not eaten bread, and they were weak in body and spirit. When they were told that their fort had been taken and their comrades slain, they demanded for themselves a guarantee of safety if they should surrender, saying that there was no war between Spain and France. To this Melendez replied that he would wage war against them with fire and sword, as he had come to establish the Catholic faith in Florida. "But if you will surrender yourselves and arms and trust to my mercy," said he, "you may do so, and I will act towards you as God may prompt me."

This was not a very comforting assurance, but it was decided to trust to the mercy of Melendez rather than risk almost certain death by starvation. So the French to the number of over two hundred, surrendered, and with their arms tied behind their backs, they were marched, two by two, towards St. Augustine. As they approached the city, the shrill blast from a trumpet was heard. This was the signal agreed upon, and instantly the Spanish soldiers sprang upon the bound and defenceless

prisoners. With the exception of a few who claimed to be Catholics, all were murdered.

Still the bloody work was not ended. A few days later the same Indians informed Melendez that more Christians had gathered where the others had been found. His zeal had not lessened nor had his heart softened. Immediately he went forth with one hundred and fifty men to capture these heretics. Again there were messages back and forth across the river. Finally, on condition that they should be mercifully treated, two hundred, including Captain Ribault, surrendered.

As was the case with the former captives, their hands were bound behind their backs and they were marched towards St. Augustine. After proceeding a short distance, Melendez ordered them slain, and none were spared except the fifers, the drummers, the trumpeters, and four who were Catholics. "They are made of earth," said this pitiless man, "and to earth they must return. Twenty years more or less make no consequence." Thus ended the attempt of the French to settle in Florida.

When word of these horrible massacres reached France, there was a great cry for vengeance. At first it was supposed that an expedition would be sent at public expense, but three years passed without action. Then a private gentleman, Dominique

de Gourgès, took it upon himself to avenge the murder of his countrymen. At his own cost he fitted out two small vessels, and one tender, which could be propelled by oars if it should be necessary to ascend a river and the wind should fail. One hundred soldiers, and fifty mariners who could fight if required, were gathered together. Then taking on board provisions for one year, the little fleet set sail, and after a tedious and tempestuous voyage arrived at the mouth of the St. John's river.

As they sailed boldly by the harbor, the Frenchmen saluted the Spanish fort, thus giving the impression that they themselves were Spaniards; and proceeding northward along the coast, at nightfall they cast anchor. The next day De Gourgès landed and had a long conference with the Indians who had gathered along the shore. To his delight, he found them much incensed against the Spaniards, and willing to join him in his designs.

As Melendez had put to death three separate bands of Frenchmen, so De Gourgès quickly destroyed three Spanish forts. In the first, the unsuspecting Spaniards were at dinner, when, some two hundred paces off, the Frenchmen and Indians were discovered advancing on the run. Before any defence could be organized, the Spaniards were over-

come, and the entire garrison, to the number of sixty, was put to death.

Then attention was turned to another fort, upon the opposite side of the river. This, likewise, easily succumbed to the fierce onslaught by the French, and all the inmates, save fifteen who were reserved to be hung, were killed at once.

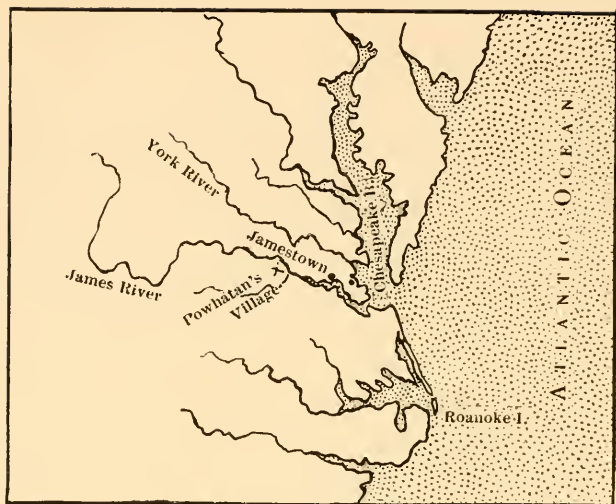
These two captures were made on the evening of the Sunday after Easter, 1568. The third and largest fort was taken by stratagem. A small number of French and Indians displayed themselves on the edge of the woods nearby, and part of the garrison made a sortie. De Gourges threw some troops between them and the fort, and cut them down. Those within the walls, seeing what had happened to their companions, abandoned all hope of resistance or mercy, and fled.

De Gourges did not try to hold the positions which he had seized. He had comparatively few men, and at any time he might be surrounded by a superior force of Spaniards. Over the bodies of the dead Frenchmen, Melendez had placed this printed notice, "I do this not to Frenchmen, but to Lutherans." Now, on a pine board above the bodies of the Spaniards, with a hot iron De Gourges traced these words, "I do this not to Spaniards nor to sailors, but to traitors, robbers, and murderers." Then he sailed

back to France, satisfied with having avenged the savage butchery of his countrymen.

Amid such scenes of treachery and bloodshed were the first colonies established in the new world. For Melendez, no excuse can be offered save that he lived in a time when men were harsh and cruel, and when religion was spread by the sword. The vengeance exacted by De Gourgues was terrible, but the provocation was great, and in those days of religious strife, blow ever must be met by blow. The final result was favorable to Spain, for no Frenchmen remained in Florida, and in the future none tried to settle in that ill-fated territory.

The Southern peninsula remained under Spanish rule till, in the general settlement between France, Spain and England at the close of the French and Indian war, it was ceded to the British crown. At the end of the Revolution it was ceded back to Spain, from whom it was purchased by the United States in 1819.



JAMESTOWN AND VICINITY.

VIII.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH COLONY.

The tale of the early days in Florida is one of treachery, cruelty, and revenge. Now we come to the oldest English colony, Virginia, so called for Elizabeth, the virgin queen, in whose reign the expeditions were sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, as told in a preceding chapter. Here, too, we shall find much of sadness and suffering, but nothing akin to the bloody combats which took place, farther south, between the Spanish and the French.

The name Virginia now calls to mind a land of peace and plenty: the large plantation house, half

concealed by surrounding trees and rose bushes, with its broad veranda and numerous outbuildings; lofty halls and spacious parlors ringing with the joyful voices of fair maidens and gallant youths; fields green with tobacco or white with cotton; woods where the quail whistles and the turkey calls, where the fat opossum hangs from the limb and the squirrel leaps from branch to branch; rivers full of fish and bays well stocked with oysters — a place designed for the comfortable abode of man.

When the white men came from over the sea, nature had done much for old Virginia, but even nature cannot do everything. She has her limit, and man must work with thought for the future. This is a lesson which those who first tried to settle Virginia had to learn by bitter experience.

The early ships brought noblemen instead of laborers, artisans and farmers. The hands of these dandies were more accustomed to the bejewelled snuff box than to the plow or the ax, and their shapely forms were clad in broadcloth and dainty ruffles not to be disgraced by contact with the soil.

Instead of raising corn for food, and building houses for protection in winter, they wasted the precious days of spring and summer in laziness, in disputes and bickerings, or in useless search for mines of gold. Then, when provisions were gone

and the cold came, there was sickness, disaster, and death. More than once the few survivors tried to abandon this land, which needed only the right kind of treatment to return all man can ask.

The first settlement was made at Jamestown, May 13th, 1607. In the early days there stands pre-eminent the name of one man — not a fop nor a



CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

dandy, but plain, earnest, energetic John Smith. Although less than thirty years old, he had travelled in France, Italy, and Egypt; had fought against the Mohammedans and had been taken captive by them and sold as a slave in Constantinople; having escaped by killing his guards, he had engaged in a war

with the Moors in North Africa, and had returned to his native land to sail with the first expedition to Virginia.

It would seem that the worth of such a man should have been apparent at once to the rest of the company. This was not the case. On the voyage, he was charged with conspiracy to murder those in command and make himself king of the new possessions. Arrest followed, and he was landed in chains. At his trial, the foolishness of the accusations against him was evident, and he was released, but he was not chosen to any position of trust or prominence.

Smith, accustomed to activity, and finding his services were not desired in the settlement, started on an exploring trip. With a few companions, he sailed up the St. James River as far as the present site of Richmond. Here he encountered a large Indian village under the rule of Powhatan, with whom he had a friendly interview.

When Smith got back to the coast, he found affairs in a bad condition. Little was being done to prepare for cold weather, and the colonists were frightened and discouraged. A deadly sickness broke out. The silence of the night was broken by the moans of the sick and suffering; the days were made gloomy by the constant burial

of the dead. By fall, half the company had perished.

Then civil dissension arose. It was even discovered that those in command were guilty of stealing from the scanty store of provisions and were attempting to escape to England. In this emergency the people turned to John Smith, and he was elected President.

Smith was not a man to hesitate. He decided what must be done, and promptly did it. First the fort was put in a better condition to resist the elements and possible attacks from savages. The cold now had stopped the scourge of sickness, but something must be done at once to obtain food. So Smith boldly marched a squad of men into an Indian encampment, and when the natives refused to trade, took by force the corn he needed, leaving knives and hatchets in exchange.

This firmness had a good effect, for the savages soon made peace with the colonists; and other tribes, with whom the harvest had been abundant, of their own accord offered a share of their stores. Thus winter found the little town apparently in a fairly prosperous condition. The health of the community had been restored, the supply of corn seemed plenty, the savages were friendly, and, not least of

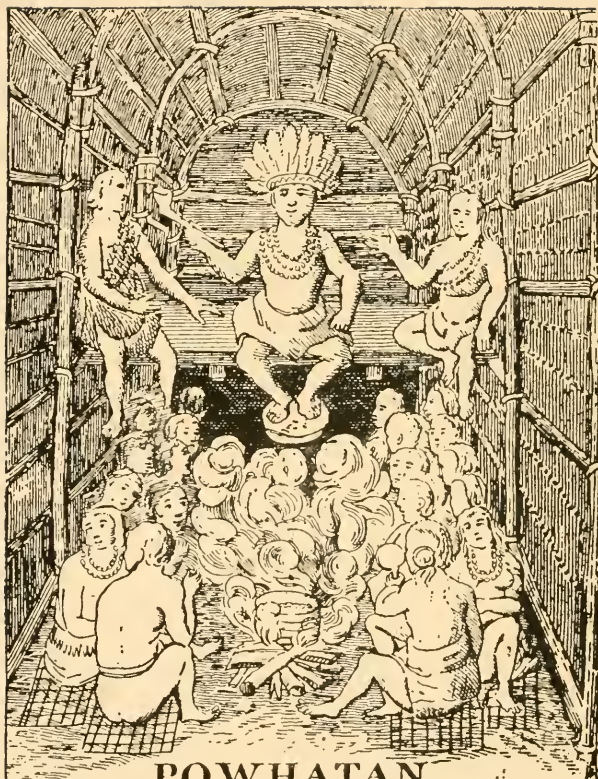
all, the settlers had over them a firm governor whom they could trust.

When winter came, Smith could not stand the monotony of settlement life. With four or five companions and two Indian guides he went up the Chickahominy River as far as it would float a boat, and then proceeded on foot. The ignorance of early colonists regarding the extent of this continent is strikingly illustrated by the expectations on this trip. It was thought that by ascending the river, the Pacific Ocean soon could be reached.

How surprised Smith's comrades would have been could some one have told them of the Alleghany Mountains; the valleys of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri; the western plains; the Rocky Mountains; the deserts; the Sierras; and the Pacific slope; all of which must be crossed before they could reach that coast explored by their countryman, Sir Francis Drake.

On this trip Smith nearly lost his life. Surprised by hostile Indians, his companions were killed and he himself was made prisoner. Finally he was taken before King Powhatan on the York River; and here, if at all, occurred his dramatic rescue by the princess Pocahontas.

As the story goes, the chief sentenced the captive to death. Already Smith's body had been stretched



POWHATAN

*Held this state & fashion when Capt. Smith:
was delivered to him prisoner.*

1607

upon the ground, and his head had been placed upon a block. Beside him stood a brave with uplifted club, ready at the expected signal to dash out his brains, when Pocahontas, rushing in, placed herself in front of him, and begged his life, or else to share his death.



POCAHONTAS.

Picture the scene to yourselves. On a throne-like seat covered with rich furs, at one end of the large tent, sits the chief, his features stern, his dark eyes gazing fixedly into the distance, his form immovable, and a crown of eagle's feathers gently waving to and fro on his close shaven head. Forming a circle in front of him sit the old men of the tribe, wrapped in their blankets; and standing back of them, the painted, half-naked savages pack the enclosure to its very walls.

Before them, flat on his back, bound hand and foot, his head on a log of wood, lies John Smith. His face is pale with the knowledge of approaching death, but his eyes show no fear. With club half raised, close to him towers a powerful Indian, his

The Country wee now call Virginia beginneth at Cape Henry distant from Roanoack 60 miles, where was S^r Walter Raleigh's plantation: and because the people differ very little from them of Powhatan in any thing, I have inserted those figures in this place because of the conveniency.



eyes gleaming with brutal joy as he awaits the signal. Over all, sputtering torch and smouldering fire throw a fitful glare, and wavering shadows come and go.

There is absolute silence, save for the heavy breathing of the bound captive or occasionally the shuffling, hushed instantly, of an impatient foot. Then, as all wait expectantly, into the circle bursts the beautiful Pocahontas. Her blanket has been cast aside, and her brown arms and shoulders gleam in the fire-light. Quickly she throws herself upon the ground, winds her bare arms around the prisoner's neck, presses her dark cheek against his pale face, and turning her black eyes, half filled with tears, towards her father, the chief, she pleads for the white man's life.

It is a picture worthy an artist's canvas; a story beautiful enough to be true, and no more strange than many things which we know have happened to persons whose paths have crossed those of the red men.

Released by Powhatan, Smith returned to find the colony in very bad condition. Only thirty-eight remained alive and they were suffering from cold and hunger, as the winter unfortunately had been most severe. These few survivors of the entire company were most thoroughly disheartened,

spring, settlers new and old, forgetting past perils, refused to plant crops or clear land, but frittered away their time in search for gold. One of them filled a ship with glittering but worthless sand, despatched it to England, and then started on a short pleasure excursion up the St. James River to view the Pacific Ocean !

This was more than John Smith could endure, and again he set out on a voyage of discovery. Two trips were made, in which Chesapeake Bay and the tributary rivers of the Potomac and Susquehanna, as far as navigable, were thoroughly explored, and a map was made to be forwarded to England.

On his return, he was formally elected governor. As previously had been the case, at once his rule was beneficial. The colonists gave more attention to preparation for the future, and during the ensuing winter, which proved mild, the work went on. Every man was compelled to toil six hours a day, so that the spring of 1609 found the struggling colony in quite good condition.

These colonists of whom we have been reading were sent to Virginia by the London Company, an association of English noblemen acting under a charter, granted them by King James. In May, 1609, King James issued another charter to this

Company. The territory embraced all the country, between Cape Fear and Sandy Hook, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans.

In June, a new expedition of five hundred emigrants was collected and in nine vessels they were despatched to America. During a storm, one of the ships was wrecked and another, containing the three men who had been appointed to act as commissioners and govern the colony, was cast ashore on one of the Bermudas. The other seven ships reached Jamestown in safety.

In this emergency, John Smith was persuaded, reluctantly, to continue to act as governor. However, soon he was injured by the accidental explosion of a keg of powder, and as he could not receive good medical treatment, in September, 1609, he sailed to England never to return.

Now came times when the firm hand of John Smith was sadly missed. It would seem that five hundred colonists, well provisioned, should be able to work out their own salvation. On the contrary, they were slothful and careless, and lived disorderly and riotously till the first blasts of winter found them on the verge of starvation.

Such was the effect of hunger, cold, and the fierce onslaughts of the Indians, that by spring, out of the five hundred, but sixty remained. Just in

time to succor these from death, there arrived the ship which had been stranded on the Bermudas, and in it was a supply of food which opportunely was distributed among the sufferers.

For a second time the wretched colonists decided to abandon the ill-fated Jamestown. To their surprise, just as they started to sail out of the Bay, a fleet appeared near the eastern horizon. It proved to be an expedition under the charge of Lord Delaware, with fresh emigrants, and provisions in abundance. All returned to Jamestown together and better times seemed at hand.

In the autumn, Lord Delaware was taken sick and was compelled to go back to England. Again there was discouragement, but in the spring additional men and provisions arrived, under Sir Thomas Dale. In the fall, six more ships, under Sir Thomas Gates, entered the harbor, bringing three hundred emigrants and stores of all kinds. Now indeed prosperity came to the struggling people, and firm foundations were laid for permanent growth.

The year 1619 is marked by two events of far reaching importance. The first colonial legislature of the new world, its members chosen by popular election, convened at Jamestown, and a Dutch ship sailed up the St. James river and sold at auction, to the planters, twenty African slaves. The right of



MARRIAGE OF FOCAHONTAS.

H. Buckner.

self government, and slavery! A century and a half later, when England attempted to trample on the one, came the Revolution; and still a century later, when the North tried to control the other, came the Rebellion.

Thus back to the earliest days of the initial colony can be traced the causes of the two most important crises in the history of our country.

In 1621 occurred the first organized attempt on the part of the Indians to drive the white men from their shores. It was but the forerunner of numerous wars and massacres to follow.

Pocahontas, who had married a colonist by the name of Rolfe, and had borne him children, was dead. Powhatan, too, had entered the happy hunting grounds. The colonists had not learned the treacherous side of the Indian's character, and were trustful and careless. So crafty were the natives that up to the very time the blow was struck there was not a single sign to arouse suspicion. Had it not been for a Christianized Indian, who on the night before the day set for the massacre gave the alarm to a white friend, doubtless every Englishman would have perished.

The warning saved Jamestown, but the small surrounding settlements and plantations were destroyed, and three hundred men, women and chil-

dren were massacred. Then came revenge. English soldiers marched through the country, destroying villages and putting every Indian to the sword. The long conflict between the red man and the white man, barely finished at the present time, had commenced.

We shall not follow here in detail the history of Virginia for the next one hundred and fifty years.

In 1624 the London Company was dissolved and thereafter Virginia was governed as a royal colony. During the revolution in England, which ended in the elevation of Cromwell and the beheading of Charles I., the colonists remained true to the King. Nevertheless, on the accession of Charles II., their rights were disregarded and even their plantations, wrested from the wilderness by years of toil and danger, were granted by him as presents to his profligate followers. This was the beginning of that mistaken policy which resulted in the separation of the New World from the Old.

Through all troubles, the Virginians constantly increased in number, and in wealth obtained by the development of their own resources. They were ever jealous of the rights of free speech and self government. Here the torch of liberty had been lighted, and though at times its flame grew dim and seemed well nigh extinguished, a spark always

remained to be fanned into flame in the dark days of oppression, when it became necessary for men to decide whether they were to be slaves or free men.

No colony has furnished greater soldiers or statesmen, or has done more for the cause of liberty, than old Virginia.



EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS.

Robert Weir.

IX.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

As has just been told, the principles of independence were dearly prized in Virginia. This also is true of Massachusetts; for the first settlers of that commonwealth were driven from England by persecution, and came to the new world in search of liberty.

To-day we enjoy absolute freedom of conscience. We attend whatsoever church and worship in whatsoever form we please. This privilege is one of the fundamental doctrines of our government and is guaranteed to all by the Constitution. There is entire separation of church and state.

So long have we possessed the inborn right of religious liberty that it is almost impossible for us to realize that at times conditions have been different, and with amazement, as well as horror, we read of the oppressions, sufferings, and martyrdoms for conscience' sake, in the past.

During the sixteenth century a great many families in England revolted against the rigid rules of the Church of England and the bigotry of the gov-

ernment. It should be remembered that they were not civil rebels nor revolutionists. Against foes from abroad or traitors at home they would have fought as fiercely and gladly as the most servile friend of church or crown. They had the intense love of the true Englishman for country, home, and king. Yet in their hearts there was also the firm conviction that they had the right to read the Bible in their own way, and to worship God in whatsoever manner to them seemed meet. Freedom of conscience was more than home or country.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, these liberty-loving people, who were known as Puritans, finding at home no chance for relief, determined to seek an asylum in Holland. Their first attempt to leave was unsuccessful, but in the spring of 1608, they safely embarked and landed in Amsterdam. The next year they proceeded to Leyden, and in anticipation of years of weary wandering, they named themselves the Pilgrims.

Their reception in Holland was kindly. The king recognized them as honest, industrious, God-fearing men and women, but for fear of incurring the enmity of England, he could not show them any favors.

Here they dwelt for ten long years, yet the Dutch language ever sounded harshly to their ears and they

were slow to adapt themselves to foreign customs and habits. Although banished from their native land, still they were Englishmen ; and it is not at all strange that soon they turned their eyes towards the new world, where they might make for themselves a home, fashioned after their hearts' desire.

At first, King James of England and his advisers refused to allow the Pilgrims to depart. Heretics they were and no favors were to be granted them. Finally a half grudging promise not to bother them was extorted from him. This was enough. In fact, it was worth as much as a direct permission or a charter which might be revoked or disregarded at any time.

In the summer of 1620, preparations for the trip were commenced. A small vessel of the pretty name "Speedwell" conveyed the Pilgrims from Leyden to Southampton in England. There they were joined by the "Mayflower," a larger ship, with a company of emigrants from London.

Early in August, both vessels cleared the harbor, but the "Speedwell" leaked so badly that after sailing for a few days they laid up at Dartmouth for repairs. Again they set forth and again returned, the captain of the "Speedwell" refusing to go on in such an unseaworthy ship. So, on the 6th of September, the "Mayflower," with one hundred

and two Pilgrims, set forth alone upon her long voyage.

Very different in every way was this company from the one which had landed in Virginia. That was composed entirely of noblemen, gold seekers and explorers, not fleeing from persecution, nor seeking homes, but searching for wealth or adventure. Religion, to most of them, was a matter of small consequence as compared with pleasure or profit. Their ship was not encumbered with women or children.

But in the "Mayflower" were whole families: husband, wife, and children; men whose hair was gray and whose faces were wrinkled, and little babes who laughed in glee even while tears filled the eyes of their mothers as the coast of old England faded away in the distance. Not pleasure seekers these. They were men and women who had suffered in the past, and who realized the dangers of the future, although, trusting in God's help, they did not fear.

Cut off from home and country, in one small ship tossed by rolling waves for over sixty days, there seemed to enter into their very souls the gloomy, brooding spirit of the mighty deep, where save for fragile wood and feeble sail, man must look to Him alone whose voice can still the tempest, and who holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand.

Early in November, the dreary coast of Cape Cod came into view. Before trying to land, the emigrants drew up a paper signed by the head of every family, in which they declared their loyalty to the King of England, elected John Carver as governor, and agreed to live together in peace and concord, with equal rights to all.

Their first attempts to obtain a foothold on the desolate shore were discouraging. When a boat was lowered, it was found so leaky that water ran in faster than it could be bailed out. Several days were spent in making the necessary repairs. Then a small party went ashore. After wandering about in sleet, ice, and snow, they were attacked by hostile natives, and considered it a cause for thanksgiving that they were able to escape to the ship with their lives.

The vessel proceeded south, but a severe storm finally drove it to the west side of the bay, where, December 20, 1620, the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

“The breaking waves dashed high, on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark, the hills and waters o’er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

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Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea !

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white waves' foam,

And the rocking pines of the forest roared, — this was their welcome home."

Spreading thick over the hilltops and drifting deep in the hollows, lay the snows of winter. There was not a sign of animal life, for the birds of the air and the beasts of the wood had sought covert from the pitiless storms. Except for the groaning of the trees as the moaning wind swept through the branches, everywhere was the silence of the wilderness.

Nor did the silence argue safety. The Indian is to be felt before he is heard. Who of these well-nigh defenceless people knew at what moment he might send a shower of arrows among them ?

Yet the hearts of the Pilgrims did not quail, nor did their hands falter. The young, the weak, and the feeble obtained shelter as best they could on ship or on shore. With swinging axe the men bravely attacked the forest trees, and from rough hewn logs erected rude cabins. All suffered, many died, but none complained, and a kind Providence sent an early spring, else every one had perished.

When the snows melted and the trees put forth their leaves, the Pilgrims were thankful for relief from the perils of the winter, but still feared attack by the Indians. Occasionally a savage had been seen in the distance, but he had quickly fled when approached.

In March, Samoset, an Indian who to their surprise had learned some English, appeared among them, exclaiming, "Welcome, Englishmen." Later, Massasoit, a great chief whose tribe dwelt north of Narragansett Bay, visited them and was received with much ceremony. A treaty of peace with him was agreed upon — the first act of the kind in New England. By its terms there was to be friendship between the red men and the white, Massasoit protecting the Pilgrims, and they, in turn, defending him and his tribe from unjust attack by other natives. For fifty years this compact was kept unbroken.

In the spring, there were left but fifty colonists, counting women and children. During the winter, Governor Carver and his son had died and soon after his wife also passed away. Time and again, the Virginians, when disaster came, resolved to abandon this country; yet in the spring when the "Mayflower" sailed back for England, not a Pilgrim went with her. This shows the stuff of which the Puritans were made.

The summer of 1621 brought a failure of crops, and the following winter was one of suffering and almost of starvation. To add to the trouble of the colony, another company of emigrants, but bringing no provisions, had arrived. However, assisted by the Indians, the colonists managed to struggle through the cold months, part of the time on half rations, and frequently with scarcely anything but a few grains of corn.



THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Boughton.

The next summer the harvest was plentiful, and after two years of suffering, the Pilgrims were free from the danger of starvation.

As was the case with Virginia, this colony was aided by a London company, which had expected to make money out of the venture. In 1627, seeing no hope of profit, the company sold out to eight

leading men of Plymouth colony, for nine thousand dollars. In 1629 Charles I. issued a charter by which the owners were incorporated under the title of "The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." This name, Massachusetts, is taken from an Indian term meaning "near the great hills."

The change in management increased confidence in the future of the colony, and with the year 1630 a steady flow of emigration set in. The very best Puritan families, accustomed to all the comforts of the finest city and country homes, sought refuge in the New England wilderness, and almost without exception endured all hardships without a murmur. They were encouraged by Governor John Winthrop, a man of sterling character, with the zeal of a martyr.

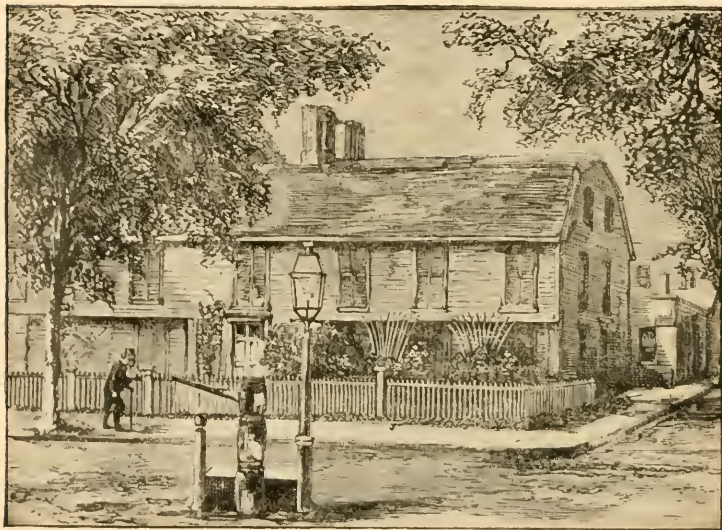
As their number increased, the colonists spread out, and Salem, Dorchester, Cambridge, Roxbury, and Boston were founded.

When we remember that the Puritans had left England in order that they and their descendants might enjoy civil and religious liberty, it is somewhat of a shock to find that even as early as 1631, they began to pass laws as intolerant and unjust as those from which they had fled.

For instance, it was enacted that none but church members should be allowed to vote. Public taxes

were levied for church support, church attendance was declared compulsory, and only church members could hold offices.

In excuse for such actions, it can be said that their religion was so dear to the Pilgrims, and in its



ROGER WILLIAMS' HOUSE, SALEM—BUILT 1635.

cause they had suffered so greatly, that whosoever did not wholly conform to its doctrines seemed an enemy to the very life of the community; yet, when all is said, we can but wish that these lines regarding Puritan narrowness need not be written.

To these laws Roger Williams, a colonist, was

bitterly opposed. Boldly he announced that every man is the keeper of his own conscience, and that civil laws of right have naught to do with religious matters. Threats failed to move or quiet him ; and so, in the dead of winter, he was banished from the colony.

For days he wandered through the snow, living on frozen berries, roots or acorns, and would have perished had not the Indians succored him. Their great friendship for him arose because he had championed them, and had insisted that the colonists were not entitled to the land until the Indians had been duly paid.

In 1636, his wandering ceased, and he settled permanently on the present site of the city of Providence, Rhode Island. Though he did not return to Plymouth, his work there had not been fruitless. Other persons continued to advocate his teachings. The cause of civil and religious liberty was slumbering, not dead.

The Puritans were an intelligent and educated people. As soon as circumstances permitted, they gave due attention to establishing schools, and in 1636 appropriated between one and two thousand dollars to found a college at Cambridge. In 1638, John Harvard, a minister of the gospel, died, and left his library and about five thousand dollars to

the school. In his honor, it was named Harvard College, and is so called unto this day.

Severe as had been the persecution of Roger Williams, it was nothing as compared with the violence shown the Quakers, who in 1656 began to appear in Boston. Ann Austin and Mary Fisher, the first to arrive, were imprisoned and finally sent back to England. Laws were passed inflicting such punishments as banishment and cutting off one ear for the first conviction, cutting off the other ear if the offender returned, and boring through the tongue with a red hot iron if the criminal again came back.

But laws never have suppressed the conscience. The more severe the penalties, the more willing and even eager are men to suffer, thus showing the sincerity of their convictions and upholding before the world the principles in which they believe.

Mary Dyar, Nicholas Davis, William Robinson, and William Leddra chose death instead of banishment and were hanged. Then the hearts of the public were touched, the laws were repealed, and the reign of terror was ended.

Here for the present we must leave the Pilgrims. In other histories you can read how bravely they struggled during the next one hundred years to maintain the rights they so highly prized, of the war they waged with the Indians when old Massa-

soit died, and of the wars of King William and Queen Ann.

United under a loose federation, the scattered colonists, regardless of consequences, ever were faithful to the standard of what they thought was right in the sight of God. Mistakes they made,



STANDISH HOUSE AT DUXBURY.

and often retributions followed; but there was no weakening, no retreating, and firm and true they laid the foundations of the great commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In the Puritans there is much to censure; there is more to praise. Time will cure defects of sternness, bigotry and intolerance, but the race which has not

conscience, persistence, and the ability to endure hardship, will perish from the earth.

Cold they were, and at times cruel, but before passing judgment, let us remember the years during which they lived oppressed and despised in England; their long sojourn in Holland, strangers in a strange land; and their struggle with the wilderness on the bleak and barren coast of New England. Such an experience kills weaklings, but in men develops the characteristics of the Puritans.

Let us also remember that a smiling face is not always a sure sign of a sound heart. Sometimes they who feel most, conceal most. Could we but look beneath the surface of these remarkable men and women, perchance we should find souls more tender and loving than the casual observer would suspect. As to rectitude of living, they did not demand more from others than they were willing to exact of themselves.

Their virtues have descended to the present generation. Their faults died with them and should be forgotten. Our comfort is due in no small part to their privations, our glory to their persecution, and our prosperity to their self sacrifice.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS—WHERE ARE THEY?

The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore ;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide ;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name !
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now,
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;
But the Pilgrim, where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:

When summer 's throned on high,

And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,

Go stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day

On that hallowed spot is cast,

And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled :

It walks in noon's broad light ;

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead

With the holy stars, by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound shore

Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

—*John Pierpont.*

X.

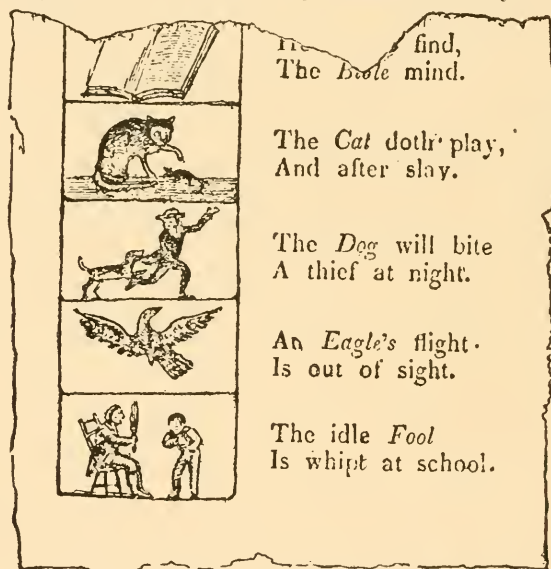
PURITAN CHILDREN.

Before leaving Massachusetts to take up the settlement of another colony, it will be interesting to glance at the Puritan children. In what way and amid what surroundings did boys and girls live in Massachusetts, so many years ago? Of one thing we may be sure. Life was as real to them as it is to you, and they had their cares and joys, their work and play, just as you do to-day.

The chief characteristic of Puritan life was its intense seriousness. The homes were not filled with the shouts and laughter of children at play. Any but the most simple and quiet games were thought unseemly, if not wicked, and there was little time for even them. Work, meditation, prayer, reading the Bible, learning the catechism, or sitting quietly in the presence of their elders, were the things to occupy the time of a well-bred child.

There were other books, too, aside from the Bible. "A Particular Account of Some Extraordinary Pious Motions and Devout Exercises Observed of Late in Many Children in Siberia," "The Life of Mary Pad-

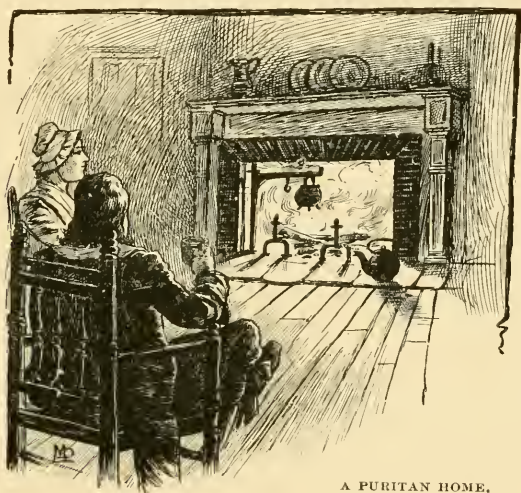
dock, Who Died at the Age of Nine," "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes in Either England; Drawn Out of the Breasts of Both Testaments for Their Souls' Nourishment. But May be of Use to Any Children," are the titles of a few. Probably you would prefer the stories in your own library.



A PAGE FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

The interior of a Puritan home was plain and simple. In one end of the chief room was the huge fireplace, where at night one might sit on the end of the great back-log, and look straight up through the chimney to the twinkling stars. The fireplace

was the only means of furnishing warmth, for there were no stoves nor furnaces. Close to the blaze the heat would be intense, but during the severe winters the cold in the parts of the room back from the hearth we would consider unbearable.



A PURITAN HOME.

The open fire was also used for cooking, and over it swung the iron crane from which were suspended the pots, kettles, and other utensils. It furnished light, too, for the long winter evenings, though at a very early day lamps were made from shallow dishes filled with grease, in which was inserted a wick of cloth. Later came the tallow candles.

At first, the windows were of oiled paper through

which the light came dimly. There were wooden stools, and chairs roughly made with seats of rushes or bark. The carpetless floor was scrubbed and cleaned till it fairly shone.

As with each succeeding year the wilderness became better subjected, comforts, both of home make and brought from England, were added. On a winter night the firelight gleamed on the andirons, the brass candlesticks and the glass and silver ware. Nuts, apples and cider were passed around, and there was some relaxation from the toil of the day. Then the boys and girls whose minds were kept clear and bodies vigorous by plenty of pure air, abundant exercise, and plain food, did not lack their share of cheer.

The Puritan children were not petted nor coddled. They were expected to share the discomforts and hardships of their elders. Even in the dead of winter, on the Sunday following its birth, a baby must be carried to the meeting house, which was never heated, and there be baptized, sometimes in a bowl in which the ice had to be broken.

The records show that many an infant died from such treatment. Yet the ceremony seems never to have been omitted for that reason. This shows how strictly the Puritan held to what he thought was right.

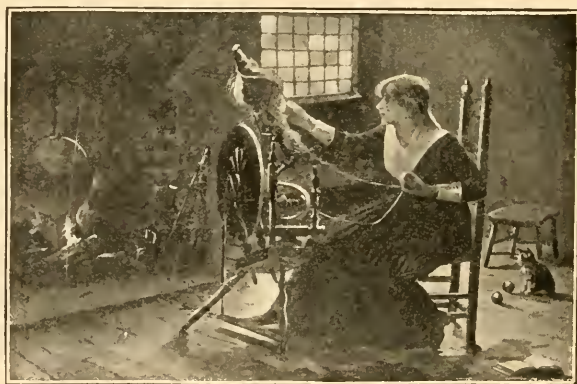
In those times our present system of common schools had its beginning. Then, as now, the children of rich and poor were educated together, and stood squarely on their own merits without fear or favor. Of course it was harder to obtain an education and often years would pass before one could find time for studies. So boys and girls, youths and maidens, of all ages and conditions, "toeing" a crack in the floor to keep in line, awkwardly stood up together to recite the same lesson.

Spelling, writing, reading, and arithmetic were the extent of the course of study, with perhaps Latin for some of the older boys who expected to go to college. Yet these branches were mastered most thoroughly, and in the old log schoolhouse by day, and working near the open fireplace at night, with a charred stick instead of a pencil, and birch bark in lieu of paper, many a famous statesman laid deep the foundations of broad learning.

Of work, there was plenty for boys and men. The forests were to be cut down, and the ground to be cleared for cultivation. Spring brought ploughing, sowing, planting, and hoeing, just as it does on your farms to-day, but with no help from machinery. During the summer, wood must be cut, in order to dry for the winter fireplace. There was the harvesting of hay and grain with the sickle or scythe,

the binding of the grain into sheaves to be threshed by hand during the winter, and in the fall, the husking of the corn.

Nor were the girls idle. Aside from the ordinary household duties of sweeping, cleaning, and cooking, every article of cloth must be spun, woven, and dyed by hand. This included sheets and pillowcases as well as clothing. The spinning wheel,



PURITAN MAIDEN SPINNING. *G. R. Barse, Jr.*

loom, and vat for dyeing were found in every household. The whirring of the wheel, the clatter of the loom, and the clink of the shuttle could be heard from early morn till late at night. Think of all this some time when you find it hard to wash or wipe the dishes for mother, or to sweep the floor, and perhaps your little task will seem easier.

In the old days, everyone went to meeting on Sunday. He who stayed away even once, without a good excuse, not only was held in contempt by his neighbor, but was also compelled to pay a fine. The hour of the approaching service was announced by blowing a horn or conch shell, or even by firing muskets. Then the entire population of the town and surrounding country could be seen slowly wending their way to the meeting house.

In summer, those who walked from a distance, came barefooted, putting on shoes and stockings as they entered the town. Often a whole family came on horseback, the father in front, behind him, on the pillion, his good wife, holding a baby in her arms, with perhaps another child sitting still farther behind.

Not even on those quiet Sabbath days, though the summer breeze, gently swaying leaf and flower, sang of love, or the snow of winter, covering the ground with a pure mantle, suggested thoughts of peace, could these Puritans forget the perils by which they were surrounded. The savages knew no Sunday. They struck when least expected, and spared not young nor old, woman nor child. So for better protection, several families would proceed together, men with muskets marching ahead, on both flanks, and in the rear.

Town laws were passed providing that each man should bring to church his gun and a certain number of rounds of powder and ball. In the seats next to the door armed men, their clothing padded with wool to protect them from arrows, were stationed, ready to repel at once any sudden attack. At the close of the service, the men went out first, to be sure that all was safe before allowing the women and children to leave the sheltering walls. What a contrast to the smiling, care-free people who in our day slowly wander homeward from God's house of worship!

The interior of the meeting house was cheerless and forbidding. The walls and floor were bare, the seats high and hard. In even the dead of winter the building never was heated. The women carried small foot stoves, which they filled with coals from the neighboring houses; the boys and men shuffled and stamped their feet to keep up circulation.

The sermon was preached from a pulpit raised high above the heads of the congregation. Likely enough it was three hours long, and when you remember that there were two services each day, with only a short intermission for lunch, you may not envy the boys and girls of long ago. Difficult it must have been to sit quietly during these long and monotonous hours. In winter, the bitter cold be-

numbed fingers and toes. In spring and summer, murmuring brook and singing birds called through open door and windows, or waving branches beckoned to pastures green and hillside cool and shady.

It seems as if a revolt on the part of the boys



THE TITHING MAN.

was anticipated, for they were seated all together in one corner of the room, and in charge of them was placed the tithing-man, an individual very pompous and supposed to be quite awe-inspiring. Equipped with a long staff, he kept close watch over his wards,

and a hard rap quickly brought to attention the scamp who pinched or played tricks on his neighbor, or, every amusement failing, dropped off to sleep.

It is a source of great satisfaction to know that the officer did not confine himself to the boys, but up and down the aisles he marched, and if on a sultry afternoon a member of the congregation was found so much as nodding with half-closed eyes, he was at once awakened. Usually a fox's tail was attached to one end of the staff, and this was drawn gently across the sleeper's face to arouse him. Instead of the soft fur, some titling-men affixed a sharp brad, with which the offender was prodded most viciously.

Thus suddenly and painfully brought back to consciousness, even the most sanctimonious churchgoer occasionally cried out in language more emphatic than polite, which was thereafter a source of great mortification to himself and his spouse.

There was no Sunday-school. Nothing was done to present the great truths of Christianity in a form pleasant and attractive to children. The Puritan mind seemed to revel in gloomy, bitter, and terrible thoughts. The songs were sad and mournful. The sermons dwelt upon the horrors of everlasting punishment, the sinfulness of man, and the wrath of God. As a result of such surroundings and training, little boys and girls, as soon as they learned to

talk, looked to our heavenly Father with fear instead of love, and dreaded His anger instead of trusting His mercy. They bothered their little heads about questions which the wisest never can answer. Let us be thankful that our God is love, and our faith in His kindness outweighs our fear of His justness.

Thus the children lived in the Puritan times of old. The dangers and hardships by which they were surrounded, and the constant struggle for the very necessities of life, developed men and women brave and self-reliant, strong in mind as well as body. No one need be ashamed to trace his ancestry back to the New England Puritans.

XI.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

Any account of early days in Massachusetts would be incomplete without referring to the Salem witchcraft. Nowadays nobody believes in witches. At least, if he does he keeps it to himself. But supposing such creatures ever did exist, from sundry accounts we may well agree that once they held high carnival in Salem, on Massachusetts Bay.

It would seem that witches and goblins from every quarter of the globe assembled in conventions in that old town, or held field-meets to see which could play the strangest prank, or in the most uncanny way annoy the staid Puritan men, women, and children. According to reports, sticks and stones fell from the sky in showers; pots and pans danced on the kitchen floors; chairs jumped nimbly upon the tables; and the inhabitants themselves suffered from queer aches, pains, and other bodily afflictions, all due to the mischievousness or malignity of witches and evil spirits.

During these strange times there lived in Salem an old gentleman by the name of Cotton Mather,

the son of Increase Mather of Harvard College. Cotton Mather was a very learned man, being able without difficulty to express himself in seven different languages; and more than this, he was a devout minister of the gospel, hating with all his soul, witches and demons of every description. Them, and all persons who worked with them he combatted manfully, with the full strength of his gigantic intellect.

In his “*Magnalia*,” or “*History of New England from the First Planting in the Year 1620, unto the Year of our Lord 1693*,” a work in seven volumes published in London just two hundred years ago, in order to justify the actions that he took in suppressing witchcraft, he seriously chronicles many strange occurrences. The following extracts are taken word for word from this quaint old history.

THE THIRD EXAMPLE.

“In the year 1679, the house of *William Morse* at *Newberry*, was infested after a most horrid manner. It would fill many pages to relate all the infestations; but the chief of ’em were such as these:

“*Bricks*, and *sticks*, and *stones*, were often by some invisible hand, thrown at the house, and so were many pieces of wood: a cat was thrown at the woman of the house, and a *long staff* danc’d up and

down in the chimney; and afterwards the same long staff was hang'd by a line, and swung to and fro; and when two persons laid it on the fire to burn it, it was as much as they were able to do with their joint strength to hold it there. An *iron crook* was violently by an invisible hand, hurl'd about; and a chair flew about the room until at last it litt upon the table, where the meat stood ready to be eaten, and had spoil'd all, if the people had not with much ado saved a little. A *chest* was by an invisible hand carry'd from one place to another, and the doors barridado'd, and the keys of the family taken, some of them from the bunch where they were ty'd, and the rest flying about with a loud noise of their knocking against one another. For one while the folks of the house could not sup quietly, but ashes would be thrown into their suppers, and on their heads, and their cloaths; and the *shooes* of the man being left below, one of them was fill'd with ashes and coals, and thrown up after him.

“A little boy belonging to the family, was a principal *sufferer* in these *molestations*; for he was flung about at such a rate, that they fear'd his brains would have *been beaten* out: nor did they find it possible to hold him. His bed cloathes would be pull'd from him, his bed shaken, and his bed-staff leap forward and backward. The man took him to

keep him in a chair ; but the chair fell a dancing, and both of them were very near being thrown into the fire."

THE FOURTH EXAMPLE.

"In the year 1683, the house of *Nicholas Desborough* at *Hartford*, was very strangely molested by stones, by pieces of earth, by cobs of *indian* corn, and other such things, from an *invisible hand*, thrown at him, sometimes thro' the door, sometimes thro' the window, sometimes down the chimney, and sometimes from the floor of the room (Tho' very close) over his head ; and sometimes he met with them in the shop, the yard, the barn, and in the field.

"There was no violence in the motion of the things thus thrown by the *invisible hand* ; and tho' others besides the man, happen'd sometimes to be hit, they were never hurt with them ; only the *man* himself had pain given to his arm, and once blood fetch'd from his leg, by these annoyances ; and a fire in an unknown way kindled, *consum'd* no little part of his estate."

THE FIFTH EXAMPLE.

"On June 11, 1682. Showers of *stones* were thrown by an *invisible hand* upon the house of *George Walton* at *Portsmouth*. Whereupon the

people going out, found the gate wrung off the hinges, and stones flying and falling thick about them, and striking of them seemingly with a *great force* ; but really affecting 'em no more than if a *soft touch* were given them. The *glass windows* were broken to pieces by stones that came not from *without*, but from *within* ; and other instruments were in like manner hurl'd about. Nine of the stones they took up, whereof some were as hot as if they came out of the fire ; and marking them, they laid them on the table ; but in a little while they found some of them again flying about. The spit was carry'd up the chimney ; and coming down with the point forward, stuck in the back-log ; from whence one of the company removing it, it was by an *invisible hand* thrown out at the window. This disturbance continued from day to day ; and sometimes a dismal hollow *whistling* would be heard, and sometimes the *trotting* and *snorting* of an *horse*, but nothing to be seen. The man went up the great bay in a boat unto a farm he had there ; but there the *stones* found him out ; and carrying from the *house* to the *boat* a *stirrup-iron*, the *iron* came jingling after him through the woods as far as his house ; and at last went away, and was heard no more. The *anchor* leap'd overboard several times and stopt the boat. A *cheese* was taken out of the

press, and crumbl'd all over the floor: a piece of *iron* stuck into the wall, and a kettle hung there-upon. Several cocks of hay mow'd near the house, were taken up and hung upon trees, and others made into small whisps, and scattered about the house. The man was much hurt by some of the stones: he was a *Quaker*, and suspected that a woman, who charg'd him with injustice in detaining some land from her, did by *witchcraft* occasion these preternatural occurrences. However, at last they came unto an end."

Thus for page after page does Cotton Mather state facts establishing, to the satisfaction of his own mind, the existence of witchcraft. When we look for proof, which any sensible man will demand, we find it sadly lacking. Cotton Mather was so self satisfied and so self important, that he regarded as a fool, or even worse, anyone who disagreed with him. "For every instance," he writes, "we have such sufficient evidence, that no *reasonable* man in the whole country ever did question them; *and it will be unreasonable to do it in any other.*"

Just what a witch was supposed to be is not very clearly defined, but all peculiar happenings the Puritan mind traced directly to Satan himself. It was believed that the prince of evil found on earth wicked persons who agreed to serve him and who

thereafter spent their time in causing all manner of trouble. If the manifestations had been confined entirely to inanimate objects, the good people doubtless would have contented themselves with prayers and fasting. When, however, men, women, and particularly children, were thought to be bewitched, sterner measures were adopted.

So far the history of witchcraft has been laughable. Now it becomes terrible beyond description, for according to the law of England and of Massachusetts, diabolical practices were punishable by death, and the Puritans were not slow to exact the extreme penalty.

In February, 1692, a daughter of Samuel Parris became afflicted with a nervous trouble, rendering her almost insane. Her father was convinced that she was bewitched. Tituba, an Indian servant, was charged with being the cause of the disorder. At first she denied her guilt, but upon being severely flogged, she confessed all that was desired of her. It is too bad the matter did not end here, but the craze had started. Soon it was beyond all control.

In March, Mary Cory was arrested, convicted and sent to jail. Next, Sarah Cloyce and Rebecca Nurse were imprisoned on the scanty evidence of Tituba, her Indian husband, and a half-witted girl called Abigail Williams. Then Giles Cory, a man

over eighty years of age, in turn was accused, and as he obstinately refused to plead, he was pressed to death instead of hanged.

The madness now was at flood tide. No one, high or low, rich or poor, was safe from suspicion. Fathers kept close guard over their families, children spied on the servants and the latter retaliated by making accusation against their masters.

The epidemic spread from Salem even to Boston. No less than five women were hanged on one day. Every trial was a farce. In fact, often those who confessed were spared, while a denial brought death. To extort confessions, people were tortured most cruelly and while half unconscious from pain and terror, admitted everything. By the end of September, twenty had been executed, one hundred and fifty were in jail, and hundreds more were accused or suspected.

Then the people paused, shocked by the awful consequences of their insane action, the prisons were opened, no more were convicted, and the wave of frenzy subsided as quickly as it had arisen.

Nothing can be gained by farther reciting these horrible deeds. We can but regret that it is necessary for us to note even what we have; however, history deals with the truth and we must take things as they were, not as we wish they might have been.

At times it is necessary for us partially to remove the veil which passing time has kindly drawn to hide the evil acts of men, swayed by passion, prejudice or fanaticism. Such periods cannot be without a purpose in the world's development.

Then, when enough has been seen to warn us against making like mistakes, it is best quickly to let the veil again drop back in place, and as kindly as possible to remember those whose error was in judgment rather than intention.

What was the cause of this madness? There were no more witches in Salem two hundred years ago than there are to-day. Satan was no more active then than now. Let us first remember that in every age, men have explained that which they could not comprehend by calling it the work of spirits, good or evil. The savage, who does not understand a watch, is ready to bow down in worship and call its possessor a god. During an eclipse, the Chinese beat drums and shout loudly to scare away the monster which is swallowing the sun. From the locomotive, pouring forth fire and smoke in its wild course across the plains, the Indian flees in terror, as from the evil one himself. Barbarians of every race have thought that sickness is caused by the entrance of demons into the human body. These superstitions, passing from generation to

generation, become absolute, unreasoning convictions.

The Puritan was not educated above his times. His ancestors ascribed to witchcraft many facts they could not understand, and punished its practice with death as solemnly as they did the commission of murder. He himself believed in it as thoroughly as he did in the smallpox, or in his Bible. Any measures were justifiable to protect his household from its ravages, just as your father, if necessary, would use a shot gun to keep from his dwelling a man infected with yellow fever.

Think of the Puritan now in a new country with no companions but the savages, the wilderness and his own gloomy thoughts. He considers himself the bearer of Christ's teachings to a heathen land, and gloats over the anger of Satan as Christianity at length invades the dominion he has so long ruled.

One morning a gust of wind comes down the good man's chimney and blows the ashes over his food, spoiling his breakfast. What more natural than for him to think that some witch is bothering him? On his way to work, a limb drops from a tree and strikes his head. This increases his suspicion regarding evil spirits. In his stable he finds a cow sick from some strange malady. Now he is sure that he is being bewitched, and terror seizes

him. Loud and long he prays by his own fireside for deliverance, and loud and long from his high pulpit the preacher thunders defiance to the powers of darkness.

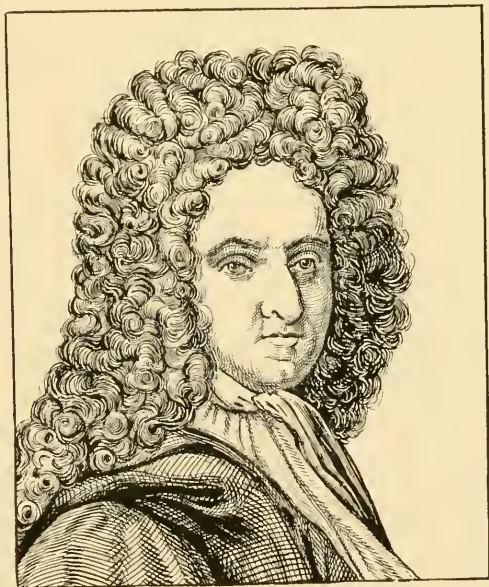
All this the shuddering children see and hear. Then one of them is taken ill. It is simply a case of too much fruit or pastry, but the terrified boy cries out that he is bewitched. Who could have cast the spell? It must be the Indian servant who still has many of the strange customs of her tribe, or the old woman, bent and ugly, who lives alone on the outskirts of the town.

So the servant or the old woman is flogged and tortured till she confesses. The neighbors take up the cry and the panic spreads from house to house and from town to town. Rising to the occasion, the Puritan imprisons, tortures, and hangs till the people come to their sober senses and suddenly halt, trembling lest they really may have been in the wrong. This doubtless accounts for all the facts of the Salem Witchcraft.

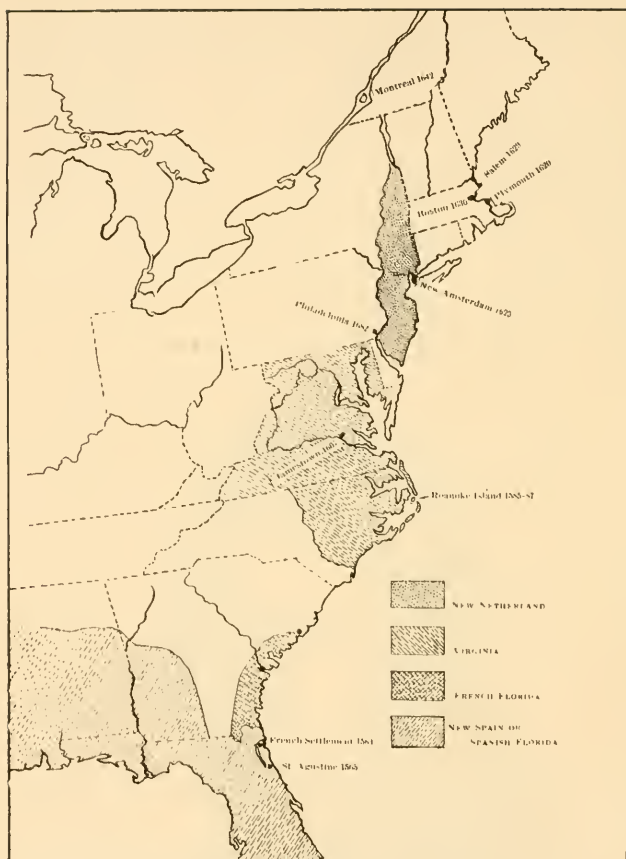
We open the chapter with a smile at the exaggerated account of the queer actions of bricks, sticks, and stones, as detailed by old Cotton Mather. We close it with a tear for the innocent who suffered at the hands of misguided men. The banishment of Roger Williams, the persecution of

the Quakers, and the witchcraft craze in Salem — these are the dark spots in the history of the Puritan. Yet the new world owes him a debt it never can repay, and we should try to overlook his mistakes.

Let us simply take into our hearts the lessons taught by these sad times — the beauty of charity, the danger of acting rashly, and the nobility of granting to others that freedom of belief which we claim of right for ourselves.



COTTON MATHER.



MAP SHOWING DIFFERENT SETTLEMENTS.

XII.

THE DUTCH IN NEW YORK.

About the time when John Smith was making his explorations in Virginia, and ten years before the Puritans landed in Massachusetts, Henry Hudson set sail from Holland in the service of the Dutch East India Company. The result of his voyage was the settlement of New York, although his object was to find a northeast water route to India and China. One hundred years before, Vasco da Gama had reached these famous lands by way of Southern Africa, and Magellan had marked a path around South America. Hudson's attempts were by way of the north.

In April, 1609, in the good ship "Half Moon," the memorable voyage commenced. Already Hudson, an Englishman by birth, had made two trips for a company of London merchants, to find a passage east through the Arctic Ocean between Spitzenberg and Nova Zembla. Each time he had been driven back by ice and snow. Discouraged by lack of success, the Londoners had refused to send him out again.

But, true explorer that he was, he himself did not know the words discouragement or failure. His heart ever burned with the spirit of adventure and in his mind there was always one fixed purpose, to be accomplished by any possible means. While his native country came first, no time was lost in seeking other aid when she would not support him. So Hudson, discarded by the English merchants, now goes forth with equal faith and fearlessness to win riches and glory for the Dutch.

After spending a month in trying to force his way through the ice near Nova Zembla, Hudson found that he could make no progress. His next action shows the spirit of these old time voyagers. They seemed to think as little of sailing around the world as we do of walking around a block. As Hudson could not proceed by way of the east, he calmly turned his vessels about and steered them west, hoping to find an opening north of Chesapeake Bay, where he knew of the settlement at Jamestown. In July, he encountered a severe gale and landed on the coast of Maine to repair the shattered sails and masts. In August, the "Half Moon" made the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, and, continuing, early in September she cast anchor safe within the sheltering arm of Sandy Hook.

A little later, a landing was made on the New

Jersey shore. Here for a few days Hudson traded with the natives. The Indians, with their copper pipes and ornaments and clad in mantles made of feathers or rich furs, were objects of great curiosity to the sailors of the "Half Moon." The white men, in turn, were a source of wonder to the Indians, who in canoes hollowed out of huge logs, paddled around the ship. They appeared friendly, but were inclined to steal. Later Hudson ascertained to his sorrow that they could not be trusted at all, for while returning from exploring Newark Bay, a boat from the "Half Moon" was attacked, and one of its occupants was killed by an arrow.

One morning in the middle of September the ship weighed anchor, and a strong south wind quickly wafted her up the beautiful river still bearing Hudson's name. This region is renowned for its grand scenery. What must the view have been three hundred years ago, before the hand of man had felled a tree or built a single house or factory?

Here the rushing waters dash in foaming waves against huge boulders or around the projecting point of precipitous cliffs. There with broad unruffled surface the mighty current sweeps on in majestic grandeur. Now rugged bluffs and rocky headlands approach the water's edge, and now the vista opens and grassy fields and oak clad hills

present themselves. At morn, the wild fowl rise in alarm from their feeding grounds in the ponds and marshes ; at eve, the red deer, disturbed as at the water's brink he bends his antlered head to quench his thirst, crashes through the underbrush into the dense forest ; and at night the howling of the wolves, as they chase their prey over field and mountain, echoes and re-echoes from bank to bank.

All these things the voyagers saw and heard, and Hudson noted well that it was a goodly country and of great promise for future settlement.

Near the site of the present city of Hudson, the ship could proceed no farther. Here Hudson went on shore, visiting and trading with the natives. He found them peaceful and prosperous, dwelling in houses made of oak bark, and possessing granaries well stored with the corn of the last year's harvest. Food in plenty was offered him : game from the forests, fish from the river, and even a plump dog, considered by the Indians the greatest delicacy.

Hudson, however, could not tarry and to the regret of the simple savages, soon drifted south with the current. Early in October the "Half Moon" once more felt the ocean's waves rolling against her fat sides as her prow swung towards the east, for the homeward voyage to Holland.

Proud of the success of the trip, Hudson landed at Dartmouth to tell the English merchants what they had missed by withdrawing their support from him. This visit proved unfortunate, for he and the English members of his crew were detained by order of the king, who claimed their services. All that could be done was to send a written report to Holland, a country which Hudson served so well, but never saw thereafter.

The Englishmen now took new courage, and in the summer of 1610 sent Hudson in the ship "Discovery" to search again for the northwest passage, which he was convinced must be found, if at all, north of the coast of Maine. Between Greenland and Labrador, an opening towards the west was seen. This was entered August 2 and the "Discovery" was the first ship to plow these waters, since called "Hudson Strait." At length the way seemed blocked by small islands, but on turning to the south a sea disclosed itself to view, where rolling waves stretched far away towards the west, without a sign of land. This was "Hudson Bay."

Here great joy came to Hudson, for he firmly believed that before him lay an unobstructed route to China. Disappointment followed, however; as he sailed westward, the shore again appeared. Ice now shut in around his vessel and he found that he

and his crew must undergo the long and terrible winter of that desolate country.

Before spring arrived there was much hardship from cold and hunger, and also much grumbling and complaint on the part of the sailors. When the ice softened under the warm south wind, and the vast fields, cracking asunder, left safe outlets for the imprisoned ship, preparations were made for return. Yet Hudson was fated to remain. A mutiny broke out and the treacherous sailors placed him, his son, and several others in an open boat and set it afloat among the icebergs. Then the "Discovery" sailed away and nothing more was ever heard of Hudson or his companions.

Death had come quickly to Magellan in the far-off Philippines. DeSoto passed away on the bank of the Mississippi. The fate of these brave men is known. But what of Hudson? Mighty icebergs, grinding together, may have crushed his frail skiff between their glistening sides; breeze and current may have borne him to some barren shore, there to await a lingering death from starvation and exposure; or perchance the fiendish torture of savage tribes was added to his other sufferings. When and where and how he died is one of the many fathomless secrets of the frozen north.

From 1610 to 1623, numerous ships were sent to

the Hudson River by Dutch merchants, and the trade in furs became of much value. A settlement called New Amsterdam, marking the beginning of New York City, was founded on Manhattan Island. The coast was explored north to Cape Cod and as far south as Delaware Bay, a few miles north of which, on the Delaware River, Ft. Nassau was established.



OLD DUTCH HOUSE.

Holland made claim to all the country between these two points, and named it New Netherlands.

In 1623, the first colony from Holland to the New Netherlands was sent under the auspices of the Dutch West India Company, chartered by the government two years previously. In April, the emigrants reached the mouth of the Hudson River,

and most of them settled on Manhattan Island, which three years later was purchased from the Indians for only twenty-four dollars.

These colonists were Protestants who had been grievously persecuted in their own country, and, like the Puritans, here sought freedom. Between them and the Puritans there always existed a close bond of sympathy. Other expeditions came over from year to year, and by 1630 several hundred people were located on Manhattan Island.

Early in its history almost every colony became involved in a conflict with the Indians, and to this the Dutch were no exception. Sometimes the natives commenced the trouble with no excuse except resentment against the white men for taking their land. In the war in 1640, between the Indians of Long Island and New Jersey, and the Dutch of New Netherlands, the fault was with the colonists.

Greedy traders went among the surrounding tribes and first making them drunk by liberal gifts of rum, robbed them of their possessions. Then the Indians rose in wrath and laid waste the settlements along the Jersey shore and on Staten Island, even threatening New Amsterdam. Finally a truce was agreed upon through the kindly efforts of Roger Williams.

During its continuance, a party of the fierce Mohawks came down the river to fight the coast tribes. The less warlike savages around New Amsterdam feared the Mohawks, and gathering near the Hudson River they asked aid of the Dutch. Here, to his everlasting disgrace, Governor Kieft seized an opportunity to inflict severe punishment. Secretly in the dead of night a company of soldiers surrounded the Indians who had come to seek protection. Without warning, men, women, and children were cruelly butchered and their bodies were thrown into the river. No wonder that thereafter the border war with all its horrors waged fast and furiously.

In the end, as always, the stronger whites were victorious, the power of the Indians was broken, and in 1645 a treaty of peace was concluded. Quick retribution overtook Governor Kieft. In 1647 he set sail for Europe in a merchant vessel; it was destroyed in a storm near the coast of Wales, and the man who had caused so much bloodshed found a resting place beneath the billows of the sea.

During the administration of honest Governor Peter Stuyvesant, commencing in May, 1647, better times came to the New Netherlands. The Indians were treated with kindness and consideration until they became the firm allies of the Dutch. Trade



PETER STUYVESANT.

and commerce, too, prospered wonderfully, and it was predicted even then that some day in the harbor of New Amsterdam would be collected ships from every quarter of the globe. If he who made this prophecy could stand to-day in New

York harbor, he would see that his dreams have been more than realized.

Now began the many disputes between different colonies as to their respective boundaries. The Dutch were afraid that the energetic people of Massachusetts and Connecticut would gradually encroach on their land till they possessed the rich fur trade of the Hudson. However, the dispute was settled amicably, and a boundary was fixed under terms of a treaty ratified by the colonists, the West India Company, and Holland, but never acknowledged by England.

In 1637 a company of Swedes had colonized the northern part of the present state of Delaware, and now the settlement was becoming very prosperous. With them the jealous Dutch could come to no

agreement. In 1655 Governor Stuyvesant himself sailed to Delaware Bay with six hundred troops, and the Swedes, greatly outnumbered, were quickly overcome.

The victory, however, was of little moment, for the time was almost at hand when the New Netherlands themselves were to pass under English control. With nations, as with men, too often might makes right. Though England and Holland were at peace, King Charles II. had no respect for the claims of the weaker nation, and granted to the Duke of York the territory possessed by the Dutch.

In August, 1664, an English fleet appeared before New Amsterdam and demanded its surrender. Governor Stuyvesant urged his people to resist, but all in vain. They hated the West India Company, by whom they had been ill treated; though loyal to the King of Holland, they secretly envied the advancement of their more active and progressive neighbors. So in September, New Amsterdam surrendered, its name was changed to New York, in honor of the Duke of York, and the territory of New Netherlands passed permanently under English rule.

Many humorous accounts have been written of the queer characteristics of these sturdy Dutch colonists. True, they had their peculiarities, as did the

Yankees, but it is not necessary to believe that the men wore at the same time, five pairs of breeches, or that, when considering some important question, from their long-stemmed clay pipes they puffed such clouds of smoke as to be hidden from view.



OLD DUTCH CHURCH, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

The Dutchman loved his quiet smoke and his mug of beer, but he was no more addicted to the use of strong liquor than was the Puritan. Somewhat slow mentally and lacking the nervous energy of his

neighbors in Massachusetts and Connecticut, he was none the less progressive and sure of every move. Life to him was centered in his home and family. When riches came, he enjoyed them, for while frugal he never was stingy. The best of food, tableware, furniture, and clothes was none too good for him and those dependent on him.

His descendants are noted for their thrift, industry, and honesty. No more desirable colonists have ever settled in any land, and in the veins of men to-day flows no better blood than that which has come to them from the people who lived quietly, peacefully, and happily in the quaint old town of New Amsterdam, and the beautiful valley of the Hudson.

XIII.

THE QUAKERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We have seen how the Puritans tortured and killed the Quakers in Massachusetts. Even when such practices were stopped, trouble between the two sects did not cease entirely. This was partly because the punishments already inflicted had aroused the obstinacy of the Quakers. The more they were persecuted, the more firmly settled they became in their convictions. From all accounts, they do not seem to have been on every occasion the meek and mild men and women who are called by that name to-day. We cannot in the least blame the Puritans for punishing them quite severely for many of their habits.

Quaker women, most scantily clad, their faces blackened with ink and their hair in disorder, entered the meeting houses. Rising in their seats during the progress of the sermon, they loudly called the ministers liars and fools. The men, with their hats on and their clothing covered with ashes, forced their way past the tithing-man and groaned dismally throughout the service; or poking their

heads in through the open church-windows, hooted and howled till the ministers could not make themselves heard.

It was no more than right that such persons should be punished occasionally, just as to-day it is necessary to fine those who disturb a place of public worship.

A glance into the history of the Friends, or Quakers, in England will tend to explain these actions. As with the Puritans and the New Netherlanders, the foundation of their faith was freedom of conscience. At a time when religion was more a matter of form than of the heart, they declared their belief in the guidance of the still, small voice, which, if we but listen, whispers in the breast of each of us.

Ministers who preached for pay and officers who basely served an earthly king, particularly were obnoxious to them, and so they made enemies of those highest in civil and religious power. Like all reformers, they went to an extreme and perhaps did not respect sufficiently the opinions of those who differed with them. Then a few of them, as their hearts became embittered by years of abuse, made nuisances of themselves, and bothered those of other religious beliefs.

Yet it is to men and women of this stamp, quick to think for themselves and ready to back their

opinions against the world, even to the extent of torture or death, that we owe our liberty. This liberty would be prized more dearly if we would remember oftener the great price in sorrow and suffering paid by our forefathers.

The first man to proclaim the doctrines of the Quakers was George Fox. About the middle of the seventeenth century he began to preach in England, and aroused the people as they never had been aroused before. Opposition by priests or magistrates served to encourage him. When driven out of the church, he preached in the streets; when banished from a city, he talked in the country; and when placed in jail, he plead with the inmates. Threats of torture or other dire punishment deterred him not.

His language appealed to the common people, and it was not long before he had a large following as patient, as resolute, and as enthusiastic as was he himself. Every manner of punishment and oppression was heaped upon these Quakers. They were imprisoned, placed in the stocks, and flogged. Their churches were destroyed, and their homes were torn from over their heads; but unshaken in faith, they secured fresh places of shelter or wandered in the open air, and met to worship in secret when to worship openly was impossible.

As existence in the old world was almost unendurable, it is no wonder that the Quakers looked across the ocean, where the Puritans and New Netherlanders already had settled. There they, too, sought relief and rest. By the close of the year 1677 over four hundred Friends had landed in the western part of New Jersey. Even there, they were not entirely free from care and trouble, for several noblemen claimed the title to the land, and there were continual disputes as to who should govern and in what form. These disagreements were around the Quaker settlement, however, rather than within it, and the colonists deemed themselves successful because they had found freedom of conscience, which they prized more dearly than any other possible possession.



WILLIAM PENN.

One of the leaders in the New Jersey movement was an Englishman by the name of William Penn. No man connected with the early history of our country is entitled to more love and respect. He was the son and the grandson of officers of the English navy. His family owned large estates and we would think that a man of his descent, training,

and standing in life would be the last to accept the Quaker doctrine.

Yet while a mere boy he was seriously inclined, and learned to do that which his conscience told him was right. As a student in the University at Oxford, he so openly championed the principles taught by the Quakers that he was expelled. Then he traveled in Europe for two years, but was suddenly recalled to England to manage the property of the family during the absence of his father, who was assigned to a command in the naval war with Holland.

Here was opened to Penn a life of pleasure and comfort. Of good family, refined and cultured by nature, education, and travel, one would expect to see him attracted by some learned profession or by politics, where he could win fame and increase his riches. Instead, in 1667, at the age of twenty-three, he was cast into jail because he persisted in obeying his conscience, according to the teaching of the Quakers.

Society was greatly shocked when it was noised abroad that the noble William Penn had turned Quaker. All his old acquaintances scorned him. A very few tried to argue with him and to persuade him from the alleged error of his ways. Such efforts were in vain. A few years later, again he was

imprisoned, and was tried for the crime of addressing a Quaker meeting. The jury, though starved for two days and nights, stuck to a verdict of "not guilty," for which they were fined by the judge! Penn also was heavily fined for contempt of court, in telling the jury to be firm and to remain true to their convictions.

Now came the death of Penn's father. The son William inherited an immense fortune, but the more firmly he became attached to the principles of freedom of mind and of conscience. Whatever might be the result, he never feared to express openly his opinions. In 1671, he traveled extensively in Germany and Holland, everywhere speaking to the people. Returning to England, he continued to spare no effort to advance the cause he loved.

Such is the man who interested himself in the asylum for the Quakers in New Jersey and of whose actions in founding the great state of Pennsylvania we now are to read.

Among other things left to Penn by his father was a claim of sixteen thousand pounds against the English government. Pleased with the progress of the Quaker settlement in New Jersey, Penn gladly gave up this demand and in return King Charles II., in 1681, granted to him a vast extent of land bounded on the east by the Delaware River. From

this has been carved the state of Pennsylvania, or *Penn's Wood*.

Here he was to establish a place of refuge, not for the English Quakers only, but for the oppressed of all nations. In this settlement there was to be no distinction as to color, race, or religion. The people were to live on lines of simple equality, and to be ruled wisely and fairly, while the Indians were to be treated as friends and conquered by love and kindness alone.

Immediately upon receiving his charter, Penn made known throughout England that in his possessions across the ocean, where the soil was rich and the climate mild, emigrants who desired liberty, equality, and justice would be welcome. Before the summer was over, several ship loads of Quakers left England for the place of refuge.

The first vessel bore a message from Penn to some Swedes who already had settled there, telling them not to worry nor be troubled, for they would not be disturbed in their homes, and would be governed by impartial laws which they themselves would have a voice in framing. Word was sent to the Indians, also, assuring them that it was his purpose to deal with them honestly, and that the colonists wished to live side by side with them on terms of mutual respect and love.

Thus at the very outset did Penn show the broadness of his mind and the sincerity of his belief; for he remembered not only the white settlers at the moment on his land, but even the savages whose rights never before had received due consideration.

A great many men are good as long as it does not affect their pocket-books, nor involve any particular self denial. It was comparatively easy for Penn to say to the English Quakers that on his domain beyond the sea they would find perfect equality, and exemption from persecution, and that they would be allowed to govern themselves. It was easy, also, to forward words of cheer to the settlers, white and red. Yet Penn had now become a poor man. His estates practically were exhausted, and in payment for the land he had cancelled a claim of seventy-five thousand dollars.

When the time came to draw up a form of government, why should he not reserve great rights for himself? Why should there not be duties and taxes to pay him back the money he had expended, and perhaps an office of prominence with a large salary to distinguish him as the founder of the Quaker colony?

Here came the great test, and as we may anticipate from what already has been told of his life and character, his manhood and probity did not fail

him. The constitution carried out every promise he had made. The people were allowed to vote upon its adoption, and no provision was inserted whereby more gain or glory should come to Penn than to the humblest colonist.

In 1682, Penn himself determined to visit his possessions, and on October 27 he landed at New Castle, Delaware. Naturally a large crowd gathered on the bank of the river to greet him. There was no pomp nor display, however; no firing of cannon nor martial music. As a simple citizen appeared William Penn, clad in plain clothes instead of velvet and lace, surrounded by humble and earnest followers instead of haughty and careless lords and noblemen. In his address he dwelt not on his own power or repute, but urged all to live in peace, industry, and sobriety, while pledging himself to secure to them every measure of freedom and equity. No display nor ceremony could have increased the warmth of his welcome or given him a clearer right to a loving remembrance.

The first important act after Penn arrived was his conference with the Indians. Heretofore the native inhabitants had been regarded as savages, who, while they might have souls to save, also had land, corn, and furs which the white man must have on whatsoever terms to him seemed fit. With few ex-

ceptions, all treaties had to do with the purchase of territory or the right to trade.

Now there arrived among the Indians a singular man unarmed and unprotected, in broad brimmed hat and long gray coat, and with words of peace and fellowship instead of bargain and conquest. Early in the winter of 1682, under a spreading elm tree near the northern edge of the present site of Philadelphia, William Penn addressed the assembled Indians. Gravely squatting in a circle around him, they listened closely to his words.

“We meet on the pathway of good faith and good-will,” said Penn. “No advantage shall be taken on either side but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children ; nor brothers, for brothers sometimes differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain ; for that the rain might rust or a falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man’s body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and one blood. When disputes arise, we will settle them in council, to be composed of red men and white.”

The Indians replied, “While the rivers run and the sun shines, we will live at peace with the children of William Penn.”

This simple, unwritten compact was kept for over

seventy years. Clad in Quaker hat and coat, one could walk alone and unarmed through field and forest more safely than though protected by armor of steel, and knife and musket. Other colonists, had they met the Indians in the same spirit and kept their promises as faithfully, would have been saved many a grievous war.



WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE.

Now Penn began to look about for a place to lay the foundation of a city which should be the capital of his domain. A site was selected on a neck of land between the Schuylkill and Delaware Rivers, and the ground was purchased from the Swedes. There in February, 1683, the native trees were blazed to mark the streets of Philadelphia, the "City

of Brotherly Love." The new metropolis prospered most wonderfully and in population soon surpassed New York.

Good fortune came to the rest of the colony also. The people of Holland and Germany well remembered William Penn and the talks he had made to them on his travels in Europe. From these countries hundreds of honest, sturdy settlers arrived, and though clad in homespun and speaking a strange language, they were made welcome. Here, at last, was a place where the Indian, the Quaker, the Englishman, the Dutchman, the Swede and the German could dwell together in concord and unity.

With scarcely an exception worthy of note, this blissful state of affairs was uninterrupted. In 1699 there was some dissatisfaction, but Penn showed his constant kindness by drawing up a second constitution even more liberal than that first granted. The government continued to be a representative one, where the laws were made by the people themselves. During all this time, save for one year when his rights were taken away from him by King James II., the land was the property of William Penn, or his heirs. In 1779, the entire claim of Penn's family was purchased for one hundred and thirty thousand pounds by the legislature of Pennsylvania.

In July, 1718, William Penn died in England,

peacefully and quietly. To him had come the realization of his fondest dreams. In truth, Pennsylvania had become a haven of refuge, not for Quakers only, but for the weary and oppressed of every race and nation. In fact as well as in name Philadelphia was a city of brotherly love. Seldom have the plans of the founder of a commonwealth been carried out as were those of William Penn.

A little later we shall be able to see more clearly the importance of Penn's work, and its influence on the history of our country. When it grew necessary for the settlers to act together to preserve their rights, Philadelphia was the connecting link between the colonists on the north and on the south. The city of love was ever the city of liberty. There in 1776 was signed the Declaration of Independence, proclaiming to the world that "all men are created equal" — the very doctrine to establish which Penn had devoted his fortune and life.

XIV.

THE THIRTEEN COLONIES COMPLETE.

Now we have read of Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia. These, with Georgia, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina, constitute the thirteen colonies which banded together in the war of the Revolution.

Like Pennsylvania, Georgia was founded through motives of pure philanthropy. Religious intolerance was not the only form of abuse from which the inhabitants of England suffered. There was also imprisonment for debt. Whosoever could not pay what he owed, with but short ceremony was sent to jail. It mattered not that his condition might be the result of sickness or misfortune, that he was using every possible effort to discharge his obligations, or that his family might suffer or even starve to death during his confinement. To the prison he went, there to remain until his debt was paid.

In 1728, as the result of an extended investigation of this wretched condition of affairs, these debtors were released. The majority of them, however, had

no business nor occupation to which they could return, their families had been scattered, and they themselves were disgraced in the eyes of their neighbors. It was to provide a place of refuge for these men that Georgia was founded.



JAMES OGLETHORPE.

The leader in the movement was James Oglethorpe. He was born in England in 1689, and at the age of twenty-one entered the army. In 1722 he was elected to Parliament, where he represented one county continuously for thirty-two years. It was during this public career that he became interested in prison reform and the relief of those who had been imprisoned for debt. Finally he came to the conclusion that little could be done to better their condition in England, but that it would be well for them and for England also if in the new world some place could be made where they could obtain a fresh start.

With this in view, and with no hope of personal profit for himself, in June, 1732, Oglethorpe received from King George II. a charter for the territory between the Savannah and the Altamaha

Rivers, and westward to the Pacific Ocean. Under this charter a corporation was organized to hold the land in trust for the poor. In honor of King George the colony was named Georgia.

In November, 1732, with one hundred and twenty emigrants, Oglethorpe sailed from England and on the first of February of the following year a settlement was planted where now stands the beautiful city of Savannah. As was the case with William Penn, Oglethorpe met the Indians in a spirit of kindness, and was ever their friend in deed as well as in name. The sale of rum was forbidden and trade with them could be carried on under wise regulations only. Slavery was positively prohibited. To this colony, ruled so generously and so justly, came many emigrants from Scotland, Austria, and Switzerland, aside from England.

The nearness of Georgia to the Spanish possessions in Florida was a source of constant turmoil. When, in 1739, hostilities, known as King George's War, broke out between England and Spain, at the head of one thousand soldiers and a large number of Indian allies Oglethorpe marched against St. Augustine. The siege lasted over a month. Then the Georgians, though they had fought bravely and had withstood the ravages of sickness in addition to the discomforts and dangers of camp and

combat, were compelled to retreat to their own territory.

In 1742, the Spanish, with a fleet of over thirty vessels and three thousand men, in turn attacked Georgia. Then, as the force against him was overwhelming, Oglethorpe resorted to stratagem. The Spaniards were lured into an ambush where before escape could be made more than two hundred were shot down. This battlefield was called the "Bloody Marsh." Soon afterwards the squadron withdrew from Georgia, as the Georgians themselves previously had done from Florida.

In 1743 Oglethorpe returned to England, where finally he passed away at the advanced age of nearly one hundred years. For himself he had sought neither fame nor riches. The greater part of his life was spent in efforts to better the condition of his fellow men. To this end he willingly shared the dangers and privations of colonial life. His motives were pure and his record is without blemish. Deservedly he occupies a prominent place among the leaders of colonial times.

After the departure of Oglethorpe, conditions in Georgia gradually changed. In fact, some of the early regulations did not seem to be adapted to the rapid growth of the colony. At last, that large plantations could be cultivated, slavery was intro-

duced. In 1752 the charter was surrendered to the king and Georgia became a royal colony. By the time of the Revolution, it was both rich and prosperous.

Space will allow us to make only a brief reference to the remaining colonies. The history of many of them is connected intimately with what already has been told.

Connecticut, until the year 1630, when it adopted a separate constitution, was included in the territory claimed by the Puritans and was under the same government as Massachusetts. The name is taken from Indian words meaning "land near the long river." Its early settlers were Puritans who moved from Massachusetts. Hartford was founded in 1635 and New Haven two years later, by colonists from Boston. The neighboring Indians, the Pequods, caused much trouble. They desired to exterminate the whites and with this in view sought the help of the Narragansetts and other tribes. They might have been successful and the entire colony have been killed, had it not been for Roger Williams, who came from Rhode Island at the risk of his life and by his skillful pleading prevented the alliance.

The continuing outrages of the Pequods brought on a war. It closed with the destruction of the Pequod fort by Connecticut soldiers, when six hun-

dred Indians, men, women, and children, met death by fire or bullet. From then to the time of the French and Indian War, the history of this colony is one of comparative peace and quiet, as well as of great prosperity.

The name Rhode Island has an interesting origin. In the early years of the fourteenth century a religious order, known as the Knights of St. John, was organized to take part in the Crusades, which had for their object to rescue from the possession of the infidels, the tomb of Christ in Palestine. The little Isle of Rhodes, lying southwest of Greece in the Mediterranean Sea, was successfully held by these knights, against the fierce attack of a horde of Mohammedans. In memory of this heroic defence, in which the Christians were victorious, this colony, founded as a place of refuge for the persecuted of all countries, was called Rhode Island.

We have seen how in 1636 Roger Williams, banished from Massachusetts, laid out a plantation on the present site of the city of Providence, in which he welcomed the down trodden and oppressed. This was the beginning of the settlement. The first government was very simple, with Roger Williams as the just but lenient ruler. In 1641 a constitution was adopted, providing for absolute liberty in religious matters and declaring that the vote of the

majority should govern. In 1644 a charter was obtained from the Long Parliament which had driven Charles I. from the English throne ; and in 1663, after the restoration of Charles II., it was re-issued, conferring on the colonists the rights and privileges they had been enjoying. Rhode Island had no constitution, other than this charter, until 1842. Though small in territory, this colony played a not unimportant part in the development of the new world.

Delaware is so named in honor of Lord De La Ware, the first governor of Virginia under its second charter, which embraced the country from Cape Fear to Sandy Hook. Later the land was included in the grant to William Penn, and was part of Pennsylvania. In 1691, it insisted on withdrawing, and was given a separate government. This territory also was claimed by New York, and in another chapter you have read how the Dutch under Governor Stuyvesant conquered the Swedes who settled here in 1637.

The early history of New Hampshire, like that of Connecticut, to a great extent is connected with Massachusetts. The original grant was in 1622, from the Council of Plymouth to Ferdinand Gorges and John Mason. The name was bestowed by Mason, who for many years had been governor of

South Sea Castle, on the coast of Hampshire, England. A union with Massachusetts was formed in 1642 and lasted until 1679. Again, in 1698, the same governor was placed over Massachusetts and New Hampshire, although there were separate legislative assemblies. The final separation came in 1741.

Originally New Jersey was included in the grant to the Duke of York. That portion of the territory between the Hudson and Delaware Rivers was assigned by York to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. In honor of the man last named, who had been governor of the Isle of Jersey, near England, the country was called New Jersey. With the founding of Elizabethtown in 1664, the history of the colony commences.

The first assembly, convened in 1668, was composed largely of Puritans, and the early laws and customs were in many respects similar to those of Massachusetts. In 1676, as we have seen, William Penn became interested in western New Jersey and many Quakers settled there. For years, affairs were much confused because of conflicting claims to the land and to the right to govern. The Duke of York, William Penn, and representatives of Carteret or Berkeley, insisted on all or at least part of the colony. At length, in 1702, private claims were withdrawn and New Jersey became a royal province.

Till 1738, when it became a separate colony with a royal governor of its own, it was under the same governor as New York.

Maryland first was explored by Captain John Smith. In 1631, William Clayborne, an English surveyor, made a map of the country for the London Company. At this time the territory now embraced in Maryland, was included in Virginia under the second charter. Two years before, however, Sir George Calvert, also called Lord Baltimore, who desired a place of refuge in the new world, for distressed Catholics, had obtained from King Charles I. a charter for the colony afterwards called Maryland, in honor of the king's wife, Henrietta Maria. In March, 1634, the first emigrants arrived and eventually settled at St. Mary's, the oldest colony of Maryland.

The growth was rapid and the early days were full of happiness and prosperity. Then came civil dissension. Clayborne, already mentioned, incited a rebellion. Though in the outset successful, in 1646 he was defeated. In 1654 there again was civil war. The Protestants, who never could have come into the colony but for the liberality of the Catholics, now were in the majority and passed laws taking away from Catholics the right to vote, and imposing other hardships upon them.

In the revolt which followed, the Protestants were victorious and many of the Catholic leaders were executed. Stormy times and changes in government continued till 1715, when the heirs of Lord Baltimore were restored to power and till the Revolution Maryland was governed under their authority.

It should be remembered that in Maryland, first, religious liberty was assured to all. Though founded by persecuted Catholics, freedom for those of other religious beliefs was announced there two years before Roger Williams was driven from Massachusetts.

Already mention has been made of the settlement on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, made by the English sent by Sir Walter Raleigh, and famous for the birth of Virginia Dare; and also of the first settlement in South Carolina, made at Port Royal in 1562, by French Huguenots under John Ribault. As we have seen, the fort they erected was called Carolina in honor of King Charles of France. This name was preserved by the English.

The history of these colonies properly begins with the grant of land made in 1663 by Charles II. to Lord Clarendon and six other noblemen, and including both the Carolinas. The first constitution, drawn in England, was remarkably long, containing one hundred and twenty-nine articles. It granted

orders of nobility and placed all offices in the hands of the wealthy.

Every attempt to force this system on the colonists failed, and the early settlers governed themselves, humbly but satisfactorily. About 1676, the English proprietors of the colony essayed to operate an unjust system of taxation on commerce, and Culpepper's rebellion followed. John Culpepper, leader in this insurrection, was chosen governor by the people, and Lord Clarendon, disgusted with the situation of affairs, sold out his rights to Seth Slothel, as avaricious and mean a despot as ever ruled.

Slothel was succeeded in 1689 by Ludwell, under whom there was peace for six years. Ludwell's successors were, in the main, good men and the colonists had little of which to complain. They had the usual Indian war, with the usual result that the savages were defeated. One peculiarity in the history of the Carolinas is the absence of religious interest. There was no minister and no church, till early in the eighteenth century.

The system of slavery was introduced early, and quickly increased in favor. Immigration to this rich land was rapid, and included colonists from Scotland, Ireland, and Holland, as well as England. There also came many Huguenots from France. In 1670 Old Charleston was founded, so called in honor

of Charles II. The present city of Charleston was founded in 1680. In 1702, while there was war between Spain and England, the colonists tried to capture St. Augustine, but were not successful. As "tit for tat," in 1706 the French and Spaniards besieged Charleston, but were defeated after a stubborn attack. From the time of the separation of North and South Carolina in 1729, till the Revolution, there was tranquillity and prosperity.

With the close of this chapter, for the present we shall leave the Atlantic coast, and see what, in the meantime, France has been doing in the country to the north and also in the interior of the continent. When we again take up the history of these colonies, it will be to follow them in a war against the French and Indians, and a little later in the war by which they achieved their independence.

It must not be supposed that in this volume is given a complete account of the colonies or of their exploration and settlement. The greatest pleasure in the study of history comes from the fact that no one book and no one person can tell you all about any country, any period, or any man. On the preceding pages something has been said regarding each of the thirteen colonies, and the character of the people who settled them. You have been told something also about a few of the early explorers.

It is to be hoped that you will investigate further, seek out for yourselves the facts, and form your own opinions.

Naturally we have emphasized the points which seem to us most interesting and most important. As you read elsewhere, you may think that much we have omitted is of more consequence than the matters upon which we have dwelt. If you so do, we shall not take it as a criticism. We simply display to you a few coarse grains of gold, that we may lead you to the threshold of the treasure house wherein are stored the riches of the past. If you will enter through its open portals, and freely help yourselves, we shall be satisfied, although in your wonder at the countless wealth disclosed, you forget the humble guides who pointed out the way.

XV.

MARQUETTE THE PRIEST.

How the English obtained control of the Atlantic coast from Florida to Maine now has been outlined, and also how Spain gained the mastery in the southern extremity of the continent. We have seen that French settlements were attempted in Florida and Carolina, but met with disaster. French Huguenots in large numbers emigrated to some of the colonies, particularly to Georgia, but they placed themselves under English rule. As, during the years of English exploration and colonization, France was a great and prosperous nation, and then, as now, intensely jealous of England, she must have taken some important steps to further her interests in the new world. Let us ascertain what they were.

With some surprise we shall learn that at one time the very heart of the continent seemed hers. Had she but kept what she explored and what with great justness she claimed, in comparison with her possessions the holdings of the English speaking people in North America would be insignificant. The language, the customs, and the laws of France

would have prevailed over the fairest portions of the country now included in the United States.

About the middle of the sixteenth century James Cartier explored the St. Lawrence River and sailed beyond the present sites of Montreal and Quebec. In 1541, near where Quebec now stands, he built a small fort, but attempts to establish a colony were



QUEBEC HARBOR.

unsuccessful. In 1603, Samuel Champlain erected on the present site of Quebec a fort as a base for explorations, and also for use by the fur traders. He again came to this country in 1608, and then the real foundations of Quebec were laid.

The settlements at and around Quebec rapidly increased in population and importance. From the country of the St. Lawrence the hardy Frenchmen

quickly pushed their way west and south into the region of the Great Lakes. Then efforts were made to find the Mississippi and to follow it to its mouth. In this chapter, by noting the adventures of Marquette, the Jesuit, we shall obtain an idea of these plans of France and how, at this time, she seemed about to become the ruling power in the west.

In all French explorations, the Jesuits, a Catholic religious order, took a most prominent part. If in the north and west, France was the pioneer of nations, the Jesuit was the pioneer of France. Bound by his vows to poverty, chastity, and obedience, trained under the hand and eye of a skillful master, till nature was conquered and self was obliterated, he labored as cheerfully among the lowest savages as in the most refined circles of Europe. Two motives were uppermost in his mind: to promote the glory of God, and to advance the interests of his order.

Braving the terrors of a Canadian winter, the Jesuit journeyed with the Indians from village to village; he shared the wigwam, the coarse, unpalatable food, and the hard couch of his companions. He asked no respite from the severest labor, he stayed not for wasting sickness, he stood unmoved before the direst forms of death, trusting, to use the words of one of them, "in that Providence which

feeds the little birds of the desert, and clothes the wild flowers of the forest."

To such privations he added vigils, fastings, and scourgings without number. No hardships were too severe, no undertaking too hazardous. He deprived himself of all the comforts of civilized life, if he might win to the religion of the Cross the uncivilized tribes that dwelt in ignorance around him.

Of these Jesuits one of the most zealous was Marquette, who represented in his life all the ancient purity of his order.

When he commenced the work we are about to describe, Marquette was thirty-five years of age. He was of medium stature, of pleasant countenance, of modest demeanor, and of singular earnestness and zeal. Cultured and courtly, versed in the learning of his day, he had spent seven years among the Indians, most of the time in the region about Mackinaw. To him, cold and hunger, hardship and suffering, and even death itself, were nothing could he win but one heathen soul to the worship of Christ.

About the middle of the seventeenth century Talon, the acting governor of Canada, had formed the design of gaining possession of New York and thus separating New England from Florida. French diplomaey had failed at a most important period of the negotiations, and the scheme had been aban-

doned. It still was possible, however, to restrict the English to the narrow belt between the Alleghanies and the coast. France must at once explore and possess the interior of the continent.

In 1671, Talon called a congress of the Indian tribes, to convene at the Falls of St. Mary between Lakes Superior and Huron. Fourteen prominent tribes were represented. There was a great throng of Indians. It was a morning in early June when they gathered on a sunny slope, which was covered with maples and evergreens, and stretched away to where the bounding waters of the river foamed with silvery whiteness. The French officers were dressed in their gay uniforms and the priests in their full robes.

On the crest of the hill the Frenchmen raised a cedar cross, and pressing about it, bowed their uncovered heads, and sang a grand old hymn of the seventh century, commencing,

“The banners of the King advance,
The mysteries of the Cross shine forth.”

Beside the cross was planted also a post of cedar, engraved with the royal arms. Then proclamation was made in the name of the high, mighty, and redoubtable monarch, Louis the XIV., most Christian King of France, taking possession of all lands dis-

covered and yet to be discovered, from the Great Lakes of the Northwest to the Pacific Ocean. Thus France claimed the heart of the continent.

Still it remained to make good the claim by actual exploration. From time to time since first the French had settled on the St. Lawrence, rumors had reached them of a mighty river towards the west, flowing southward from the frozen north to the land of perpetual summer, until finally its waters mingled with those of a salty sea. One hundred and fifty years previously, the Spaniard, De Soto, as we have seen, had reached this "Hidden River," and his companions had followed it to the Gulf of Mexico. Now, the French determine upon an expedition to find this mysterious stream, and, if possible, to trace it to the sea.

For this mission, a fur trader, one Joliet, was selected and Marquette was ordered to go with him as a missionary. He accepted it as a grateful service, saying, "If my perilous journey be attended with no other advantage than the salvation of a single soul, I shall be amply repaid." They took but five companions and their whole outfit consisted of two bark canoes, some smoked beef and dried corn. How different from the departure of De Soto! But they carried brave hearts and were men nerved by a worthy object—to carry the Lilies of France and

the Cross of Christianity to the far-off regions of the "Hidden River."

In May, 1673, they paddled along the coast of Lake Michigan to Green Bay, up the Fox River, and in June crossed Lake Winnebago. The Indians



MARQUETTE AND JOLIET EXPLORING THE MISSISSIPPI.

guided them to the waters of the Wisconsin. The voyagers worked up the channel of Fox River, thick with wild rice, until they came to the portage. Then they carried their canoes for a mile and one-half across the watershed, and launched them upon the Wisconsin River.

Here, dismissing their guides, they severed the last link that bound them to civilization, and turned their faces toward untold dangers, in unknown regions. With the current they floated, in almost utter silence —

“Now through the forest primeval, and now by the boundless beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of gold, ever rolling in sunshine and shadow” — until, on the 17th of June, they emerged from the Wisconsin into the broad and swift Mississippi. The explorers, having accomplished one of their objects, at once landed, erected a cross, and gave thanks to God.

They proceeded to advance with the greatest caution, carefully extinguishing their fires after cooking their evening meals, and anchoring their boats at night in the middle of the river. They wondered at the strange fish, and at the immense herds of buffalo which covered the prairie. Raising a sail, they glided rapidly over broad bars of sand, and skirted islands thick with trees of oak and cottonwood. Now high bluffs shut out the view, and again the extent of the prairie seems illimitable on either hand. Now they float in the cooling shade of the woody banks, and anon all day their course is where the glossy waters glimmer in the melting glare of the summer sun.

If we trust the account given by Marquette, who kept a faithful journal of the voyage, on the 25th of June they were near the Des Moines River. Up to this time they had seen no signs of inhabitants. But here on the western shore a well worn trail led down to the river and Marquette and Joliet followed it into the prairie. Undoubtedly they were the first white men who ever trod the soil of Iowa.

At the distance of six miles an Indian village was found on the banks of the Des Moines. Unperceived, they come so near as to hear the men talking in their cabins. Commending themselves to the care of Heaven, they utter a cry. At once the village is the scene of great confusion. Men, children, and squaws in crowds swarm out from the wigwams. Soon four old men advance holding aloft, adorned with variegated feathers, the calumet, the famous pipe of peace."

The Indians proved to be the Illinois. They welcomed the Frenchmen to their wigwams and prepared a great feast. The usual Indian palaver was held, at which Marquette attempted to tell of the greatness of the French king, and the power of the one true God. The Indian chief in return assured them that their coming improved the flavor of his tobacco and made all nature seem more glad. "All our

people," he said, "have waited for thee and thou shalt enter our cabins in peace."

Escorted by six hundred warriors, Marquette returned to his boats, and as a parting gift, priceless in the eyes of an Indian, the chief hung about his neck the sacred calumet, which all Indians must respect.

Again their course was down the stream. Soon they came to where the turbulent Missouri pours its waters into the placid Mississippi. Their light canoes were tossed hither and thither upon the waves of the swollen stream. Even the trusting mind of Marquette was filled with fear. He declares that he never was so terrified before in all his life.

Afterwards their voyage was peaceful and quiet. The magic calumet protected them from hostile Indians and the balmy air brought health and vigor. Below the mouth of the Arkansas River, seven hundred miles from the Gulf, they resolved to go no farther. The Indians showed hostile signs; the heat was intolerable. They knew not how near they were to Spanish settlements, and they feared lest they might perish and all the benefits of their expedition be lost. So on the 17th of July they turned their canoes towards home and Quebec.

The journey before them was enough to appal the bravest mind. Slowly, with patient hearts

never weary, they ascended the stream. All day they paddled or rowed against the strong current of the river, strengthened by the thought that they carried with them great tidings of success.

When they anchored at night, the vapors from the lowlands and swamps were heavy with disease. At times their strength gave out, and their courage well nigh failed them. It was like the struggle of strong men battling against fate. Marquette was sick for days, and here contracted the disease which ended his life.

Finally, by the way of the Illinois River, friendly Indians guided them to Lake Michigan near the present site of Chicago. The last of September, the whole company reached Green Bay. During the four months of their absence they had rowed over twenty-five hundred miles.

It had been ascertained that the Hidden River flowed into neither the Gulf of California nor the South Sea, but into the Gulf of Mexico. The French flag and the Cross of Christ had been carried into the regions of the Mississippi valley. All that had been intended at the start had been accomplished. For simplicity, boldness, and completeness, the voyage is almost unparalleled in history.

The health of Marquette was injured beyond recovery. On the 19th of May, 1675, on the banks

of a little stream which flows into Lake Michigan from the east, a bark shed his only protection from the weather, the pious missionary rested with his little company. He made it the subject of devout thanksgiving that through the immense grace of God he was to die a Jesuit, a missionary of the Cross, and above all to die in a wretched cabin, amid the forest, far from all human aid. In the middle of the night he called to his companions and gave them his blessing. His last words were, "I believe that my Redeemer liveth."

Thus, with the name of Jesus on his lips, Marquette died. His companions buried him in the sand, but in the fall the Indians took up his remains and with rude pomp and ceremony bore them to Mackinaw, where they placed them beneath the floor of the mission. The place of his first burial still is pointed out to the traveler.

Great is the contrast between De Soto and Marquette. Both were bold, patient, and long suffering; both died shortly after finding the great river. But De Soto passed away, broken-hearted and discouraged because he had not found cities rich in gold, while Marquette peacefully closed his eyes in death, happy with the thought that he had been permitted to lose his life in the service of his King and for the glory of his God.

For generations the Indians revered his name and cherished his memory. Says a historian of New France, "The light breeze from the lake sang his requiem, and the Indian tribes were his mourners. For many years, whenever the storms of the lake swept over the Indian's frail canoe, he called upon the name of Marquette, and the winds ceased and the waves were stilled."

XVI.

LA SALLE THE SOLDIER.

The designs of the French in the Mississippi valley did not end with the death of Marquette. Soon the work was taken up by another brave explorer, Robert Cavelier de la Salle. This young adventurer came over from France in 1666. Born of wealthy parents of Norman descent, disinherited under a French law because he had renounced the religious vows which he once had taken, he obtained a grant of land near the present city of Montreal.

A sturdy, manly frame, a moody, quiet nature, La Salle dwelt by himself, and carefully studied the Indian languages. Undoubtedly he dreamed of a future empire in the vast regions of the St. Lawrence, while the Indians told him of boundless seas and a mighty stream in the country that stretched to the far west. He became possessed with the idea of winning for himself fame and riches, by exploring this great river, obtaining personal control over the valuable fur trade in the country tributary to it, and establishing the dominion of the kingdom of France. In his mind was even the thought that the Mississippi



STATUE OF LA SALLE, ERECTED IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

might empty into the Gulf of California, and furnish him with a direct route to the wealth of China and India. The desire of Columbus, Magellan, and Hudson now burned in the breast of La Salle!

Marquette was so religious, that while he had no fears of personal danger, he also had no thought of profit for himself. La Salle was a man who lacked religious motive. He was discreet and discerning, wary and cautious, but never wavering from his purpose. A man of kingly intellect, of wondrous originality, of undoubted genius, he finished what Marquette commenced, and, like him, he paid the penalty of death.

There are two years of his life, 1669-70, of which there is no record. It is possible that during this period he visited the Mississippi, but the weight of evidence is against the supposition. At this time, 1670, the governor of Canada was Count Frontenac, a man of rare executive ability, irritable and domineering, politic and cautious. He was a man such as now we sometimes find, of a character sharp and angular, a man full of mean points, and yet to be trusted and relied upon when the times demanded steadfastness and courage. One who is a safe guide in times of peace is not by any means always the surest counselor in times of war. Frontenac was a "good hater," but an unchanging friend. Between

him and La Salle there existed a strong bond of unity.

In 1673 Count Frontenac, with La Salle, established a fort on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the place where Kingston now stands. It was called Fort Frontenac, and became a place noted in French and American history. La Salle immediately crossed the ocean, gained the consent of the French ministry to his plans, and was made governor of the fort and owner of a large part of the surrounding territory.

He applied all his energies to improving his estate. His fields waved with luxuriant grain, and the forest about him became instinct with life. He erected a new fort of stone, gathered about him masons, laborers, and canoe men, and built boats and vessels for the fur trade. His men were exercised until they could shoot with safety the most dangerous rapids in the river. Little was said to anyone concerning his plans, but he was preparing his forces for the dangers of exploration, and intended Fort Frontenac as a base of supplies.

The news of Marquette's voyage increased his zeal, and strengthened his determination, but it did not hasten his plans. He again crossed the ocean, and obtained a commission to explore the Mississippi valley, and also a monopoly of the trade in buffalo skins, on condition that he should furnish the money

for his outfit. With him returned Tonti, an Italian, who ever after was his friend, a wise counselor, and a sturdy defender. At Quebec, La Salle met Father Hennepin, a Jesuit to whom further reference will be made.

La Salle then built a storehouse at the mouth of the Niagara River. He was occupied during the winter of 1678-79 in constructing above the falls a vessel with which to cross Lake Erie. In the dead of winter, all his material was carried around the falls, a distance of twelve miles. Laden with anchors and cables, with ropes and carpenter's tools, the men climbed the steep, slippery heights of Lewiston. As they toiled slowly along the banks of the Niagara the cold, cutting wind blew full in their faces, the deep, drifting snows of January impeded their course, while the water of the mighty cataract filled their ears with its grand music.

As soon as the carpenters were ready to lay the keel of the vessel, La Salle, leaving Tonti in command, made his way on snow shoes two hundred and fifty miles back to Fort Frontenac. Tonti forwarded the work on the ship as rapidly as possible. The savages gathered in numbers about him and threatened to burn the vessel on the stocks. His men, being short of provisions, became moody and discontented. Yet when the ice left the river, the

craft of sixty tons was ready for the waters. She bore the name of a horrid monster, "The Griffin."

In the meantime, with all his energies, La Salle was fighting his enemies at Frontenac. The Jesuit and the fur trader, jealous of the fame and power which would come to him through success, combined to ruin his enterprise. His creditors attached all his property and left him without means. With such supplies as he could gather through the influence of the governor and his friends, he returned to his men, who long had been awaiting his arrival at the mouth of the Niagara; and on the seventh of August, 1679, the good ship "Griffin" sailed over the waters of Lake Erie, where never ship had sailed before. Then she ascended the Detroit River into Lake Huron. There fearful tempests were encountered, but at last, with great joy, the good ship anchored in the harbor of Mackinaw.

In September, La Salle proceeded to Green Bay and loading the "Griffin" with furs, sent her back to Niagara with orders to return at once with supplies to where the St. Joseph flows into Lake Michigan. He himself, with four canoes laden with all material necessary for commencing a settlement, worked his course, beset by terrific storms, down the western coast of Lake Michigan until he reached the St. Joseph. Here he was joined by Tonti.

The difficulties in the way seemed insurmountable. His enemies filled the ears of the Indians with lies concerning his designs. Twice poison was mingled with his food, and his men deserted him. In the face of these discouragements, he established on the lake a rude fort, which he called Fort Miami, and then ascended the St. Joseph, crossed the portage to the Kankakee, and dragging the canoes over the ice, descended the Illinois River to where Peoria now stands. It was said that in all his party there were but four men whom he could trust, but four loyal hearts among all his followers.

A few miles below Peoria he built another fort which he called *Crère Cœur*, or Broken Heart, in memory of the pain and suffering he already had endured. Here he learned that the ship, "The Griffin," upon which he had relied to connect him with his base of supplies, was lost. It never was known whether she was destroyed through treachery or foundered in the storm. The disaster could not be repaired. Not only were the colonists almost destitute, but all his plans were wrecked with the ship and he must begin anew.

Yet the lion heart of La Salle quailed not, nor did he abate one jot of his high hopes. To give employment to his men he commenced constructing a boat in which to go down the Mississippi. He sent

Father Hennepin in a canoe to descend the Illinois to the Mississippi and to explore that to its source if possible. Then leaving Tonti in command, with three men La Salle set off on foot to find his way from Fort Crève Cœur back to Fort Frontenac.

The distance was over one thousand miles. The snow was just disappearing and the ground was saturated with water. To-day they were wading knee deep in slush and to morrow they were drenched with rain. The prairie was one discolored mass of snow, ice, and mud. They were tracked by hostile Indians; their way was obstructed by swollen streams; hunger and thirst wasted their strength. The men one by one fell sick, and only the iron frame of La Salle was equal to the task. When he reached Niagara, he was greeted with the additional woeful news that an expected ship from France, bringing men and supplies, had been wrecked at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

There is no record of his thoughts as he pursued his road from Niagara to Frontenac. Man and nature seemed combined against him. Could he triumph over all? The whole journey embraced sixty-five days. "The most arduous journey," says a historian, "ever made by Frenchmen in America." Yet this was not a man hardened in his youth by exposure in camps and trained to toil. His youth

had been passed in affluence ; he was a man of culture and letters, fitted to grace the gorgeous court of the French king.

He hastened from Frontenac to Montreal, refuted the base lies of his still active enemies, and in one week obtained fresh munitions and new men, and started on his return. As he was embarking, swift messengers, sent by Tonti, brought tidings that the men at Fort Crève Cœur had mutinied, and were on their return, part of them making for Albany to sell the furs they had stolen, and others aiming for Fort Frontenac to kill him. He laid his plans so skillfully that he captured or shot nearly all the rascals and recovered the furs.

During this time Father Hennepin had descended the Illinois, and had explored the Mississippi as far as the Falls of St. Anthony. He was captured by the Sioux, and escaping, found his way back to the Jesuit Mission on Green Bay. Had Hennepin told only the truth concerning his exploits, he would be entitled to a very honorable mention among French explorers. But in after years, by asserting that in this voyage he descended to the mouth of the Mississippi, a claim not credited by any respectable historian, he attempted to rob La Salle of hard won fame.

Bancroft says of Hennepin : “ He was not merely

a light-hearted, ambitious explorer, but a boastful liar." We sometimes find in society a man who has the wonderful power of inflating himself. Puffed up with his own breath, imagining himself the admired of all admirers, he floats along on the top of the current, until some unfriendly hand pricks the bubble, and he vanishes in an instant. Such a man was Hennepin and such was his fate.

With twenty-five men La Salle once more embarked, to discover, if possible, what had become of his faithful ally, Tonti. He followed his former route, but as he advanced to the country of the Illinois, he met with scenes of cruel devastation and utter ruin. The fierce Iroquois, incited by La Salle's enemies, who hoped that in the conflict his plans would be defeated and that perhaps he himself and Tonti would be killed, had come almost unawares upon the Illinois tribe. Near where the village of Utica now stands, were found only half-consumed huts and unburied bodies. The Iroquois had not spared even the graves of their enemies. In hopes of finding some trace of Tonti, the party continued down the Illinois River towards the Mississippi. On every hand were signs of savage warfare, of hasty flight, of unwavering pursuit.

They reached the Mississippi, the Hidden River, to discover which had cost La Salle so many years

of his life, so much treasure, so many hardships; and yet so firm was his friendship for the Italian, that he refused to descend it now, and retraced his steps to Lake Michigan.

Another winter passed before a messenger brought La Salle word that Tonti was safe at Green Bay. As soon as this was assured, he set himself at work to restore peace among the Indians.

All the injury his enemies ever had done him before was as nothing compared with the evil they did in stirring up the Indian war. But in dealing with the savages he had no equal. They called him the greatest orator in North America. He visited the Miami, condoled with the Illinois and gave them presents, warned the Iroquois to refrain from making war upon the children of the French king, and won the friendship of the scattered tribes who had fled from the east after the bloody King Philip's War.

For the third time, he went back to Fort Frontenac, was rejoined by Tonti, and in the fall of 1681 they were again at Fort Miami. The past was but a thing of memory. The future was bright before him. His determination to explore the great river had not abated.

As the course was towards the warm southwest, why should there be delay? With impatient energy

La Salle and Tonti crossed to the Chicago River, and thence to the north branch of the Illinois, dragging their canoes over the icy course till they found open water below Peoria. There was nothing to hinder. Between banks covered with leafless trees, by caves in which the ice of winter still lingered, with scarce a breath of wind to stir the calm, clear air, they rowed or floated until on the sixth of February, 1682, they reached the Mississippi.

For once fortune favored La Salle. Waiting till the floating ice had passed, they turned their canoes towards the Gulf of Mexico. Every day's advance marked a change in the climate. The air grew mild and balmy, the trees now were budding, and now were in full bloom. On either bank the song of birds was heard and the perfume of flowers was in every breeze. Presently the waters of the river grew brackish, and the salt laden winds brought tidings of the sea. Never was sight of land more gladly welcomed by storm-tossed mariners, than were the blue waves of the Gulf by these patient voyagers.

To La Salle it was a day of triumph. He saw the efforts of years consummated in that hour. No wonder that, gathering his companions about him, on a dry knoll he planted the flag of France, and all shouted, "*Vive le Roi!*" No wonder that beside it they erected the sacred cross, and bowing in

solemn worship sang the hymns their mother church had taught them in sunny France.

La Salle took possession of the Mississippi valley in the name of France. Returning to the north, he built a fort on a lofty elevation near the present city



LA SALLE TAKING POSSESSION IN THE NAME OF FRANCE.

of Ottawa, and collected about it twenty thousand Indians. He named it Fort St. Louis. To-day the sight whereon it stood is known as Starved Rock; for there, in an Indian war which occurred later, a party of Illinois, besieged by their enemies, stubbornly defended themselves until they slowly starved to death.

In the meantime, Frontenac had been recalled. The new governor of Canada proved to be a bitter enemy. Leaving Tonti at Fort St. Louis, La Salle, a fourth time crossing the ocean, appealed to the court of the French king. For sixteen years he had lived in the wilderness, far from all the refinements of life. Yet with all the haughty bearing of a prince, he entered the royal palace of Versailles, and told to the wondering court of Louis the Magnificent, the burden of his woes. To use his own words, during five years, through snow and through water, on foot and in boats, without escort, without provisions, without encouragement, without recreation, and without repose he had made five journeys of more than five thousand leagues. The court was moved by his words, and before the story of his dauntless hardihood his enemies were shamed to silence.

With three hundred men La Salle returned to plant a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. Through the treachery of his pilot, he was landed on the coast of Texas, three hundred miles west of the river, and his ship was wrecked on the shore.

Here quarrels and misfortune again beset La Salle on every side. At last he formed the resolve to cross the country on foot from Texas to his colony at Fort St. Louis on the Illinois River: a desperate resolve, yet worthy of such a man.

But discontent and treachery were at their highest, and wreaked their vengeance. As one morning, he walked out from his camp, into the prairie, a shot from an assassin crashed through his brain, and he fell dead on the spot. The conspirators, stripping the clothing from his body, threw it into the bushes, and left it a prey to the wild beasts.

Such was the pitiful end of La Salle, one of the most wonderful characters to be found in American history. Not a breath of suspicion sullies his integrity. The record of his honor is untarnished. Cool and intrepid, constant in adversity, true to his instincts, his hopes expired only with his breath. It was his misfortune that he knew not how to conciliate his enemies. In his far reaching plans he was wise beyond his times. He sought to be more than a mere explorer.

On the illustrious roll of those who proved themselves as bold in action as they were wise in council, who led where it tested the courage of others to follow, whose influence is seen like silver threads in all the warp of our daily lives, the name of La Salle ever must hold an honorable place.

XVII.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR — DEFEAT.

Originally the claim of England to North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was based on the fact that John Cabot, sailing under her flag, was the first to discover the mainland of the continent, June 24, 1497; and that his son, Sebastian Cabot, also a subject of the English king, a year later made the first exploration of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Cape Hatteras. Furthermore, there was the voyage of Sir Francis Drake who, in 1578, sailed north along the Pacific coast as far as Oregon.

With the middle of the eighteenth century, England had made good her claim by actual ownership of the soil from Maine to Florida, and westward to the Alleghanies; however, the grants under which many of the colonies had been settled extended indefinitely to the west, even to the Pacific Ocean.

In the meantime, France, as we have seen, had possessed herself of the country to the north,

and had explored the region of the Great Lakes. Marquette and La Salle had traced to its mouth the Mississippi, and also some of its tributary rivers. Therefore, heedless of the claim of England, France regarded as hers not only the northern country and that around the Lakes, but likewise all the land drained by the rivers which flow into the Mississippi. So a conflict of claims to territory was the main cause of the war with the French and Indians, of which we now are to treat.

There were other causes which tended to bring on hostilities. Between friends, a peaceful solution of these conflicting demands might have been found. France and England, however, had been avowed enemies for centuries. There ever was bitter enmity between them. Often they went farther to seek an excuse for a quarrel, than the means to avoid one. Added to this was intense commercial rivalry.

Bartering with the Indians for furs was a most profitable business. The trapper and the trader followed close on the heels of the explorer, and pushed far out from the border of the settlements. Both French and English companies were organized to handle the furs obtained from the Indians, and claimed the exclusive right to traffic in the disputed territory. Traders dispatched by these companies

carried with them a spirit of strife and hatred, and by arousing prejudice against their opponents endeavored to advance their own interests among the Indians. Thus, with conflicting claims to land, an inborn hatred of each other, and rivalry for commercial supremacy, war was inevitable.

The scene of the first hostilities was in the beautiful valley of the Ohio. In 1749 a number of London and Virginia merchants organized for trading purposes the "Ohio Company" and obtained a grant to six thousand acres of land on the east bank of the Ohio. This was within the limits of Virginia, as that colony claimed the land northwest to Lake Erie. It was also in the territory which France regarded as her own, since the Ohio flows into the Mississippi.

For protection and as a base of operations the English Company built a fort at Redstone, on the Monongahela river in Pennsylvania. To counteract this, the French, too, erected a fort on Lake Erie, and made evident preparations to drive the English from the country. At this point Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia determined to send a messenger to the French fort to demand an explanation, and incidentally to find out on the journey all he could regarding the situation. For this purpose he selected a young Virginian surveyor — George Washington.

Thus did Washington enter the service of his country. Although not yet twenty-two years old, he was inured to the discomforts, hardships and perils of life in the wilderness. At the early age of sixteen, in charge of a party of surveyors, he had penetrated the regions beyond the Blue Ridge mountains and had marked out the boundaries of the possessions of Lord Fairfax. On the trip he had accustomed himself to life in the open air; climbing steep mountains, tramping through the pathless forests, swimming swollen rivers, at night sleeping, wrapped in his blanket, on the ground, and depending entirely on his rifle for food as well as defence.

His work was carried on so successfully that at his return he was elected public surveyor, a position which he held for three years. When nineteen, he was placed over a military district of Virginia, his duty being to organize the militia. All this stood him in good stead when he undertook the important mission for Governor Dinwiddie.

On October 30, 1753, with an interpreter, a guide, and five other companions, Washington set out. Storms of rain and snow made it impossible to proceed rapidly. The streams had become almost impassable. One day the ground under foot was soft and muddy, and the next covered

with drifting snow. Food was scarce and no shelter was to be had save the trees and bushes. Every privation and danger was encountered by the little party, but still they persevered and in December arrived at the French post near Lake Erie.

Here the commander, St. Pierre, received Washington with the usual French courtesy. He told him, however, that he had been stationed there by the Governor of Canada, and that he would stay till ordered to retire. He also gave Washington a sealed letter to be delivered to Dinwiddie. As nothing farther could be accomplished, the return trip was commenced. This was, if possible, even more trying than had been the outward journey, but on January 16 Williamsburg was reached, the letter placed in Dinwiddie's hands, and a full report made, including many things Washington had seen and heard at the French fort.

In everything connected with this expedition Washington had exhibited the bravery, persistence, and intelligence which characterized him later in life. His efforts were fully appreciated. From this time he took his place as one of the leading public men of Virginia.

As the letter sent by St. Pierre was not at all reassuring, at once decisive preparations for action

were commenced. For some reason, many of the colonists did not seem to appreciate the situation. The legislature, too, was slow to act, though finally it did appropriate fifty thousand dollars "for the protection of the settlers along the Mississippi," but also appointed a commission to keep track of how it was expended. The governor, however, was alert and did not delay. The military force was increased and placed under Col. Joshua Fry, Washington being second in command.

Already, in the disputed territory, the Ohio Company had begun to erect a small fort. The spot fixed upon was the site of the present city of Pittsburg, where the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers join to form the Ohio. For this fort, Washington started in April, with two companies of militia. On the way he learned that the French had arrived in force, had captured or dispersed the English, and had completed the building, which they named Fort Duquesne. Washington still continued to advance and on May 28 had a brisk and successful skirmish with the enemy. In this the French leader and nine of his followers were slain. The rest were captured and sent as prisoners to Virginia.

Although victorious, Washington was in a position of great peril. The French force was much



superior to his own and his supply of food was running short. Hastily throwing up rude fortifications, which he called Fort Necessity, he left a small garrison in charge and proceeded onward towards Fort Duquesne. Soon he met a large force of French and Indians

and was compelled to retreat to Fort Necessity, where, after making a brave defence for a few hours, he at length surrendered, being granted all the honors of war.

Thus Washington's first campaign ended in defeat. Still he had yielded to only an overwhelming force and had exhibited rare qualities as a soldier and leader. The Virginia Assembly gave him a vote of thanks and his troops lost no opportunity to express their unbroken confidence in him.

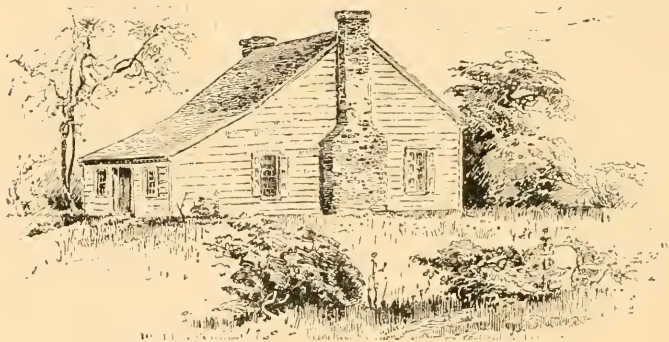
Danger from the French threatened the other colonies as well as Virginia, and a convention was called at Albany in June, 1754, to consider concerted action against a common enemy. Another

object was to renew a treaty with the neighboring Indians, the Six Nations. Their friendship at this critical time was of the utmost importance and the defeat of the Virginians was causing them to incline towards the French. With some difficulty, the Indians became reassured and renewed their treaty. Then a scheme for the confederation of the colonies, on a plan in the main outlined by Benjamin Franklin, was adopted.

It provided for a General Council, consisting of members from each colony. Its president was to be appointed by the king, and the council itself was to pass laws of mutual interest to all the colonies, provide for the common defence, and decide on the amount of money and the proportionate number of troops to be raised. This was the first attempt at a central government as afterwards adopted in the Constitution of the United States. It met with favor neither at home nor in England, and it was decided to carry on the war, as heretofore, through the colonies separately with the aid of English troops.

Although war had not yet formally been declared, preparations were being made by both France and England. A French squadron landed four thousand troops in Canada. From England, General Braddock was dispatched with two British

regiments. Two regiments of militia were ordered raised in New England and two in Pennsylvania. A campaign was planned which included three expeditions, one against the French forts near Niagara, one against those on the western shore of Lake Champlain, and one against Fort Duquesne. Of the expedition last mentioned, Braddock himself was in command.



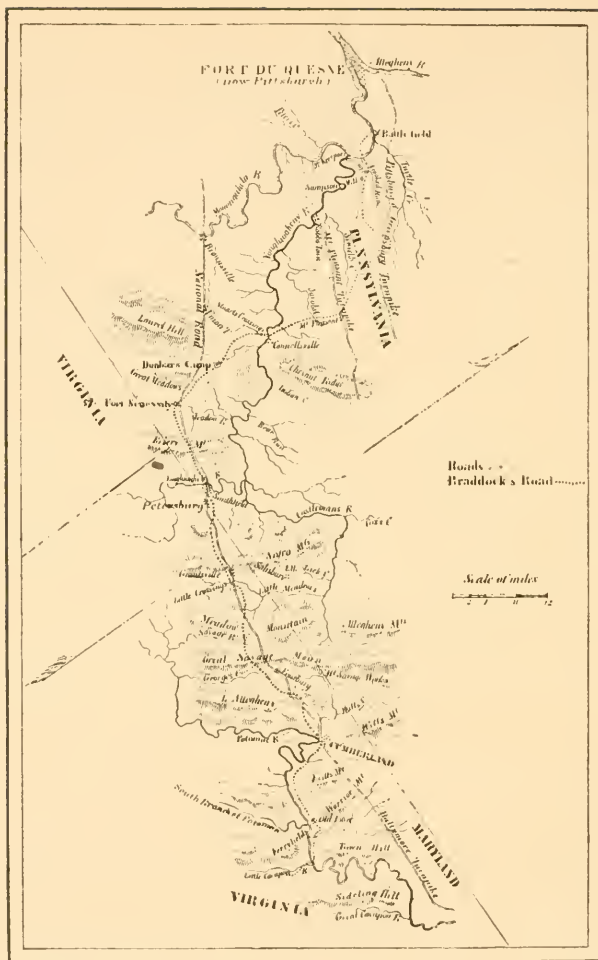
WASHINGTON'S EARLY HOME NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

In this movement Washington acted as aide de camp to Braddock. The Virginian's advice that, to save time, a light-armed force of some twelve hundred men be pushed on ahead of the main body, was followed. But his caution that great care be exercised to avoid an ambush was unheeded. On July 8, 1755, the army reached the Monongahela, fifteen miles from the French fort. Here

Washington begged that a company of Virginia troops, accustomed to Indian fighting, be deployed in advance to act as scouts and inspect the dangerous trails and passes. Braddock's refusal was curt and angry.

On the morning of July 9, as if on holiday parade, the army commenced to cross the river. Steel flashing and clashing, flags waving and fluttering, officers calling and shouting, steeds prancing and neighing, drums beating and fifes whistling, epaulets of yellow and sashes of crimson, coats of scarlet and trappings of brass, shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee into the ford splash the British troops. Golden sunshine, green forests, azure sky and rippling water — what a sight for the despised Virginia rangers as, in their coon skin caps, buckskin jackets, fringed leggins and well worn moccasins; with their long barrelled rifles, rude powder horns and soiled bullet pouches, they stood drawn up on one side of the road while passed this cavalcade!

What a sight, also, for the eyes of a hideous, paint-daubed savage, peering from behind a fallen tree on the opposite bank, and who now silently slinks away to bear the news to his companions, waiting in ambush beside the narrow, twisting trail.



BRADDOCK'S ROUTE—1755.

By two o'clock, the last soldier had crossed. By three, the head of the long column had reached a stretch of rising ground, where the road was only twelve feet wide. On either side was a deep ravine, partially concealed by a dense growth of trees and underbrush. Still not an enemy had been seen. Assuredly Indians and Frenchmen have fled in terror. Gladly and jauntily those royal soldiers march with swinging step, for soon the flag of old England will be flying over Fort Duquesne, only a few miles beyond.

Crack! From the wayside a single rifle speaks, and an officer reels in his saddle. Crash! From every bush and rock and tree flash flame and smoke, as Indian rifles, aimed well and true, speed their bullets straight to the mark. The startled soldiers waver. Who would not, before such sudden onslaught from a hidden foe? 'Tis an instant only. Then years of discipline prevail. Slowly, steadily, as if at drill, the long line of muskets is raised and pointed toward the invisible enemy. Crash! Now a volley is poured into the forest. Crash! crash! — volley follows volley. In the face of this leaden storm mighty armies of Europe have been swept away as fallen forest leaves before the winter blast. Surely a small band of Frenchmen and Indians will be annihilated. Yet not so, for

the British troops aim high, and from the savages, crouched safe in shelter, the fire increases.

Englishmen are dropping, killed and wounded, on every hand. Not an enemy has been seen. It is more than flesh and blood can stand. The men at the head of the line step back against their comrades. These in turn crowd their fellows. Soon each man is pushing against the one behind him. Two men turn to assist a wounded comrade to the rear. Others follow them. Now the entire column is faced to the rear. All the time the steady fire continues. Thus the panic increases, the walk becomes a trot, the trot a run, the run a rout, which does not cease till the frightened survivors reach the quiet streets of Philadelphia. Eight hundred Englishmen were slain or injured on this day. The French and Indians killed and wounded did not exceed seventy.

What of Washington? With courage and calmness, he passed from point to point, carrying Braddock's orders. Two horses were shot from under him, four bullets passed through his clothing, and still he was unharmed. A kind Providence was preserving him for greater service.

What of the Virginia militia? With the first fire, each man jumped behind the nearest cover. Skilled in the ways of savage warfare, they kept

their own bodies protected and fired only when they saw an enemy. Thus they fought, and thus, falling back slowly, they covered the retreat of the panic stricken regulars.

What of Braddock? At the first shot he hastened forward and placed himself at the head of his men. With the most reckless bravery he rode here and there, encouraging and commanding. Five horses were killed under him. Finally a bullet pierced both lungs and he was carried to the rear. Four days later he died. In the middle of the road his grave was made, and over it wagons were driven back and forth to hide every trace, lest the Indians might dig up and mutilate his body.

Braddock was proud. Behind him was the fame and prestige of the British army, won on many a bloody field. He was self satisfied. What did these humble colonists know of the great game of war, and what had royal troops to fear from a few Frenchmen, or least of all, from a handful of half naked savages? Freely he had expressed himself to Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher and statesman. "After taking Fort Duquesne," he had said, "I am to proceed to Fort Niagara; and having taken that, to Fort Frontenac, if the season will allow time, and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me three or four days."

"The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march," had answered Franklin, "is from ambuscades of the Indians. The slender line, nearly four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces."

With a smile Braddock had replied: "These savages may indeed be formidable to your raw militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible that they should make any impression." How soon and how terribly he was undeceived! For once the philosopher knew more of war than the general.

But Braddock was brave. Of that there is no question. He also was generous. In his last moments he begged Washington's pardon for the awful mistake. His dying words, "Who would have thought it?" are pitiful.

With the defeat of Braddock's army, gloom settled over the colonies. If the British regulars could be of no assistance, how were they themselves successfully to resist French aggression and Indian uprisings? The depression however was but temporary. We shall see a little later, that with fresh energy militia and royal troops renewed the war, meeting further reverses, it is true, but finally winning the victory.

One lesson the colonists had learned for all time to come. A brilliant uniform does not make an effective soldier, and a few men who protect their own bodies while each picks out one particular enemy, and shoots to kill, often defeat an army who simply fire volleys in the general direction of the foe. The English soldiers were not invincible. If the French and Indians could make them run, so if necessary could the militia. This conviction sank deep into the hearts of the colonists and doubtless nerved them in the days of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill.

XVIII.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR— VICTORY.

While, as narrated in the preceding chapter, Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne had been meeting with disaster, a British fleet and army had been attacking the French in the country around the Bay of Fundy. Here success was with the English, but the story is one of cruelty and heartlessness towards a peaceful and unsuspecting people—a story unequalled in the history of the civilized world.

The French province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, had been ceded to England in 1713. At the time of the French and Indian War the population amounted to about seventeen thousand people. The inhabitants almost without exception were French in language, customs, and feelings. The English kept small garrisons here and there, but aside from this, everything went along very much the same as before the change in ownership. At the outbreak of the war, the sympathy of these people, and particularly of the priests, doubtless was with

the French, and some of the young men must have joined the French army. The governor of the province claimed to have great fear of a general revolt.

In May, 1755, the English squadron, with three thousand troops, sailed from Boston. The first object was Fort Beau-Séjour which the French had built on the south side of the isthmus that connects Nova Scotia with New Brunswick. This was taken without any difficulty and another small fort called Gaspereau, on the north side of the isthmus, made no resistance. A fort at the mouth of the St. John river was burned by its inmates, who fled before the English arrived.

Having thus come into possession of the country, the question arose regarding what should be done with the inhabitants, both in the conquered territory and in Nova Scotia. In Fort Beau-Séjour three hundred young French men had been found under arms. To turn them loose to swell the ranks of the enemy seemed bad policy. The entire population were deemed traitors to the English cause. While this is true, in that their sympathies were with the French, allowance should have been made for the fact that they were French by birth and had settled there as a French colony. That was not considered, however, and finally the plan was adopted to carry

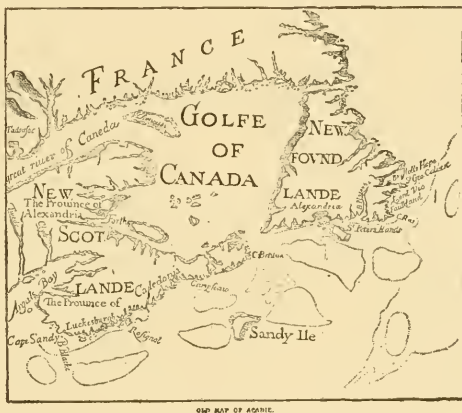
away all the people and distribute them among the English colonies to the south.

These were simple, harmless peasants, with productive farms and happy homes. They desired the joys of peace and not the cares of war. They had not committed one single act of hostility. They even were willing to take the oath of allegiance to England. In the surrender of Beau-Séjour it had been stipulated that the inhabitants should not be disturbed. When these facts are remembered, the atrocity of laying waste the farms and homes, and scattering the occupants among strangers, will be appreciated.

The designs of the British were performed with no delay. From the interior the colonists were driven to the shore where the ships were anchored. Men, women, and children; the old, the feeble, and the sick—all were huddled together along the beach, with no covering but the sky, and at night no light but the fires of drift-wood or the glare from the burning dwellings, there to wait till they could be hurried on board. Resistance was impossible, for the few arms they possessed had been taken away from them. Escape there was none, for on the one side was the ocean and on the other armed soldiers paced up and down.

In the confusion of embarking, many families

were separated, never to be united again. As the first ships sailed away, more than one mother leaned far over the railing and with tear dimmed eyes gazed for the last time on a little form crying disconsolately on the desolate beach ; many a husband called a last farewell across the water, and the dis-



MAP OF ACADIE (From an old print).

tance mercifully mellowed his wife's long wail of agony as the ship rapidly bore her from those she loved. Poor, despised, broken-hearted, these persecuted people wasted away in foreign lands. The province of Acadia was blotted out of existence.

Longfellow, in his sad but beautiful poem, "Evangeline," has described the removal of the

dwellers in Grand Pré. Read it if you would know more of this sorrow and suffering. He tells how first the men of the village were summoned to the church to hear a message from the king. When all were assembled, the door was barred, guards were stationed over them, and the purpose of the English was made known. Great was the hearers' amazement, intense their anger, but nothing could be done. Then the women were ordered to take their household effects and gather on the shore. The poem continues:—

“Soon o’er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore.
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides the children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.”

.

“All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting.

Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession.

Followed the long imprisoned, but patient Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,

So, with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters."

. . .

"But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered.

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children."

When the burning buildings began to light up the sky —

. . . "As in autumn the blood red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven" . . .

. . .

“Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,

“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand Pré!””

“With the first dawn of day the tide came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;

And with the ebb of that tide, the ships sailed out of the harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore and the village in ruins.”

That such scenes ever occurred, is a lasting disgrace to England; that nothing of the kind ever may happen again is the hope of all who speak her language.

Of the other two expeditions planned by Brad-dock at the same time when he determined upon his own advance against Fort Duquesne, the one under Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, against Niagara, accomplished nothing aside from the erection of two strong forts at Oswego. The campaign against the forts at Crown Point on Lake Champlain was more successful. The French, commanded by Dieskau, advanced to meet the English, and after a hard battle were defeated, Dieskau being killed.

The English, however, did not follow up this

advantage and contented themselves with building a fort, called William Henry, near the scene of the battle. The year 1755 closed with little to encourage the British. Forts Duquesne, Niagara, and Crown Point still were in possession of the French.

In May, 1756, war was formally declared between England and France. General Abercrombie was despatched from England with additional forces, and the Earl of Loudon was made commander-in-chief. The first step taken was towards reinforcing Fort Oswego, and a small detachment of troops succeeded in reaching it in safety. The departure of the main body was delayed, however, and Oswego, with one thousand men and a vast amount of ammunition and provisions, fell into the hands of the French under Montcalm, a general of whom more will be told later.

In July, Lord Loudon arrived and assumed command. Like Braddock, he was entirely unfitted for a campaign in a new country. Although he had a force sufficient, if handled with energy, to seize every French fort, he wasted the time in drills and parades, and in constructing fortifications where they were little needed. June, 1757, found him fortifying Long Island against a possible French attack, while the outlying garrisons and settlements were left to take care of themselves as far as he was

concerned. The French general, Montcalm, was not slow to take advantage of this delay and laid siege to Fort William Henry, occupied by two thousand English troops under the brave Colonel Monroe.

The fort offered a most stubborn and heroic resistance. General Webb, with a strong force, was at Fort Edward, but fourteen miles away. Messengers were sent to him, and relief was expected hourly. It did not seem possible that he would see a brother officer in distress without making even an attempt to assist him. Still, day after day, the bombardment continued, the lines of the besiegers were drawn closer and closer, and there was no sign of succor. Finally, to the shame of the English army, a message came from Webb, not promising aid, but actually advising surrender!

What could Monroe do? His ammunition and provisions were nearly exhausted, his troops were worn out with constant fighting, and the walls of the fort were being battered continually by the balls from the French cannon. He himself preferred to die rather than yield, but he had no right to sacrifice farther the lives of his gallant soldiers; besides, with him were helpless women and children. So the English flag was hauled down and the fort was surrendered.

The garrison was promised all the honors of war.

It and its baggage were to be protected as far as Fort Edward. Doubtless Montcalm intended to keep his word. The scenes which followed are too awful to charge them to any man without the strongest proof. He was, however, guilty of criminal negligence in not taking proper steps to restrain the passions of his Indian allies, angered because they had not been allowed to plunder and kill.

Slowly the battle-worn soldiers filed from the fort between lines of French troops, drawn up to receive them, and began the march to Fort Edward. With them came women with babes in their arms, and frightened children trudging beside them, clinging close to their dresses. There were men, unarmed, with a few household goods in packs on their shoulders. Around all, the Indians darkly gathered, inflamed at seeing so much booty escape them.

Just how the trouble commenced is not known. Without warning, the shrill war whoop rent the air and with knife and tomahawk the savages sprang to the slaughter. In vain did Monroe, bareheaded, and with naked hands thrusting aside the opposing Indians, rush frantically to Montcalm and demand the promised protection. It was too late, or perhaps Montcalm feared to thwart his inhuman friends. The bloody work was not hindered. One account says that thirty Englishmen were killed outright

and many more were carried away into captivity. Another, that the bodies of over one hundred women, mangled and mutilated beyond recognition, were found scattered along the ground. Words and figures fail to describe such an occurrence, noticeable even in a war already marked by the ambush of Braddock, and disgraced by the banishment of the Acadians.

A thrilling account of the defence and surrender of this fort is given by James Fenimore Cooper, in his "Last of the Mohicans," a book which every boy and girl will enjoy reading.

So far fortune had been with the French. With the beginning of the year 1758 the tide turned. In England, the famous William Pitt was placed in charge of colonial affairs. His appointment inspired confidence on all sides. In July the city of Louisburg on Cape Breton Island, with all its stores, ammunition, and artillery was captured by the British. Wolfe, of whose gallant deeds before Quebec we shall soon hear, greatly distinguished himself in this campaign.

About the same time, an attack against Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, was repulsed by the French with great slaughter. Later when the English advanced for a second attempt the fort was abandoned, as were also the French forts at Crown

Point. Fort Niagara, too, fell into the hands of the conquering English, and Fort Duquesne met a similar fate. Where before there had been apathy and delay there now were keenness and dispatch.

It remained for General Wolfe to deliver the final crushing blow, by the capture of Quebec. In June, 1759, with forty-four vessels and eight thousand men he arrived at the Isle of Orleans, in the mouth



QUEBEC.

of the St. Lawrence river. On the west side of this island he made his first camp. Point Levi, on the main land to the south, and due east across the river from Quebec, speedily was taken. Thence the batteries bombarded the city, reducing the Lower Town to ashes, but without having any effect on the fortress or the Upper Town.

It seemed that Quebec could be taken, if at all, by assault only. Montcalm, the French commander, had no reason to fear attack from the east or south, where the precipitous river banks afforded protection, but had extended his forces and thrown up entrenchments to the north as far as the Montmorenci River. On the 31st of July Wolfe effected a landing on the east bank of this river, where the stream was fordable. For some reason the boats bearing part of his troops were delayed. Those who first landed impetuously rushed across the river to the attack. But the opposing French were too strong, and the British were driven back with a loss of five hundred.

Wolfe was so wrought up over the defeat that he was stricken with a fever. When he recovered, a council was held and he insisted upon a second attack in the same locality. However, wiser advice prevailed, and it was decided to try and scale the cliffs up the river to the north of the city, and thus strike the enemy where least expected.

To distract the attention of the French, active demonstrations against their positions near the Montmorenci River were continued. Meanwhile, on the night of September 12, silently the English troops embarked and ascended the St. Lawrence until beyond Quebec, to a point now called Wolfe's

Cove. At first the banks here seemed so steep that even Wolfe despaired of climbing them. Presently a company of Highlanders discovered a faint trail, up which they laboriously managed to scramble. Wolfe and his army followed them.

The rest is soon told. When the rising sun dispelled the mists of early morning, the astonished Frenchmen descried to the south, on the Heights of Abraham overlooking the town, an English army in line of battle. In haste the forces of Montcalm rushed to the attack. The English, instead of running to meet them, stood their ground until the enemy were distant but forty yards. Then a terrible volley was poured into the French ranks, followed by a charge in which bayonets and broadswords were used with awful effect. Instantly the French commenced their flight, and the battle was won.

At the very beginning of the engagement both commanders were wounded mortally. Wolfe, while being carried to the rear, heard the excited soldiers shouting, "They run! they run!" "Who run?" he faintly asked. "The French," was the reply. "Now God be praised, I die happy," he murmured, and expired. Montcalm, when told by a surgeon that he could survive but a few hours, replied, "So much the better. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Thus died two heroes.



DEATH OF WOLFE.

The field where they fell is marked today by a single shaft of white marble bearing the simple inscriptions, "Wolfe" and "Montcalm."

Five days after the battle, Quebec surrendered. On the sea the war between France and England continued for three years. By a treaty of peace, signed in Paris in February, 1763, practically all of the French possessions east of the Mississippi were ceded to the English. No war ever waged was more far-reaching in its results. It was a struggle between the French and English races for supremacy in North America, for all time. That here to-day is a mighty republic of English speaking people, is due to the victory so dearly bought by the valiant Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham.

Although defeated, the French were not without consolation. Count de Vergennes, a statesman and diplomat, declared it a fatal victory for England. "The colonies will no longer need her protection," he remarked; "she will call on them to contribute towards supporting the burdens they have helped to bring on her, and they will answer by striking for independence." In the light of the events which followed and which will be described in the remaining chapters of this book, these words are prophetic.



XIX.

MUTTERINGS OF THE STORM.

From what already has been said of the colonists, it will be realized that they were not to be trifled with. Men who with their families will emigrate across the ocean, and in the dead of winter hew for themselves homes in the wilderness, will not fear to face any foe in defence of right and honor.

From the first, the settlers were independent. What they achieved, was the result of their own unaided efforts. With each year came a clearer sense of their own power. England was mighty. Her armies had been victorious on land. Her fleets had swept the seas. But now let her beware. In America she has to deal with new conditions and a new race of men. The colonists will not cringe nor

falter. Their reliance is in God and their own strong arms. Short is the step from independence to Independence.

In the very character of the people we find the prime cause of the Revolution. Eventually separation from the old country seemed inevitable. Circumstances tended to foster the growth of such a sentiment. Never could the colonists forget the persecution of their forefathers. The rulers of England not only failed to sympathize with her children, but continually treated them in a most unjust and arbitrary manner. So it is not surprising to find that long before there were open hostilities, men who thought deeply on these subjects foretold trouble.

In 1755, John Adams, a young school teacher who afterwards became famous in the service of his country, thus wrote in his diary: "In another century, all Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to disunite us."

The close of the French and Indian War found a condition of affairs peculiarly adapted to bring on a crisis. No longer was there any cause to fear aggression by France. The great victory had exerted a good effect on the Indians. Now the colonists had time to look to their own internal affairs

and grievances. France was anxious to see England humiliated by the loss of her American possessions and in every way tried to foster and encourage a spirit of discontent. Experience had shown that the royal troops were not invincible; the new world was conscious of its own strength. Furthermore, in 1760, there had ascended the English throne a monarch, hot headed, stupid, arrogant, heedless of the rights of his fellowmen—the infamous George III. The spark was smouldering, the fuel ready; only a breath was needed to cause a fire which all the fleets and armies of England could not quench.

The immediate cause of the outbreak was the attempt to enforce a system of taxation which the Americans, as colonists, considered a direct violation of their rights under the colonial charters; and, as Englishmen, of their rights without reference to any charter. In England, the House of Commons, composed of representatives of the people, had the exclusive privilege to vote taxes for the necessary expenses of the kingdom. Though living in America, the colonists still were Englishmen. As they were allowed no representation in the British Parliament, they justly insisted that their Assemblies were their Parliament, and that there alone laws could be passed for the taxation of their property.

They did not ask as a favor, but they demanded as an inborn right that taxes be levied through their own personal representatives. Believing as they did, they would have marked themselves as cowards and serfs if they had yielded the point or permitted it to be evaded. By keeping this in mind, we shall understand more readily the bitter feeling and intense opposition to any form of taxation without representation.

For some time previous to the French and Indian War there had been trouble on this subject of taxation. In 1733 the Importation Act, laying excessive duties on all rum, molasses and sugar brought into the colonies, was passed by Parliament. From the first the law was evaded, and then was entirely disregarded. In 1761 the English ministry took strong measures to enforce the Importation Act. Officers were instructed to apply to the courts for "writs of assistance," which were in the nature of search warrants and authorized the person holding one to break into and search any store, dwelling, or other building in which he suspected there might be concealed goods which had been brought into the country without payment of duty.

How hateful these writs were to the colonists may easily be imagined. The application for the first one was resisted in court. This was the

occasion for the memorable speech of James Otis, who resigned an office under the king that he might be free to plead the cause of liberty.

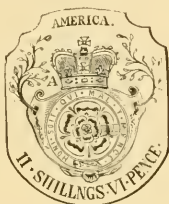
The lawyer for the Crown made a learned legal argument to show that in Parliament was vested the supreme law making power for all the British Empire. Thatcher, a lawyer who spoke with Otis for the colonists, made a dry argument to the opposite effect. Otis, however, broke away from dusty law books and narrow precedents. Though based on law, his speech was one of burning eloquence, and he attacked the Act as unconstitutional and unjust. He was the first of many brilliant orators boldly to challenge the position of the king, and to base his actions on the broad principles of right and equity.

Of this trial, John Adams, from whom we have already quoted, says, "Every man of an immensely crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against 'writs of assistance.' Then and there the child of Independence was born. In fifteen years, that is, in 1776, he grew up to manhood and declared himself free."

The writs asked for were granted and others, also, at later dates, but opposition to them was so bitter that they were used in exceptional cases only. They had not served to enforce the detested law,

but simply had angered the people and put them on their guard.

In March, 1765, came the odious Stamp Act. Just a year before, at the instance of Grenville, the English prime minister, resolutions had been adopted in the House of Commons, stating "that Parlia-



STAMPS THAT WERE USED.

ment had a right to tax the colonies" and providing for the imposition of certain "stamp duties." More formal action was to be delayed for a year, because it was seen that preparation must be made to enforce such hateful measures.

The occasion for taking this step on the part of England was the enormous debt incurred in the recent war with France. It was argued that the war was in defence of the colonies, and that they should help bear the burden. The answer was that the colonies themselves had contracted a heavy debt in the same action, that the war was as much for the benefit of England as America, and finally, that in any event, Parliament had no right to impose any

tax without the consent of the colonists. Here the issue was drawn clearly. If neither side would yield, a conflict must result.

When news of the passage of these resolutions reached America, there was great excitement. In Massachusetts, the House of Representatives resolved "That the imposition of taxes upon a people unrepresented, is absolutely irreconcilable with their rights." A letter was sent to the agent of the colony in England, saying, "If we are not represented, we are slaves." James Otis published a pamphlet setting forth in no uncertain terms the position of the colonists. Others were printed in Virginia, Rhode Island and Maryland. Petitions to Parliament or the king, moderately worded but protesting against any measure in the nature of the Stamp Act, were forwarded from Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia.

In spite of all remonstrance, the obnoxious bill was passed in March, 1765, to take effect on the first of the following November. It provided that every note, deed, or other legal document should be executed on stamped paper furnished by the British government, and every newspaper, book, and pamphlet should be printed on such paper. The price of the stamp varied from three pence to six pounds. In another act it was provided that the ministers

might send to America as many soldiers as they deemed advisable, and that the colonies in which they were stationed should find quarters for them.

Then indeed were tumultuous times in America. Throughout the different colonies, muffled bells were tolled as though for the funeral of liberty. Stamp collectors were hanged or burned in effigy. In New Hampshire, a coffin marked "Liberty" was buried with impressive ceremonies. Then, exhumed, and bearing the inscription "Liberty Revived," amid shouts of rejoicing and the pealing of bells it was borne triumphantly through the streets.

Nor were orators lacking, boldly to champion the cause and encourage the timid. Notable among them was Patrick Henry, who before the Virginia Assembly delivered his famous speech ending with the declaration, "If this be treason, make the most of it."

Meanwhile it had been seen that concerted action on the part of the colonies would be necessary. The calling of a general council had been agitated. One of the leaders in this movement was the ever-active James Otis. On the 7th of October, 1765, the first Colonial Congress assembled in New York. There were twenty-eight delegates from nine colonies. A Declaration of Rights was adopted, claiming all the privileges of Englishmen and protesting against being taxed without consent.



PATRICK HENRY DELIVERING HIS CELEBRATED SPEECH, 1765.

Memorials, pleading the cause of the colonies, were addressed to each house of Parliament, and a petition pledging loyalty, but praying for more just treatment was sent to the king. In this manly way the first steps were taken.

Regardless of petition and memorial, the Stamp Act took effect on November 1. A position as stamp distributor, however, was not a desirable one. In Connecticut, the people threatened to hang the stamp officer. In New York, the Lieutenant-Governor, whose sympathies were with England, tried to keep the stamps safely. On the night of November 1, the infuriated people broke into his stable and taking his coach, dragged it to the public common. There a gallows was erected from which was suspended a figure of the official bearing in one hand a stamped document and in the other a picture of the devil. Later the effigy was cut down, placed in the coach, and hauled to a green under the very guns of the fort, where coach and all were consumed in a big bonfire, around which thousands of people sang and shouted. Ten boxes of stamps, which arrived a few days later, were burned.

Throughout the other colonies occurred similar demonstrations. In Boston, a paper was circulated bearing a device representing a serpent cut into nine pieces, one, the head, bearing "N. E." for New

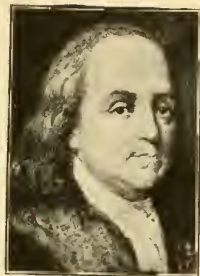
England, the other eight standing for the colonies as far south as the Carolinas—the whole surmounted by the pointed inscription, “Unite or Die.”

In addition to this, business was conducted, as before, without the use of stamps. The law was violated openly, without the slightest attempt at concealment. The people seemed to glory in disobeying such a regulation.

Perhaps the boldest and most effective stroke was a resolution to buy no more goods from England until the law was repealed. British merchants had been enjoying an immense trade with America. Now it was cut off suddenly. The importers of Boston, New York, and other cities declared they would purchase nothing from England. The colonists dealt with each other, and what could not thus be obtained they went without. The women were as patriotic as the men. All were enlisted and English merchants were touched where some people are most sensitive—in their pocket-books. So from Great Britain, as well as from America, went up a cry for the repeal of the Stamp Act.

In March, 1766, after a prolonged debate in the House of Commons, in which the cause of the colonists was championed most ably by William Pitt, the Stamp Act was repealed. The service of Pitt scarcely can be overestimated. In one of his stir-

ring speeches he frankly admitted his pleasure in the resistance offered by America. Benjamin Franklin, too, had been summoned to England to give testimony as to the feelings of the colonists. Here he displayed the tact and ability which characterized him later in life when sent on a still more important mission.



BENJ. FRANKLIN.

The repeal, however, was based not on right, but on policy. It was declared expressly that "Parliament had, and of right ought to have, power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." So the Americans, who had contended for principle, had won but an empty victory.

Joy in America over the annulling of this hated measure was short lived. King George III. had no intention of yielding permanently. Passion in America had been aroused to such a pitch that a cautious king, or sensible advisers, would have seen the folly of giving cause for further agitation. From north to south, from the ocean to the mountains, in every city and hamlet, orators with burning eloquence addressed the colonists, urging watchfulness instead of confidence, for England by no means had yielded.

True enough. Blindly disregarding this condition of affairs, an act was passed in June, 1767, imposing a duty on all glass, paper, and tea brought into the colonies, and suspending the New York Assembly until it should furnish supplies for the royal troops.



OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

Now the fury of the colonists knew no bounds. Again they decided to buy no goods in England. In Boston, custom officers seized a sloop, "Liberty," charged with smuggling. The enraged inhabitants

destroyed their houses and forced them to run for their lives. To quell the disorder, a regiment of troops was ordered from Halifax. So intense was the feeling, that they were landed under the protection of the war ships in the harbor, and with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, were marched up the city streets. The governor refused to assign quarters for the soldiers and they were stationed in the state house.

In other colonies, including Virginia and North Carolina, there were similar occurrences.

Then came bloodshed. On March 5, 1770, in Boston, a mob of exasperated colonists surrounded a detail of soldiers, taunting them and daring them to fire. The answer was a volley, and three citizens fell dead upon the ground. Here, opposite the State House, flowed the first blood of the Revolution.

Affairs went from bad to worse. The duty was removed from all articles except tea, in the idea that the people would consider the remaining tax a trifle not worth contention. As this brought no good results, the price of the tea itself was lowered so that even with the duty it was cheaper than before. This action, too, failed in its purpose. The blindness of the British ministry is inconceivable. To the colonists, acting from principle, a tax of one

dollar was as bad as one of ten thousand, and a duty on a single article as repellent as one on a million.

Ships loaded with tea were excluded from the ports of New York ; the stuff was landed in Charleston, South Carolina, but could not be sold ; and in Boston a party of men disguised as Indians, boarded the vessels and threw the tea into the ocean — the celebrated “ Boston Tea Party.”

Now comes the climax. In March, 1774, Parliament passed the Boston Port Bill, closing the port of Boston and forbidding the bringing in or carrying out of any goods. In May of the same year, the charter was declared void and the inhabitants rebels. General Gage, governor of Massachusetts, was ordered to use force in subduing these rebels, and ten thousand men were sent to assist him. Boston Neck was fortified by the British and a quantity of ammunition in Charlestown was seized.

The patriots were on their guard, and once, when there was a rumor that Boston was being shelled, thirty thousand men immediately gathered in the surrounding country. Though they quickly dispersed, it indicated the strength of public sentiment. The Massachusetts Assembly convened, in defiance of the king, and on September 5, Congress met in Philadelphia, twelve colonies, or all but Georgia,

being represented. War was at hand, and the colonists prepared to accept the issue.

We have given somewhat in detail the history of the few years preceding the Revolution, for no period deserves more careful study. Every American boy and girl glories in the Declaration of Independence, celebrates the Fourth of July, and exults over the defeat of England. There is more reason for pride, however, when we know, not only that we won but that we were right, and why we were right.

A calm and careful review of all the facts shows that the colonists simply insisted on their privileges as Englishmen, and on the rights guaranteed them by England; that they refused to compromise or permit any evasion, because their contention was based on principle; that first, by memorials and petitions, respectfully and with sincere professions of loyalty they presented their claims to king and Parliament; and that, as a last resort only, was force met by force. They must yield as cravens or fight as patriots. War waged recklessly is wicked; under such circumstances, it is holy.



THE MINUTE MAN.

XX.

THE STORM BREAKS.

With the beginning of 1775, although there was activity and excitement in all the colonies, the center of interest was Massachusetts, where General Gage, with the British regulars, held possession of Boston. On February 1, the Massachusetts

Assembly convened at Cambridge and adjourned to Concord. The people were urged not to delay in preparing for the struggle, but such an appeal scarcely was necessary.

Everywhere the militia were being drilled, and armed as effectively and quickly as possible. Men who could not join immediately, cleaned their guns, filled their powder horns and bullet pouches, kept them constantly within reach, and promised always to be ready to fight at a moment's notice. These were the famous "minute men." Plans were made for the purchasing of powder, artillery, provisions, and other resources of war, and storing them secretly in convenient places.

These actions on the part of the colonists were regarded by the English officers and soldiers with unconcealed contempt. It did not seem possible that these awkward, poorly armed militia and scattered colonists would dare actually to fire on the king's well disciplined and finely equipped troops; or if they rashly did so, it was not imagined that they could offer any serious resistance. When General Gage, under orders to suppress disloyalty by force of arms, began to plan excursions to seize the munitions and stores of the rebels as they were accumulated at different points, he probably did not dream that his forces would

be driven back to Boston, thankful to escape with their lives.

Both sides were alert and watchful. In April, General Gage discovered that the Americans had



OLD POWDER HOUSE, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

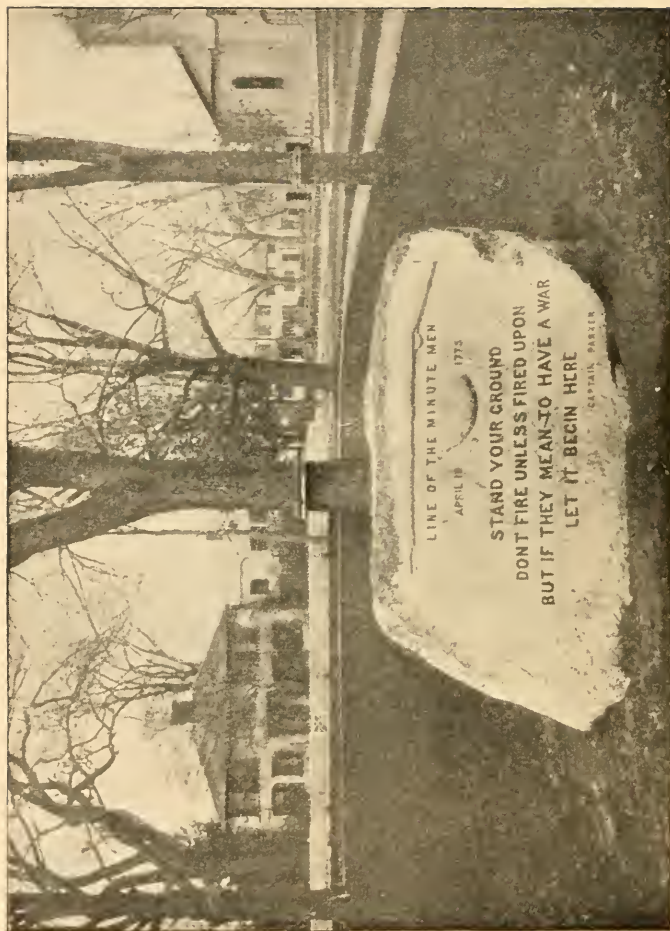
concealed a quantity of powder and ball and other military stores in Concord, about sixteen miles from Boston. Covertly he made preparations to capture and destroy them. For this purpose, at midnight of the 18th, eight hundred picked troops, under

Lieutenant-colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, left Boston. They were carried in boats across the Charles River, and in the silence and darkness of the night rapidly pushed forward towards Concord.



OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

These movements had not escaped the attention of the citizens of Boston. The troops had not embarked before bells, wildly ringing, spread the news. Signals were flashed across the river, from the Old North Church, and soon, peal on peal, the steeples of Charlestown aroused the sleeping people. Mes-



LEXINGTON.

sengers, quickly mounting, galloped along the country roads, shouting the call to arms, for the British were on the move. To Lexington and Concord word was carried by Paul Revere, whose wild ride the poet Longfellow so vividly has described :

“ A hurry of hoofs in a village street,

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;

That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night ;

And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its heat.”

So Paul Revere hurried through the streets of Lexington, barely pausing to shout the news, and then rushed onward to Concord. As the noise of the hoof-beats died away in the distance, lights appeared in the windows of the houses, and streamed through open doors as men, half clad and grasping muskets or fowling-pieces, quickly made their way to the Common. From the surrounding country also, by roads and winding paths, came the farmers, aroused by the same messenger and eager to do their share.

By two o'clock one hundred and thirty had collected under arms, and were awaiting the approach of the enemy. After a while, as there were no

signs of the English, they dispersed, to assemble again if a signal should be given.

The British troops, marching along the road towards Lexington, did not fail to notice that the country was being alarmed. Major Pitcairn, with a detachment of light infantry, was sent on ahead of the main column. At five in the morning, he came in sight of Lexington. Here, on the village common, had reassembled seventy men under the command of Captain Parker. They were so few in number that they did not expect to offer any resistance. Angered by the sight of them, Pitcairn rode forward and loudly called, "Disperse, ye villains! Throw down your arms, and disperse." As the order was not obeyed instantly, he waved his sword, discharged his pistol, and gave the command to fire. A volley followed, sixteen patriots fell dead or wounded, and the rest retired, firing as they went.

In a short time the main body of the British troops arrived, and all proceeded to Concord. A few Americans drawn up near a bridge which must be passed to enter the town, at once retreated before them. In the village some flour barrels and cannon were destroyed, and five hundred balls were thrown into the river. This was all that the expedition accomplished. Meanwhile the Americans

had been reinforced and had advanced upon the bridge. The British fired; a volley answered, and a sharp skirmish took place in which a few were killed on either side.

Having destroyed all the stores they could find, the regulars began the march back to Boston. At Lexington they were joined by nine hundred fresh troops with artillery, sent out by General Gage, who early became disquieted at the extent of the uprising. Well he might be. News of the fight at Lexington had spread with marvellous rapidity. Alone, in small groups, and by companies, armed and eager to avenge the death of their fellow-patriots, men from the whole surrounding country gathered along the route to Boston. Seldom have reinforcements been more welcome than were those who joined the British troops at Lexington.

The march of the British back to Boston was one continual fight. By means of their cannon, they could keep the colonial forces scattered and at a distance. But they could not protect themselves from the constant and galling fire poured on them by the marksmen, fighting singly or in little bands from behind rocks, trees, or whatever might afford concealment and shelter. There was no one in command, no concerted action. From point to point the Americans ran, firing as best they could,



BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

Bicknell.

and when one dropped back exhausted, others were on hand to take his place.

Thus harassed, worn out and exhausted, carrying with them their wounded and their dead, these proud troops of King George were driven to the very limits of Boston, and were saved from capture or death by only the quickness of their march. Almost had Braddock's disaster been repeated.

Amidst such stirring scenes Congress, on the 10th of May, assembled at Philadelphia. Still hoping that a bloody struggle might be avoided, addresses to the king and the people of Great Britain and Canada were prepared, in which the rights of the colonies were boldly set forth, and loyalty to the mother country was promised if these were granted. Then the delegates turned their attention to the pressing duties of the hour. Measures were adopted for the enlistment of troops, the purchase of arms and ammunition, and the erection of fortifications. To meet the necessary expenses, the issue of notes to the amount of three million dollars was authorized and the good faith of all the colonies was pledged for their payment.

The selection of a commander-in-chief was a delicate subject. Jealousy among the different colonies and among the several men who seemed fitted for such an honor, was feared. Finally the unan-

imous choice fell upon George Washington. His past record seemed to show that he possessed the personal as well as the military qualifications for such a position, and the history of the next few years will prove the wisdom of the selection.

Washington, after modestly expressing doubt as to his ability, accepted, but he refused to consider any salary, saying he would keep an account of his expenses and be satisfied if Congress would refund them. Thus at the outset he gave evidence of the pure patriotism by which he ever was inspired.

On June 20 Washington received his commission. In the meantime, the opposing forces in and around Boston had not been idle. General Gage had received reinforcements under Generals Clinton, Burgoyne, and Howe. The officer last named, as his ship entered the harbor, exclaimed, "What! ten thousand peasants keep five thousand king's troops shut up! Well, let us go in and we'll soon find elbow room." Find it he did, and as promptly as he expected; but it was by again sailing out to sea, and not by victoriously marching inland!

By the middle of June the colonial troops had increased in number to about sixteen thousand. On the night of June 16, one thousand men, under Colonel Prescott, were despatched to fortify Bunker Hill, commanding the peninsula of Charles-

town. By mistake they went even farther, to Breed's Hill, overlooking and commanding Boston. Here they proceeded to work vigorously, throwing up breastworks and intrenchments.

So close were they to the British ships in the harbor that through the still air of night they clearly heard the sentries call, "All 's well"; yet so silently they toiled that till the sun rose out of the sea their presence was not suspected.

The astonished British could scarcely believe their eyes. Had the audacious rebels actually taken a position on Breed's Hill, within range of the artillery? The batteries were ordered to drop a shell or two among them, and send them scampering back to safety. As a few shots seemed to do no good, a furious cannonade was commenced and continued. Yet the militia, undismayed, pushed their work, and by noon the breastworks had increased in extent.

Soon cannon would be mounted; and the British general began to think of shells dropping among the housetops of Boston, and whizzing uncomfortably close to his own precious ears. It seemed too bad to go to so much trouble, but the royal troops must have "elbow room." So three thousand picked men were detailed to walk up the hill and teach these farmers a lesson.

do against a charge by the flower of the English army? For victory perhaps they dared not hope, but at least they could die in defense of liberty.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

There was no fear, no trembling, no running away. Steadily, in long line, the muskets were pointed over the embankment. Steadily, in brilliant array, with swinging step and keeping time to strains of martial music, up the hill marched the

red-clad regulars. The fire from ships and batteries increased ; nearer and nearer came the British and still not a sound from behind the breastworks. The silence was oppressive.

At length, when the royal forces are scarce thirty paces distant, from one flank of the hill to the other, bursts a sheet of flame. A single volley has been fired, but each shot has been aimed low and true. Anxiously the defenders peer into the smoke which at first conceals all from view. Has the charge been stopped or will the regulars presently be surging over the breastworks, before there is time again to load and fire ?

Slowly the smoke waves back and forth in the gentle summer breeze ; slowly it rises, as though it fain would hide that blood drenched hillside from the gaze of men. Now a few forms can be discerned, dimly, indistinctly. The body of a boy is visible, outstretched on the sod, his face upturned to the sunlight. Never more will he see his home in far off England. Near him a bearded man raises himself to his knees, vainly strives to stand, and falls with a groan, while a stream from his breast dyes his jacket a still deeper crimson. Now the entire view is open, and terrible is the scene disclosed. The slaughter has been terrific. The green sward is covered with the dead and the dying,

while down the hill in wild confusion madly run the survivors, looking for some place of shelter from that deadly fire. Their officers cannot stop nor stay them.

For some time the British officers ride to and fro among their men. They upbraid, they command,



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

they threaten. At length, reluctantly, again the soldiers advance to the attack, again a withering volley meets them, and again they turn and flee, some of them as far as the boats in the river.

Then General Clinton himself hurries over from Boston to give advice and aid. By General Gage's

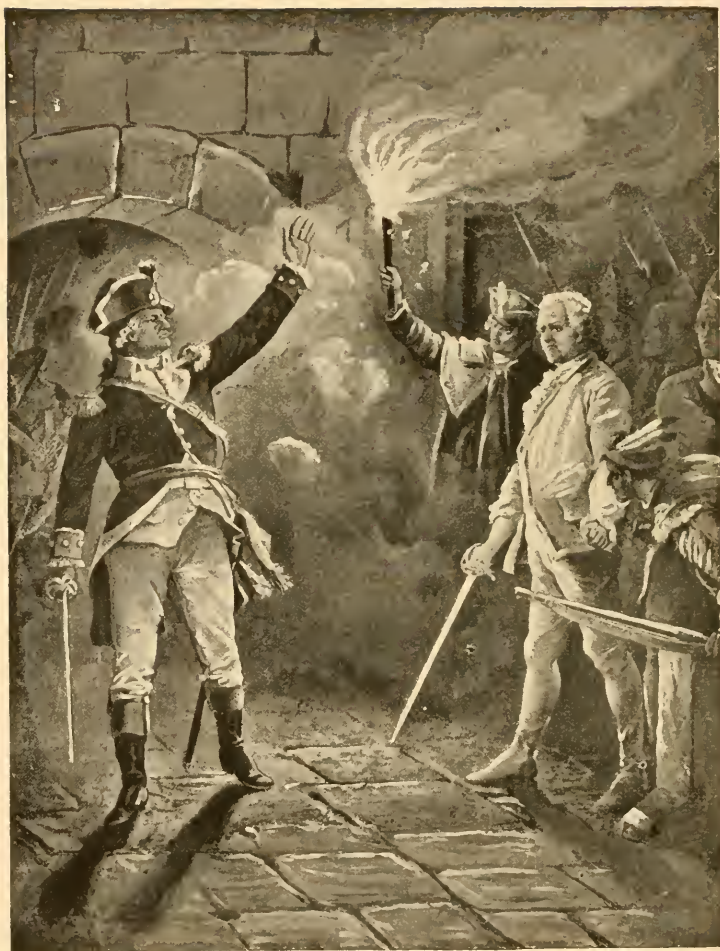
orders Charlestown is set on fire. Cannon have been brought to bear so that they rake the breastworks from both ends. Once more the British advance. The position of the defenders is desperate. Their ammunition almost is exhausted and they themselves are worn and weary. As nothing can be done, after one scattering fire the order is given to retreat.

But what a retreat! Men such as these do not run. Fighting with clubbed muskets, with sticks, stones, and even with their bare fists, against bullet and bayonet, stubbornly contesting every inch they retire in good order and reentrench themselves on Prospect Hill, but a mile away. The British do not pursue. They have "elbow room" enough for the present.

Thus the war has opened in Massachusetts, with three victories for England. At Lexington, seventy men have been dispersed by ten times their number. At Concord, a few supplies have been destroyed, though the seventeen hundred men who united to perform the glorious feat were driven under fire back to the very walls of Boston. Now, with the enemy reentrenched a mile away, the British occupy Breed's Hill, with a loss of over one thousand, or half the men actually engaged in the battle. A few more such British victories is all the Americans can ask.

It was not in Massachusetts alone that the patriots had proven themselves firm and daring. The "Green Mountain Boys" of Vermont, under Ethan Allen, also had struck a blow for liberty. On the shore of Lake Champlain lay Fort Ticonderoga, occupied by a British garrison who never thought of an attack being made upon them. During the night of May 9, Allen and his troops reached the shore opposite the fort. Owing to scarcity of boats, by daylight only eighty-three men had crossed the lake. With Allen at their head, they made a rush through the entrance.

While his men made prisoners of the English soldiers, who were rudely awakened by three hearty American cheers, Allen hastily sought the room occupied by the commander, Captain Delaplace, and pounded on the door with the hilt of his sword. The bewildered captain thrust out his head to ask what was the matter. It is said that at the same time his blushing wife peeped over his shoulder. Before them stood Ethan Allen, fiercely brandishing his sword and shouting to them to surrender "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." It was too late for resistance. Ticonderoga surrendered and speedily Crown Point did the same. The control of Lake Champlain, with two hundred pieces of artillery and a large amount



ETHAN ALLEN AT TICONDEROGA.

of the powder so greatly needed, thus came to the Americans.

In the capture of Ticonderoga, serving as a private because the Vermont men would follow no one but Ethan Allen, was a man named Benedict Arnold, now known to history as Arnold the Traitor. Let us read of his good deeds, while we can. The Americans hoped to have the aid of the Canadians in this struggle, and to help bring this about plans were made for the capture of the cities and forts along the St. Lawrence. In the fall of 1775, with one thousand men, Arnold set out for Quebec. After a march of indescribable suffering from cold and hunger, the little army reached the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe had won his famous victory. The English forces refused to come out and fight, and as Arnold had not men enough to carry the fort by assault, he withdrew to await reinforcements.

These arrived early in December, under Colonel Richard Montgomery, who assumed command. On his way he had captured several posts, including Montreal.



RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

The last day of December an assault was ordered. This was attempted in two divisions. The one, under Montgomery, attacked from the north by way of the St. Lawrence and the Lower Town. A blinding snow storm was raging, ice and snow were under foot, and the air was bitter cold. As the troops advanced, a battery poured a storm of shot and shell into their ranks, and Montgomery, bravely leading the charge, fell dead. His men, disheartened, retreated to Wolfe's Cove.

In the meantime, the other division, under Arnold, not knowing what had happened, from the direction of the St. Charles River fought its way into the Lower Town. Early in the engagement Arnold was badly wounded, and after a most gallant fight against overwhelming odds, his men retreated. In a few days, smallpox broke out. Gradually the Americans were compelled to evacuate Canada, and give up the posts Montgomery had taken.

This closed the operations for 1775. The Americans had reason to feel encouraged. They had shown their ability not only to stand their ground but to beat off the British regulars, and confidence is half the battle. Still, there was sorrow in many a home over the loss of a hero, to fame unknown. There was grief throughout the colonies over the death of many a leader. Montgomery, brave and

noble, gave up his life at Quebec. Warren, equally brave and well-beloved, fell at Bunker Hill. The sacred dead, named and unnamed, ever will be honored.

“ How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there ! ”

When later we come to the foul deeds planned by Benedict Arnold, we shall wish that he, too, had fallen lifeless as he entered the gates of Ticonderoga, or fearlessly fought before Quebec. Loss of honor is far worse than loss of life. Death finally found him, in a foreign land, old and feeble, shattered in mind and body, despised by even those who had been willing to profit by his perfidy. Then, and many times before then, he must have wished that the bullet which wounded him while fighting for his country, might have been guided so as to have pierced his heart.



STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,

Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell ;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land !
Oh ! few and weak their numbers were,—
A handful of brave men ;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

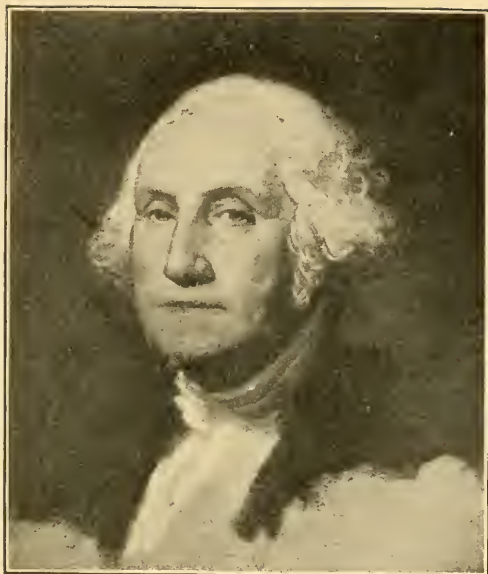
They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The eorn, half garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress ;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe
To perish, or o'ereome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men ?
And where are ye to-day ?
I call : the hills reply again
That ye have passed away ;

That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more ;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

— *Isaac McLellan, Jr.*



WASHINGTON.

XXI.

WASHINGTON IN COMMAND.

After the battle of Bunker Hill, the colonial forces continued to occupy Boston Neck, Charlestown Neck and the intervening land, closely confining the British in Boston. By the beginning of the year 1776, there was a feeling throughout the country that more active steps should be taken. Washington himself at first favored a general assault, but instead it finally was decided to fortify Dorchester Heights, commanding the city from the south.

Concealing their movements by a furious cannonade, on the night of March 4 a detachment of Americans with tools for throwing up intrenchments succeeded, without being discovered, in reaching the hill. With the break of day the British once more were astonished to behold their enemies behind fortifications overlooking the city, and this time so close that the ships in the harbor could be destroyed and the buildings of Boston demolished at will. It was necessary at once to drive the Americans from the hill, or to abandon the city.

General Howe, the man who, while sailing into the harbor, had made the sarcastic remark about the "peasants," now was in command of the troops in Boston. He ordered an immediate attack. Encouraged by their success in twice repulsing the charge on Breed's Hill, and excited by remembering that it was the 5th of March, the anniversary of the day upon which the regulars had fired on the citizens at Boston Common, the men behind the breastworks made preparation for the struggle.

So confidently did they await the issue, that Washington planned to throw his army into Boston while the British should be in disorder and confusion at the repulse of their charge. However, a violent storm came up, and the attack was deferred till the following day. During the night the tem-

pest increased and by morning the sea was exceedingly rough. Meanwhile the Americans had extended and increased the intrenchments, and their position was well nigh impregnable.

General Howe carefully considered the situation. He surveyed the fortifications frowning down upon him from Dorchester Heights, he thought of that bloody afternoon on Breed's Hill, and he turned and gazed out towards the open sea. It suddenly occurred to him that it would be an excellent plan to leave; Boston was not a good place as a base of operations, anyway. An informal agreement was made whereby the British should not be molested in their departure, and they in turn should not burn the city. As quickly as possible the troops were placed on shipboard, and with them fifteen hundred tories, British sympathizers who feared the anger of the patriots. On the 17th of March, all sailed away, and Washington, at the head of his victorious army, marched into Boston. Thus it is that Howe found "elbow room."

After attending to the complete fortification of Boston, Washington went to New York, which he feared would be attacked by Howe's fleet. That city, indeed, was threatened, but not seriously, by a force under General Clinton, who then sailed south,

and after having been reinforced determined to capture Charleston, South Carolina.

In the south, the colonial troops were commanded by General Lee. With the first alarm, regiments from the surrounding country were rushed into the city. Barricades were erected, intrenchments thrown up, and every possible step taken to give the British a warm welcome. The people of the south were as active and patriotic as those of the north. A demand for surrender, with threats of vengeance for those who resisted, and forgiveness for those who yielded, was spurned indignantly.

On the 28th of June, the attack commenced. The entrance to the harbor was protected by a small, half completed fort, since this battle called Fort Moultrie, from the name of the intrepid Colonel by whom it was commanded. For ten hours the war ships poured shot and shell against the little fort, but the balls sunk into the soft palmetto wood of which it was constructed, and did not do the expected damage.

Meanwhile the fire was returned most vigorously. In attempting to work around to a position where they could cut off communication between the fort and the shore three of the vessels went aground. A body of troops who tried to ford the channel and make an assault were prevented by high water, and

were driven back under deadly fire from the rifles of the Americans.

Foiled in every attempt, with a heavy loss in killed and wounded, their ships damaged by shot and fire, at midnight the British ceased their efforts,



SERGEANT JASPER RESTORING THE FLAG.

and the next day sailed to the north. It was a glorious victory for the garrison. Among its many brave defenders must be mentioned Sergeant Jasper, who when the flag staff was shot away, heedless of danger, sprang over the wall, snatched the banner

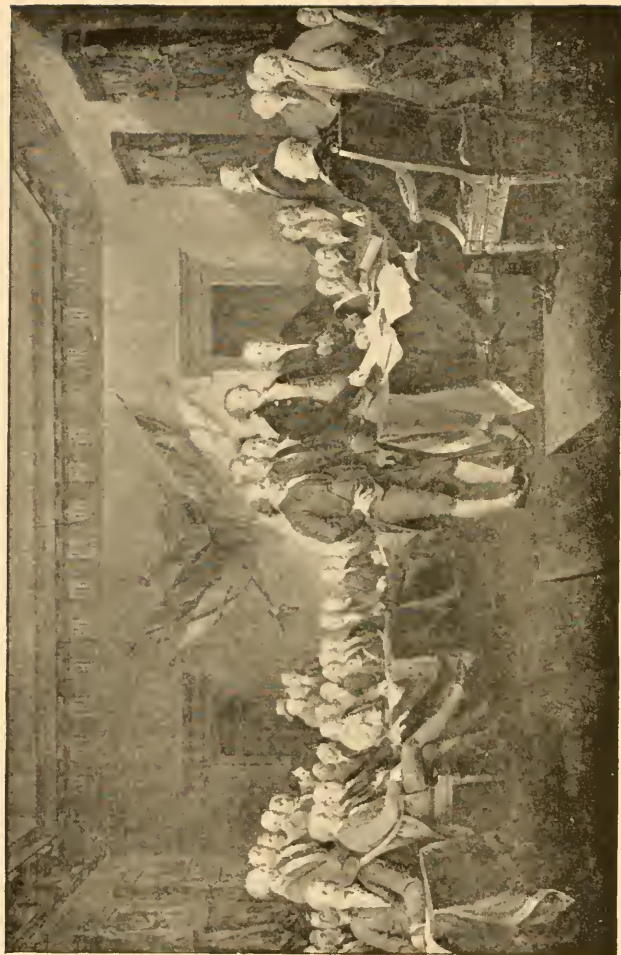
from the ground, fastened it to the rammer of a gun, and set it up again to wave defiantly.

All this time the colonies have been fighting for their rights, but not necessarily for separation from the old country. Even after the commencement of the war, the people still hoped for some peaceful solution which would render separation unnecessary. As time passed, a clearer view of the entire situation seemed to indicate that half way measures could not succeed. England made immense preparation for subduing the colonies, but none towards conciliating them or granting their demands.

With the spring of '76, twenty-five thousand additional troops were levied by her, more war ships fitted out, a million dollars voted for the war, and finally, seventeen thousand Hessian soldiers from the petty states of Germany were hired to assist the Englishmen in conquering their brothers across the sea.

The step last mentioned greatly exasperated the Americans. The action of England in attempting by arms to force tyranny upon them was bad enough, but when she hired Germans at thirty-six dollars a head to help her, fury passed all bounds. From this time on, "Independence" was the watchword. Through their assemblies, the people began to urge upon Congress the necessity of claim-

Then have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren: we have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend ^{or unreasonably} a jurisdiction over ^{us} these our shores we have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration & settlement here, [no one of which could warrant so change a pretension: that these were effected at the expense of our own blood & treasure, unaided by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in establishing indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common lay, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea if history may be credited: and] we ^{have} appealed to their native justice & magnanimity, [as well as to] the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which were likely to ^{be} to interrupt our correspondence & connection. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice & of consanguinity. [We must therefore] when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ing complete sovereignty. On May 15 Virginia instructed her delegates to propose to Congress "to declare the United Colonies free and independent."

On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, presented to Congress, then in session in Philadelphia, a resolution declaring that the colonies "are and ought to be free and independent." Thus the great question was brought before that body for debate. Finally, after long discussion, a vote was deferred till July 1, to give all the members time in which to receive instructions from their constituents.

In the meantime a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, was appointed to draft a formal Declaration of Independence. This instrument, in the handwriting of Jefferson, with a few alterations by some of his colleagues, was reported to Congress early in July and on the 4th was adopted unanimously. This is why we celebrate the Fourth of July, though the document was not signed formally till the 2d of August.

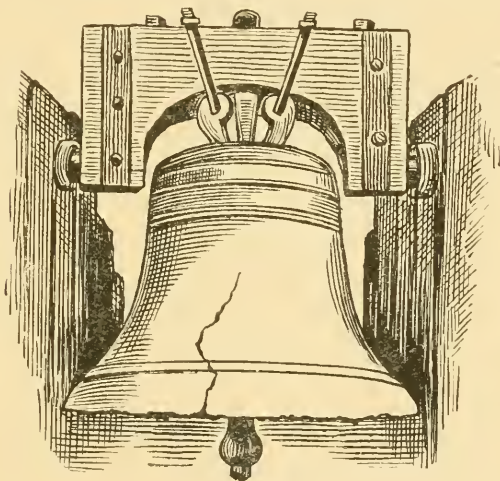
In these few words we have described this event, of vital importance, not only to our own country, but to the whole world. Such an occasion does not demand long words or pompous expressions. The

declaration itself is sublime in its simplicity and directness. Calmly and carefully it was drawn; seriously and deliberately it was discussed; unshrinkingly and solemnly it was adopted and signed. The men in that quiet council chamber were not swayed by passion nor carried away by enthusiasm. Though nature's noblemen, they were of humble birth, practical, far-seeing. Each, as his vote was recorded, realized the possible effect of his action upon his fellow country men. Each in imagination could reach out his hand and touch the rope which, for those who do treason, ever dangles from the scaffold of the king. Yet when the news of what had been done was borne through the city, and ringing bells and joyous shouts greeted the tidings, within the Statehouse there was a gladness and confidence almost prophetic.

Wildly clanged the old Statehouse bell — the "Liberty Bell" so carefully guarded to-day — true to the inscription it bears: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." So bells have rung on the anniversary of that day, through all succeeding years. So may they ring through all the years to come, is the prayer of all who listen to the sound.

Such also was the dream of patriots a century and a quarter ago. John Adams, one of the com-

mittee who drew the Declaration, then wrote as follows: "I am apt to believe that this day will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from



THE LIBERTY BELL.

one end of this continent to the other, from this time forth and forever more." Is not that a good description of our Fourth of July?

The passage of the Declaration of Independence doubtless was a source of great satisfaction to Washington. Now the final step had been taken. There could be no dallying, no going back. With

renewed energy he turned his attention to General Howe, who, when he left Boston, had gone, not to New York, as was anticipated, but to Halifax. Early in July, however, Howe had decided to proceed against New York, and had landed his forces on Staten Island. Here he was joined by General Clinton, fresh from his unsuccessful attempt against Charleston. On the 22d of August, British forces to the number of ten thousand crossed to the southwestern coast of Long Island. Eight thousand Americans, under command of Generals Sullivan and Stirling, were in Brooklyn.

Now the fortune of war was with the British. Their advance, carefully planned and executed in three divisions, was successful. The Americans, though only after a desperate struggle, were defeated, with the loss of one thousand killed, wounded, and missing. Among the prisoners were Generals Sullivan and Stirling. This is known as the battle of Long Island.

From the bluffs across the river Washington witnessed this disaster. Immediately he crossed to Brooklyn and set to work with consummate skill to reorganize the scattered troops and prepare for the expected assault upon the city. For some reason, Howe did not press his advantage. Here was Washington's opportunity. On the night of the

29th, while a dense fog covered island and river, leaving camp fires clearly burning to deceive the enemy he transferred his entire forces to the other shore.



BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

All night long, with muffled oars, the boats bearing the colonial troops moved back and forth, and all night long the British sentries, pacing to and fro, watched the gleaming fires, waiting for the dawn to complete their victory. The last boat load was discovered just as it was leaving in the dim light of

the early morning. Frantically the British rushed forward to find an empty camp. Howe had won in battle, but had gained only the possession of Long Island. This masterly retreat marked Washington as one of the world's greatest generals.

While these events had been taking place around New York, the Americans who had unsuccessfully attacked Quebec gradually had fallen back to Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain. They were followed by the Canadian forces under General Carleton. In their retreat the Americans had rendered useless all the boats along the lake, and as the thick forests made passage along the shore by land impossible, Carleton was compelled to construct a fleet. He did it with much energy, and by October he had thirty vessels, manned by seven hundred picked seamen. Opposed to them were sixteen boats of various kinds, manned by soldiers under Benedict Arnold, who yet was fighting for freedom.

On October 11 the little fleets met in desperate conflict near Valcour Island. Arnold, while shot and shell rained around him, when the hull of his boat was pierced by cannon balls, and masts and rigging were gone, still cheered his men and inspired them by his own example. Darkness came and neither side had yielded.

Arnold knew that, with the odds so much against

him, he could not destroy the British fleet. In the darkness of the night he slipped between the enemies' vessels, and escaped down the lake. For two days he was pursued, and while the ships in the lead got away safely, Arnold's boat was overtaken. After fighting till she almost sank under him, finally he ran her on the beach and burned her to avoid surrender. Then overland he made his way to Ticonderoga.

The lateness of the season prevented Carleton from attacking the fort and he went into winter quarters. Arnold had won great credit by his brilliant work, which had prevented Carleton from joining the forces around New York. This is the man whom at a subsequent date we must write down a traitor.

Now we return to New York. The defeat in the battle of Long Island was most disheartening. Following it came the first of many gloomy days for Washington. The entire army was discouraged and dispirited. Whole regiments left for their homes, and desertions increased in number. An ordinary man would have given up, or perhaps immediately risked all in one rash encounter. It was not so with Washington. In days of defeat, rather than in time of victory, he showed his greatest military genius and strength of character.

It would be of such help to Washington if he might learn the plans of General Howe, that he called for some one to enter, under disguise, the enemies' camp and thus obtain the necessary information. Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, volunteered for this purpose. Just as he was returning, faithfully having performed his mission, he was arrested as a spy. He boldly confessed his purpose, though he knew the penalty was death.

On the 21st of September he was convicted. The next morning he was hanged. A minister and even a Bible were denied him. His letter to his mother was destroyed. In every way he was treated roughly and brutally. Remember this when you read how kindly the Americans attended Major André, who later suffered the same penalty at their hands. Hale died like a hero. His last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

On September 15 the British landed on Manhattan Island. Previous to this the fleet had sailed around the western point of Long Island and anchored near the city. Washington retired northward to Harlem Heights and Howe took possession of New York. A series of retreats on the part of the Americans now became necessary.

On October 28 the battle of White Plains was

fought, and, though the result was not decisive, Washington retired to the Heights of New Castle. Then, fearing an attack on Philadelphia, he crossed to the west bank of the Hudson. Fort Washington, on Manhattan Island, soon fell into the hands of the victorious British and, a little later, Fort Lee, on the west bank of the Hudson, also surrendered. With his little army of but three thousand men Washington retreated through New Jersey, and on the eighth of December crossed the Delaware River at Trenton; so closely was he pursued that the enemy under General Cornwallis arrived in time to watch the last load reach the opposite shore. As Washington had ruined or employed every boat, the British could not follow till the river froze, or a bridge was built.

The English considered the war already over. When the ice formed they could cross and capture the "rebel capital," Philadelphia; or they might defer action till spring, as campaigning in such cold weather was not agreeable. At this critical point Washington devised a scheme to bring discomfort to his opponents, and also to revive the spirit of his own countrymen. It was a bold move, brilliantly executed. Trenton was occupied by a force of Hessians who shared the overconfidence of their English brothers in arms. The Americans

planned to cross and attack them while they celebrated the Christmas festival.

The movement, in three detachments, began on the evening of the 25th of December. It was so bitter cold and the river was so full of floating ice, that two of the detachments gave up the attempt; but neither cold nor ice could stop men whom Washington led. Although delayed by the perilous passage till eight in the morning, and fearful lest the advance had become known, the troops pressed on and soon, in two divisions, rushed into Trenton. The Hessians, having feasted and drank through all Christmas Eve, were in heavy slumber. The surprise was complete.

Their commander was slain, one thousand were made prisoners, and six cannon, a thousand stands of arms, and four colors, were captured. By nightfall Washington, with his prisoners and booty, had recrossed the river. The Americans lost five men, two of whom were frozen to death.

The effect of this victory was magical. The colonies had been discouraged by retreat after retreat. Even Congress had been depressed, and the whole country was looking forward gloomily to fresh disasters. Now it was learned that in the hands of a skilful general, a wise retreat is often but the means of winning an unexpected victory.

Confidence in Washington, and faith in the success of the cause, returned ; fresh troops from neighboring colonies hurried to the scene ; soldiers whose terms were expiring gladly re-enlisted ; and in a few days the colonial army, re-enforced and encouraged, again crossed the Delaware and occupied Trenton. This change was the result of the genius and daring of Washington.

The effect on the British, too, was equally marvellous. General Cornwallis had gone to New York, had applied for a leave of absence, and had intended to make a visit to England. Now he hastily returned to New Jersey. At length he realized that in Washington he had a foe, cautious it may be when necessary, but bold and quick to strike when the right moment arrived. December began with Washington in full retreat and the British on a victorious march towards Philadelphia. The year closed with the enthusiastic American army holding Trenton, and with the surprised British at Princeton, preparing to fight for the possession of even northern New Jersey.



NATHAN HALE MONUMENT, NEW YORK.

NATHAN HALE.

To drum-beat and heart beat a soldier marches by ;
There is color in his cheek, there is courage in his eye, —
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat, in a moment, he must die.

By starlight and moonlight he seeks the Briton's camp ;
He hears the rustling flag, and the armed sentry's tramp ;
And the starlight and moonlight his silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread, he scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns by the gaunt and shadowy
 pine ;
And his slow tread and still tread gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave, it meets his eager glance ;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars like the glimmer of a lance,
A dark wave, a plumed wave, on an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang, and terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed, in the camp a spy hath found ;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang, the patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow, he listens to his doom :
In his look there is no fear, nor a shadow-trace of gloom ;
But with calm brow and steady brow he robes him for the
 tomb. '

In the long night, the still night, he kneels upon the sod ;
And the brutal guards withhold e'en the solemn Word of
 God.

In the long night, the still night, he walks where Christ
 hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn, he dies upon the
tree;
And he mourns that "he can lose but one life for Liberty;"
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn, his spirit-wings are
free,

From the Fame-leaf and the Angel-leaf, from monument to
urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven, his tragic fate shall
learn:
And on Fame-leaf and on Angel-leaf the name of Hale
shall burn.

— *Francis Miles Finch.*

XXII.

DARK DAYS.

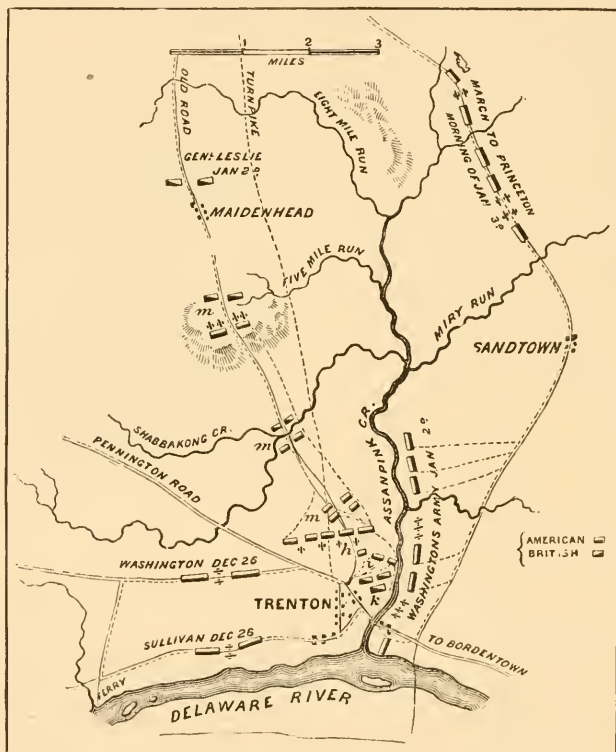
Although the Americans were encouraged by their recent victory over the Hessians, the new year presented a serious problem to the army in Trenton. In front, Cornwallis had advanced to the outskirts of the city. To fight him openly seemed to involve certain defeat. This would mean the capture of the



GEN. CORNWALLIS.

entire army, as retreat was cut off by the river. To cross the river secretly and escape was too hazardous to undertake. Even if not molested by the enemy, it would be almost impossible to propel boats amid the floating ice. The chances were, too, that the colonial troops would be discovered and attacked in the confusion of embarking. Yet something must be done, for surrender would be a disaster from which the cause scarcely could hope to recover.

Again the genius of Washington came to the rescue. On the night of January 2, the whole army quickly and quietly was put in motion. To



SCENE OF ACTION ALONG THE DELAWARE RIVER.

deceive the enemy, camp fires brightly burned, as they had on Long Island, and soldiers were detailed to keep them going throughout the night. A

detachment also was left at work in the trenches, so that the British might hear the sound of spade and pickax. The plan was to pass around the flank of Cornwallis's army, attack Princeton, and then fall on New Brunswick, where the British kept their stores.

The movement was successful in every particular. The glare of the fires and the noises of men laboring in the trenches completely deceived the enemy. When morning came, Cornwallis found that the wily foe had escaped him. How and in what direction he could not tell. Soon the answer to his many questions was borne on the breeze from Princeton, eighteen miles away, where the sound of heavy firing disclosed the presence of Washington and his army. Cornwallis had been hoodwinked and outgeneraled.

In Princeton, likewise, there had been a great surprise. Two regiments were marching out in the early morning to join Cornwallis at Trenton, when most unexpectedly the forces under Washington appeared. Fighting commenced immediately. From behind a fence the Americans poured volley after volley into the ranks of the enemy. All was going well until the British, withholding their powder, made a gallant charge, depending on the bayonet alone. Before the cold steel the militia fled in

terror. A line of reserves, consisting of more experienced regulars, tried to stop them, but the flight continued. It seemed for a moment that Washington's plan, so carefully made and executed, was to meet with defeat.

This was for a moment only. Then Washington showed another side of his character—his own personal bravery. Snatching the colors from the hands of a fleeing soldier, he spurred his horse into the open ground between pursued and pursuers, within thirty yards of the enemy, a fair mark for every rifle. Then, waving the flag on high, he called on his men to follow where he led. The effect was instantaneous. Turning about, the retreating Americans again attacked with an ardor which must bring victory.

For this, Washington apparently had sacrificed his life. Distinguished by the colors and his dignified bearing, he might expect to receive the especial attention of scores of British rifles. He also was exposed to the general fire of the entire line, and was in almost equal danger from his own men, whose muskets were pointed in his direction. So inevitable seemed death, that an aide covered his eyes in order not to behold the destruction of his beloved commander.

Quickly came the discharge from the opposing

ranks, but when the smoke cleared away, there sat Washington, his flag still waving, his eyes still flashing, and his form untouched by a single bullet. Not even when covering Braddock's defeat had he escaped so great peril. We must believe that a kind Providence again preserved him for future years.

Before this renewed attack the British fled and Washington entered Princeton. On account of the weariness of his men, who had been without rest for two days and nights, he determined not to proceed against New Brunswick, and took up a strong position to the north, at Morristown. Cornwallis hurried from Trenton, but gave up the idea of pursuit, and moved on to New Brunswick. Washington, by means of small expeditions, soon obtained control of all of northern New Jersey. Of the whole state, the English held New Brunswick and Amboy only.

Instead of capturing Philadelphia, the campaign of a few days made it probable that the British must abandon New Jersey. This proved to be the result. Although Howe came on from New York with reinforcements and some hard fighting followed, on the 30th of June the entire army crossed over to Staten Island.

In the last chapter we left General Carleton in winter quarters near Lake Champlain. Early in

the year, Lieutenant-General Burgoyne succeeded Carleton in command of the English forces in Canada, and in June, at the head of an army of ten thousand men, he reached the Lake. His plan was to descend along the Hudson River and unite with Howe's army, cutting off communication between New England and the other colonies. That his veteran army could be hindered seriously

by colonial troops probably never occurred to him. Still, as the past has furnished many surprises for the British, it now may be interesting to see what happened to Burgoyne.



GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER.

At first the invaders met with little resistance. Fort Ticonderoga was deserted. The headquarters of General Schuyler, who was in command of the northern

division of the American army, were at Fort Edward, farther to the south. He fell back as far as the mouth of the Mohawk river, and on July 30 Burgoyne entered Fort Edward. In England there was cheer and rejoicing. Nothing could stop the triumphant procession of Bur-

goyne. Again the end of the war was near at hand.

Now it chanced that the British were running short of food, and as it is one of the first rules of war that a soldier must eat before a battle, or at least very soon afterwards, Colonel Baum was sent on an excursion to Bennington, a small Vermont village, to capture some provisions stored there. He was met by New Hampshire militia under Colonel John Stark, and the Battle of Bennington followed, resulting in one of the most brilliant American victories in the whole war.



GEN. JOHN STARK.

As the column advanced to storm the British position, Stark placed himself at its head, shouting, "There are the redcoats; we must beat them today or Mollie Stark's a widow." Beat them they did, till the survivors were glad to flee, abandoning baggage and artillery. Beat them they did a second time, when Hessian reinforcements renewed the battle; and when night fell, though Stark's horse was killed under him, Mollie was not a widow, but the wife of a living hero.

News of this defeat was a severe blow to Burgoyne. To add to his discomfort, about the same time came word that his comrade in arms, General St. Leger, who meanwhile had been besieging General Schuyler at the head of the Mohawk River, had been compelled to retreat northward; and let us note that the man who led the expedition before which St. Leger fled, was Benedict Arnold.



GEN. HORATIO GATES.

Burgoyne began to see that he had stirred up a hornets' nest. He was ashamed to go back, and he clearly perceived that danger lay ahead. General Gates was now in command instead of General Schuyler. His forces constantly were being augmented by militia coming from New England and from the main army under

Washington. The result at Bennington aroused all the country. Every day added to the strength of the Americans and increased their enthusiasm.

Burgoyne pushed on slowly. Word was sent General Clinton in New York, asking for assistance. Every day Burgoyne hoped to hear that Clinton's

forces, ascending the river, were where they could aid him. No help came. He must fight it out alone.

On the 19th of September he engaged the colonial forces just beyond Saratoga, in a general battle which lasted all day without decisive results. This is known as the Battle of Stillwater. From that time on, Gates drew his lines closer and closer. On October 7 there was another engagement lasting from noon till dark, and called the Battle of Bemis Heights. It was a complete victory for the Americans, though for some time the outcome was in doubt. While the conflict was at its height, into the thickest of the fight wildly dashed a man on horseback. Like a madman he rode up and down in front of the Americans, shouting his commands above the din of battle. Like a fiend he charged in advance of the line, into the very arms of the British soldiers. At length, as the victory was won, he fell badly wounded, but conscious that no small share of the glory was his. The name of this man was Benedict Arnold.

After the battle Burgoyne retreated to the north but found escape cut off in every direction. On the 17th of October, when further resistance was useless and starvation was near at hand, the entire army, containing five thousand eight hundred men, with artillery, muskets and ammunition, surrendered

to General Gates. Great was the joy throughout the colonies; and in England, great the gloom, when the news, at first discredited there, finally was confirmed.

But affairs had not been progressing so well with Washington in the south. Howe, after abandoning New Jersey, in the latter part of July attempted to attack Philadelphia by way of the Delaware River. Foiled in this by the watchful Washington, who suspected his purpose, he landed at the head of Chesapeake Bay, and started overland for Philadelphia. Washington stationed his army at Wilmington, Delaware, and resolved to risk a battle to save the capital. On the 11th of September, on the banks of the Brandywine River, the opposing forces met and the Americans were defeated.

The day after the battle Washington withdrew to Germantown, a few miles from Philadelphia. He still was anxious to hazard another engagement before relinquishing Philadelphia. On the 15th the two armies were about to try conclusions again, but a violent storm came up, wetting the ammunition and making a fight impossible. After manœuvring for a few days, Howe managed to reach the ford at Morristown, and on the 26th of September entered Philadelphia. The main body of the British troops was posted at Germantown.

Congress, at Howe's approach, removed to Lancaster. Washington encamped about twenty miles from Philadelphia. On the 3d of October, he determined to attack the British at Germantown. The movement was begun during the night, in the hope of surprising the enemy as had been done on previous occasions. Bad roads made quick marching difficult, and Howe's army had prepared for combat before a general attack could be made. A fierce battle followed, and for a while fortune favored the Americans. In the end, nevertheless, Howe was victorious, and Washington retired to Whitemarsh, a few miles away.

During October and November, the British strengthened their positions by taking Forts Mifflin and Mercer on the Delaware River, thus controlling that important stream. Then Howe comfortably settled down in Philadelphia for the winter, and on December 11 Washington moved from Whitemarsh to Valley Forge, to go into winter quarters also.

In the battles and skirmishes between Washington and Howe, which we have outlined, success was uniformly with the British. In justice it must be remembered, however, that though the two armies were about equal in numbers, the advantage in every other respect was with King George's men.

Under Howe were veteran English and Hessian soldiers perfectly armed, plentifully supplied with ammunition, finely drilled and disciplined, and by no means least of all, well clothed and well nourished. The troops under Washington always were in need of arms, ammunition, food, and clothing. Brave they were and patriotic, but they lacked the discipline which can be attained by only years of actual service.

That these ragged, half armed, half fed, undisciplined militia had met Howe's army without being captured or even scattered, is a real tribute to the skill and personality of Washington. At the end of the whole campaign, the British had gained a snug home in Philadelphia. That was all.

Very marked is the contrast between the two armies now in winter quarters. The British in Philadelphia have every comfort, and even luxury. With them there is warmth and cheer, food and wine, feasting, carousing, song, and laughter. Truly, under such conditions, a soldier's life is a merry one. Now look at Valley Forge. No one has sufficient food, clothing, bedding, or shelter. There is more than mere discomfort or annoyance. There is actual pain and privation beyond the power of pen to picture. Shoeless feet leave bloody tracks on the ice and snow; shirtless bodies shiver in the

shrill blasts; blanketless forms huddle on the hard ground without even straw for bedding.

When one is hungry, there is moldy food ; when chilled, there is melted snow to drink ; when sick, there is no medicine ; when sleepy, the bare ground for a couch ; when freezing, a log hut and a smoldering fire for warmth. By February, through lack of clothing, four thousand men were unfit for service. Many more were disabled through sickness and disease, yet the conditions in the hospital were so wretched that sick soldiers preferred to remain in their huts and die in the open air.

Under these privations, men fighting for pay or glory would have surrendered or returned to their homes. In this army of patriots, there was no murmuring, little complaining, few desertions. Silently they suffered, bravely they endured, and by their loyalty and fortitude proved themselves worthy of the success which in the end came to them.

Washington was moved greatly by the distress of his followers, but little could he do save to comfort and sustain them by word and example. Their confidence in him never wavered and their love for him increased. Deeply their devotion must have touched his heart, for from other parts of the country came complaints and criticism, harder far to bear than the gloom and sorrow at Valley Forge.

The campaign of Washington was a series of retreats. Not a single disastrous defeat had been administered by him to the English. In the north, however, the capture of Burgoyne's large army had spread the fame of General Gates throughout the colonies. The escape by Washington from Long Island, his masterly retreat through New Jersey, his crossing of the Delaware, his victory over the Hessians, his confusion of Howe by the attack on Princeton,—all were forgotten in the glory of the new conqueror.

Envy, malice, and ambition commenced their work, at first secretly, in unsigned letters and rumors which could not be traced, then more openly and defiantly. The northern army had been successful through the superior leadership of Gates. Under his command, the army in the south likewise would be victorious. Washington had showed his weakness and should be removed. Gates had proven his ability and should be made commander-in chief.

So ran the reports, and such were the charges against Washington. Gates, though he entered a denial later, in the outset certainly did nothing to discourage the movement. He desired the honor even at the expense of his friend's degradation. On Washington's feelings, when he found abuse

and slander, where he needed assistance and sympathy, we shall not dwell. Soon he triumphed over his enemies and his defamers were silenced ; but his faithfulness, patience and dignity in the hour of trial and humiliation should not be forgotten.

We are too apt to think of him only as a general, listening to the applause of a victorious army, or as a statesman, leading a confiding people. Had there been a weakness in his nature or a flaw in his character, his career, so brilliantly begun, here would have ended in failure. The true picture of Washington at Valley Forge is even more worthy our admiration than the more familiar ones of Washington crossing the Delaware or saying farewell to his army.

XXIII.

BRIGHTER DAYS.



LAFAYETTE.

So far we have traced the progress of the conflict without any reference to France. It will be remembered that she was the hereditary enemy of England, and that at the close of the French and Indian War her one consolation in the hour of defeat was the belief that, as a final result, the English would lose their possessions in the new world. Now for over

two years the colonies have been struggling against Great Britain, and before we proceed, let us see what has been done towards obtaining foreign aid, and whether France has been neglecting an issue in the success of which she should be so greatly interested.

In March, 1776, before the Declaration of Independence was passed, Silas Deane was sent to France to arouse sympathy for the colonial cause, and to treat with the king. The French minister

at that time was Count de Vergennes, whose words predicting American independence have been quoted in a previous chapter. Naturally, the king, with such an adviser, showed a very friendly disposition. In June of the same year, as soon as independence definitely was decided upon, Benjamin Franklin was dispatched by Congress on a similar mission. Though of humble birth, and self educated, Franklin was a man of rare intellectual power and broad scholarship. In the brilliant court of Louis XVI. he more than held his own with the brightest and the wittiest.

At first France would not openly espouse the American cause. It seemed best to act secretly and wait until the outcome appeared clearer, before taking steps which of necessity would involve war with England. Still, very substantial help was given almost immediately. As early as the spring of 1776 large amounts of powder, artillery, and equipments were shipped to America as private merchandise and with the knowledge of the court. The protests of the English minister were unavailing. The French government merely denied any responsibility and through the usual channels expressed its regrets that any of its subjects should have disregarded the treaty rights of England. Meanwhile the shipments continued.

In January, 1777, the king announced that a large sum of money would be paid to the colonies quarterly, and the amount would be increased as fast as his resources would allow. About that time Frenchmen, too, began coming to America to assist in the war. Among the first was Lafayette, who,



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

at the age of nineteen years, purely for love of liberty risked his life and fortune in behalf of the struggling patriots. Hatred and jealousy of England may have been the motives which prompted the king of France, but Lafayette fought for the holy principle of freedom.

Later we shall see that he played an important

part in the operations which closed the war. Among the many heroes of this eventful period, few appeal more strongly to our sympathy and affections than this French boy, not only a brilliant officer, but a friend dear as a son to our beloved Washington.

While all this help was greatly appreciated, the Americans by no means relaxed their efforts to make an open alliance with France and secure the assistance of her fleets and armies. At last the victory over Burgoyne brought matters to a crisis. Here the colonial armies had given evidence of their strength. France no longer hesitated.

On the 6th of February, 1778, she made a formal treaty with the United States in which the independence of the colonies was acknowledged. If England declared war against France, as seemed inevitable, neither party to the treaty was to conclude terms of peace without the consent of the other.

News of this important event reached America in April and great was the rejoicing. Welcome indeed were the tidings to Washington and the little army at Valley Forge. England, too, now began to appreciate the gravity of the situation. Propositions for peace were made to Congress. They yielded every demand of the colonies, except independence. Had these concessions been offered

earlier, they would have been accepted gladly. Now they were spurned. Having gone thus far, the Americans would be satisfied with nothing less than absolute and complete independence.

Early in 1778 Sir Henry Clinton succeeded General Howe. The British forces remained in Philadelphia until summer. In the meantime a fleet under Count d'Estaing had left France, hoping to sail up the Delaware River and coöperate with the Americans under Washington in an attack on Philadelphia. Rumors regarding this fleet reached Clinton and on June 18 he left Philadelphia for New York. Washington followed him, and on the 28th an encounter took place at Monmouth. As the result of the day's battle, success was with the Americans, and morning eagerly was awaited for completing the victory. During the night, however, Clinton escaped unnoticed, and reached New York in safety.

The British forces at Monmouth outnumbered the Americans two to one, and Congress publicly thanked Washington for his skill in successfully attacking Clinton's army and so soon after emerging from Valley Forge. The entire credit is due to him, for he acted against the advice of his companions. He also was embarrassed by the presence of a resentful and obstinate officer, General Lee,

whose actions in the face of the enemy were almost traitorous.

In planning for the battle, Lee was sent ahead, in command of the advance guard of about five thousand men. On the morning of the 21st he was ordered to attack Clinton, unless there were strong reasons to the contrary. Later, Washington, marching with



GEN. CHARLES LEE.

the main division of the army to the support of Lee, was astonished and alarmed to find the troops in full retreat, apparently without having made any serious attack or having been assaulted by any large force of the enemy.

Immediately Washington demanded an explanation of Lee, and received an abrupt and discourteous answer. Then the indignation of Washington knew no bounds. Lee was ordered to the rear, a new line of battle was formed, and the retreat checked so that the day was won instead of lost.

At the white heat of anger Washington, in expressing his views to Lee, used no uncertain terms and perhaps his language was more emphatic than elegant. It was an occasion when wrath not only

is to be excused but even admired. There were good grounds to suspect disobedience to orders which amounted to treachery and treason, and no explanation was vouchsafed by the haughty Lee. Already we have learned to appreciate the bravery, the skill, the patience and the modesty of Washington. Now we love him the more because he shows himself a passionate leader of men — a leader with the warm, red blood of manhood in his veins; over-riding opposition, rebuking a disobedient general, and yet thinking so clearly as to turn defeat into victory!

After the engagement, Lee sent two sharp letters to Washington, demanding an explanation of the language used on the battle field. For this, and the conduct already mentioned, he was court-martialed and sentenced to be dismissed for one year from the service. He never rejoined the army, and died before the war was over.

Before farther following the armies of Washington and Clinton, we must turn our attention to eastern Pennsylvania. The sun shines on no fairer land than the hills and vales along the Susquehanna River. On the banks of this stream, in the times of which we are reading, lay the village of Wyoming and a few small forts. For miles around in all directions were fruitful farms and comfortable though humble homes.

The people of the valley, while of peaceful disposition, were patriotic, also, and the able bodied men had gone to the south to fight for their country. Taking advantage of this weakness, Major John Butler, a colonist, but a tory, in July marched from Niagara against these defenceless inhabitants. He had an army of fifteen hundred men, many of them being fierce and uncontrollable savages.

A few boys and feeble men, hastily armed and gathered together, attempted to oppose the approach of this army, but with disastrous results. They were cut down without mercy, and only a few made their escape to the fort in Wyoming. There they were followed by a demand from Butler for immediate surrender. The summons was emphasized, tradition has it, by the display of one hundred and ninety-six scalps from the heads of those just slain. Seeing that resistance would be useless, and half relying on assurances of safety, the garrison opened the gates.

Then commenced a slaughter almost unparalleled in the bloody history of Indian warfare. Some were killed where they stood, others were reserved for torture, and still others were imprisoned in wooden buildings, which then were burned to the ground. Ties of kinship were forgotten, for there

are tales of more than one man who stained his hands in the blood of his father, mother, sisters, and brothers. When this cruel work was over, up and down the beautiful valley these red and white marauders roamed, spreading death and destruction. With such fiendish allies did England attempt to subdue the colonies.



ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

The other events of the year we can mention but briefly. A combined attack upon New York by land and water was planned, but finally a severe storm prevented. Newport was captured by the English and the shipping along the coast destroyed. In November, the French fleet sailed to operate against the British West Indies. During the last

few days of December, Savannah, after a gallant fight against great odds, fell into the hands of the English.

The year closed with the American army under Washington in winter quarters at Middlebrook, New Jersey. The English were holding New York, Newport and Savannah — not a very satisfactory progress on their part for almost four years of war!

In the north the important operations of 1779 commenced by a movement of General Clinton against West Point, on the Hudson River, where the United States Military Academy now is situated. Washington had selected this site for important fortifications, but they were only half completed and the garrison could offer no resistance. On June 1, Clinton took possession and at the same time captured Verplank's Point on the other side of the river.

Early in July, Washington determined to recapture West Point. The mission was intrusted to twelve hundred light infantry under General Wayne, who from his bold deeds became



GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE.

known as "Mad Anthony" Wayne. At midnight on the 15th he reached the base of the fortifications, without being discovered. Here the men were halted while orders for the desperate assault were given.

The advance was in two columns from opposite sides of the fort. Reliance was on the bayonet alone. Every musket was unloaded. One man, who in defiance of the command, persisted in charging his piece, received a thrust through the body from an officer's sword. This was no time for fooling. On obedience depended the lives of the Americans and the success of the undertaking.

Shortly after midnight the impetuous charge was made. The troops were received with a storm of bullets and grape shot, but they never flinched nor wavered. Over the fort they swarmed, and in the center the two columns met, with the garrison hemmed in between them. At once the British surrendered, throwing down their arms and calling for quarter. This in every case was granted. The patriots did not wage war after the manner of the Indians and Tories.

Wayne proceeded to dismantle the fort, and moved away with captured ammunition and stores to the value of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One incident in this event shows the stern

reality of war. Out of twenty men who volunteered to act as a "forlorn hope" and march at the head of an attacking column, seventeen were killed or wounded.

The remaining movements in the north during the year 1779 included an expedition fitted out in Boston against a post which the British were establishing at Penobscot, Maine. A fleet of thirty-seven vessels and a land force of thirty-five hundred men were leagued in the movement. It was entirely unsuccessful, and the American ships were attacked and destroyed by an English fleet which suddenly appeared.

Mention, too, should be made of an army sent in August against the Indians and tories in Pennsylvania, who had intrenched themselves at Elmira on the Tioga River. The fort was captured by a brilliant attack. Then the army marched through the valley destroying Indian villages and tory farms. Thus the Wyoming massacre partially was avenged.

In the south, in the meantime, Georgia had been overrun with English troops operating from Savannah. The British inroads culminated on the 29th of January, with the capture of Augusta. In February this city was abandoned, on account of colonial successes in South Carolina, and the royal army under General Campbell retreated towards



GEN. B. LINCOLN.

Savannah. General Lincoln, now in command of the American forces in the south, sent three thousand men under General Ashe to intercept the British, but they were surrounded completely and killed or captured.

Within a few weeks General Lincoln renewed his efforts, and finally, in September, Savannah was besieged, with the assistance of the French fleet under d'Estaing, which had returned from a scout in the West Indies. Through fear of storms, the French commander refused to stay long on this harborless coast, and early in October it was decided that the city must be carried by assault or the siege be abandoned. The former course was agreed upon. So desperate was the advance that at one time success seemed assured, and the American flag actually was planted on the ramparts. All was in vain, however. In the end French and Americans were repulsed.

This action is notable for the death of two heroes, Pulaski, a Polish nobleman who, like Lafayette, had come to fight for liberty; and brave

Sergeant Jasper, whose bold deed on the walls of Fort Moultrie already has attracted our attention.

During the year thus brought to a close, the most notable achievement on land was the capture of Stony Point by "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

So far little attention has been paid to the sea. Now we come to an American naval hero, Paul Jones, who won glory for the stars and stripes on the ocean. The tale is one of desperate valor and will be told from generation to generation so long as men love brave acts and deeds of daring.



PAUL JONES.

During the summer, Paul Jones secured in France an old merchant vessel and fitted her out as a man-of-war. He christened her the "Bon Homme Richard," taking the name from the famous almanac "Poor Richard," published by Benjamin Franklin. On the 22d of September, while boldly sailing off the east coast of Scotland in company with two French consorts, the "Alliance" and "Pallas," he came in sight of a fleet of English merchantmen

protected by the frigates "Serapis" of fifty guns, and "Countess of Scarborough" of twenty-two guns.

The three ships were outclassed in every respect by the two English frigates. The crew of the *Richard* had been decreased in numbers by detachments sent to man the different prizes she had taken, and at this time Jones had on board almost as many prisoners as sailors. Still he never thought of trying to avoid a fight. America has been victorious on land and sea these many years because her sailors and soldiers never stop to count the odds.

In the early evening, just as the full moon rose to light the awful scenes which were to follow, the "*Richard*" fired on the "*Serapis*." With the first discharge, two of the guns on the lower deck of the "*Richard*" burst with fearful effect, and that battery was rendered useless. Broadside after broadside was poured from the "*Serapis*." Balls from her big eighteen pounders tore gaping holes in her opponents' hull. The contest was unequal, for the "*Serapis*" could outsail the "*Richard*" at every point.

Then Jones forced his vessel against the enemy's and lashed them together. This saved him from defeat, for the "*Richard*," with her riddled hull, would have sunk. As Jones completed this manoeuvre, the confident British commander cried out,

“Have you struck?” Then came from the lips of Paul Jones the historic answer: “I have not yet begun to fight!”

So the combat was waged for hours. With muskets the men fired at each other from opposite decks, with cutlasses they fought hand to hand as the English attempted unsuccessfully to board the “Richard.” Fire-balls were tossed from vessel to vessel. Presently a sailor, who had climbed out on the yard-arm of the “Richard,” dropped a hand grenade down the open hatchway of the “Serapis.” It landed in a line of cartridges which the powder boys had laid out along the floor. One by one, like a bunch of fire-crackers when a match is touched to the fuse, they exploded with terrific execution.

Thus, bathed in the soft moonshine, rolling up and down on the ocean swells, wrapped in clouds of smoke pierced here and there by spurts of fire from small arms and cannon, lighting the heavens with a ruddy glare as now one ship, now the other, and at times both, broke into flame, fighting they drifted before the wind. So in deadly embrace two naked men, armed only with sharp knives, might writhe and wrestle on the ground, each stabbing the other but not able to protect himself.

With hulls and decks, masts and rigging shattered

by shot and half consumed by fire, one ship must yield or both would sink. Jones would not surrender, so the Englishman hauled down his flag. In the meantime the "Pallas" had taken the "Countess of Scarborough," and the "Alliance" had attempted to assist the "Richard," but in the confusion her fire was as damaging to the Americans as to the English. Captain Jones transferred his men to the "Serapis" and made for the coast of Holland. The next day the "Bon Homme Richard" sank to the bottom.

It was a great victory. Of the three hundred and seventy-five sailors serving on the "Richard" three hundred were killed or wounded. How could England hope to conquer men who fought like that, and won? The moral effect of such an encounter was worth more than the capture of a dozen cities. While the final victory on land had not yet come, well might the patriots take courage and exclaim, as did Paul Jones, "We have not yet begun to fight!"

XXIV.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, TRAITOR.

In following the course of military operations, we have permitted ourselves to lose sight almost of the conditions of the country in other respects. Yet we must not presume that affairs throughout the land could come to a standstill awaiting peace. Those persons who were not in the army must



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

carry on their business as nearly as possible as though there were no war. Soldiers must be paid the same as other men. For these purposes, there must be money, and as there was an insufficient amount of gold or silver, Congress, as is customary, had issued paper currency, or notes payable when the war should be over.

In the case of a rich and mighty nation, such promises, like those of a wealthy man, always are as good

as gold. Thus it was at first with the continental currency. In comparison with England, however, the colonies were weak and with few resources. As the war dragged along, people lost confidence and the paper money became almost worthless. When a soldier sent a month's pay home, his family could not buy enough for a good square meal, so whole regiments became discontented and mutinous.

Conscienceless men who were in debt forced those whom they owed to take currency at its face value, when it was worth much less. Others were disreputable enough to speculate on the misfortunes of their country. One day they would spread reports of great colonial defeats. Then the currency would be worth little, for people would not believe the government could keep its promises to pay. Thus in exchange for a small quantity of goods these rascals would receive a large amount of paper money. In a few days they would circulate rumors of American victories. Then people would become confident, currency would increase in value, and the same men, in exchange for but a little money would buy back more goods than they had before. So by forcing the value of currency up or down as best suited their ends, they enriched themselves but brought disaster to others.

At the close of 1779, the country was in a ruin-

ous financial condition. Traitors at home were as hard to contend with as enemies from abroad, and Washington and Congress were having as much trouble from these causes as with the troops of George III. It is well in following the different armies, to keep such facts continually in mind. Patriotism was by no means universal and our knowledge of these additional difficulties will increase our admiration at the victory finally achieved.

The year 1780 opened with some encouragement for the Americans. During the preceding summer, Spain had declared war against England and this increased European sympathy for the colonial cause. Soon after the declaration a Spanish army marched from Louisiana, at this time a Spanish province, and captured the British forts on the borders along the lower Mississippi. While the movement did not directly affect operations on the Atlantic coast, the control, thus obtained, of the navigation of the river was of vast importance later in connection with negotiating the terms of the treaty of peace.

In July, 1780, a French squadron with six thousand troops under the command of Count Rochambeau arrived at Newport. Their aid and co-operation were welcome indeed, and during the fall Washington conferred with Rochambeau regarding future campaigns.

The activities of the year were confined chiefly to the south. In February a British fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot, and a land force under General Clinton, laid siege to Charleston. General Lincoln, with an army of fourteen hundred men, was occupying the city and refused to surrender. A furious bombardment destroyed the fortifications, and in May, when Clinton was preparing to carry the place by assault, Lincoln capitulated. This gave the English possession of the principal city of the south and left South Carolina practically at their mercy.

While Clinton might hold the conquered territory, the measures he adopted were not of a nature to conciliate or subdue the inhabitants. One instance will show the barbarity of his methods. During the siege, five hundred militia marched from North Carolina to offer their assistance. The surrender occurred while they were on the way, and at once they retreated towards the north. Seven hundred British cavalry under Tarleton overtook them and massacred them almost to a man. This outrageous deed was praised by Cornwallis.

In addition, the Carolinans were given their choice of serving in the English army against their fellow countrymen, or of being punished as traitors.

Many of them would have remained neutral, had it been permitted, but when compelled to fight, preferred to take up arms against the British rather than against their own people.



FRANCIS MARION.

Exasperated by the barbarity and severity of the British, the colonists began to organize in small bands, to worry and harass them. In these movements there were two famous leaders: Thomas Sumter, the "Gamecock," and Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox."

Sumter gathered together a few hundred active, audacious, hardy men, familiar with every path and trail throughout the country. At first he routed small parties of the English or attacked their outposts when most unexpected. Later, when a full equipment of arms and ammunition had been obtained from the enemy, he did not hesitate to engage with larger numbers. At Rocky Mount he almost destroyed a detachment of British dragoons, and at Hanging Rock a whole regiment was cut to pieces by him. Soon the mere rumor of the coming of

Sumter would bring terror to the hearts of the English, and "Sumter's Raids" became famous over all the land.

Marion was, if possible, even more bold and dashing. With a company of less than fifty boys and men, white and black, ragged, partly armed, and living on what they could pick up from day to day, he moved from place to place with such quickness that the British were in constant excitement. When they prepared to resist him at one point, he was spreading destruction miles away; when they looked for him at night, nothing occurred to disturb them; and when their fears vanished with the morning, suddenly he swept down upon them. During the summer and fall no British outpost slept in security, no detachment could march in safety. Through it all, not a single foul deed marred the record of either Sumter or Marion.

In August, General Gates, who after the fall of Charleston succeeded Lee in command of the southern army, engaged the English under Cornwallis in a stubborn fight at Sanders Creek near Camden, South Carolina. The Americans were badly defeated. A few days later, Sumter's forces were routed by Tarleton. Cornwallis advanced to Charlotte, North Carolina, and the Americans retreated before him.

In October a detachment of British sent into the western part of North Carolina were captured at King's Mountain, but aside from this, the English seemed to be having their own way in the south. The year closed with Georgia, North and South Carolina in their control.

The main event of the year, and one of the most important features of the whole war, was the attempted betrayal of West Point to the British. With the progress of the war attention has been called to various services rendered by Benedict Arnold — how he acted with Ethan Allen in the capture of Ticonderoga, through the ice and snow of winter led an army to Quebec, was wounded in a gallant assault on that city, fought desperately in the conflict on Lake Champlain, and recklessly encouraged the army in the battle of Bemis Heights. Now it is necessary to chronicle an act of villainy and treachery on his part, which has rendered him forever contemptible and infamous in the eyes of all honest men.

At the best he must have been of weak character; avaricious, passionate, resentful, and devoid of moral principle. We are loath to believe that any one is wholly bad; and the charitable view is to consider Arnold, up to this time, sincere and patriotic, so far as a base mind can entertain noble

ideas. Still, there are those who, after a careful study of his life, conclude that from the first he was actuated by dishonorable motives only: working for his own glory and gain, in the early days of the war; quickly seeking means of revenge, when justly reproved for unpatriotic conduct; and not in the least reluctant to betray his country, that he might accomplish this purpose and at the same time profit himself financially. Whether he yielded to temptation reluctantly or willingly, is known to Him alone who reads our inmost thoughts.

While suffering from the wound received in the battle of Bemis Heights, Arnold was placed in command of the troops stationed in Philadelphia when Howe evacuated. Here he married the daughter of a prominent Tory, and entered upon a life of extravagance and luxury. In order to carry on his excesses, he speculated freely, lost heavily and became involved deeply in debt. His proud nature would not brook the incessant demands of his creditors and yet he haughtily refused to live more quietly and economically.

Finally his disreputable habits and practices could be overlooked no longer. He was court-martialed, convicted, and rebuked by Washington in dignified though firm language.

Very likely for some time Arnold's mind had

been filled with treasonable thoughts. However this may be, smarting under the censure of the court-martial and the reprimand of his commander-in-chief, angered by the criticism instead of being filled with shame for his own evil conduct, he now formed the fixed purpose of aiding the English cause on the most profitable terms he could obtain.

For months he could not conceive a satisfactory plan. During this time he opened up correspondence with Major André, the British adjutant-general, and through him Clinton was kept advised of the movements and projects of the American forces. In his letters Arnold intimated that at the proper time he would perform some great service for the English, and for this he was promised a large sum of gold and a commission in the army.

In July, 1780, Arnold was placed in command of West Point. After its capture by General Wayne, Washington had extensively fortified the place. It was one of the most important points in possession of the Americans, for it protected the navigation of the Hudson River and also communication between the colonies of the north and south. At this time it was garrisoned by an army of three thousand men and within its walls were collected

a considerable amount of ammunition, provisions, and supplies of every kind. Arnold planned to deliver the fort, the garrison, and the stores into the hands of the British. If he had been successful, the American cause would have received a most severe blow.

For weeks Arnold, through messages, discussed the project with André and General Clinton. The plan was for the British to attack at a time when Arnold would have the garrison scattered, and when the fort could be surrendered without resistance. To arrange the details was not so simple a matter. A personal interview was necessary, and Arnold proposed several methods by which André might visit him; but with his customary selfishness made each arrangement so that he himself would be protected as far as possible. André, on his part, had no desire to risk his neck as a spy, and refused to enter the American lines.

So matters dragged along till the latter part of September. Then Washington's absence from West Point made the time seem favorable for carrying out the scheme. Haste was required because at any moment some change in the plans of the Americans might render the attempted treachery absolutely out of the question.

On September 21 the British sloop "Vulture"

ascended the Hudson and anchored a few miles below West Point. At midnight André, in a small boat, was rowed ashore and met Arnold on the river-bank. There 'mid the darkness of the night they plotted. Dawn came upon them with their work



HUDSON RIVER, SHOWING SCENE OF ANDRÉ'S CAPTURE.

still uncompleted, and somewhat unwillingly André was persuaded to go with Arnold through the American lines to a neighboring house. Here the conference continued until noon. Then Arnold

retired to his headquarters on the other side of the river opposite West Point, leaving André a pass in the name of John Anderson, and a complete description of West Point, its fortifications and garrison.

André found himself in a very unpleasant position. Owing to a severe cannonade directed against her, the "Vulture" had been compelled to drop down the river. All he could do was to make his way towards New York by land. Up to this time he had been clad in his British uniform; now he donned a citizen's suit, and crossing the river in a skiff, began his perilous journey south. He relied on his pass to enable him to evade the American sentinels. In one of his boots he concealed the documents given him by Arnold. At the first outpost he was halted and closely questioned. The pass from General Arnold quickly removed any suspicions, and at the suggestion of the captain in charge he passed the night there.

With the break of day, André again set out upon his journey. Every moment brought him nearer and nearer the English lines and safety. His spirits rose, joy took the place of fear, and almost gaily he trotted his horse along the road. Doubtless he already saw West Point occupied by the British, and the Americans astounded at the

calamity; and he thought of the honor and reward to be meted out to him for his great service to his king.

If thus he dreamed, rude was the awakening. Suddenly three men sprang from the roadside and grasped his horse's bridle. A moment ago, fame and happiness lay just within his reach. Now he stands face to face with death by hanging—the fate accorded by the law of nations to every captured spy.

Still all might have gone well, had André simply produced his pass. Instead, he asked his captors if they belonged to the “lower party,” meaning the loyalists. This was a grave mistake. On such seeming trifles hangs the fate of men and nations. Assured by them that they were of the party mentioned, he declared himself a British officer on important business. When he was roughly ordered to dismount he realized his blunder and showed his pass. Too late! A search of his person disclosed the documents in his boots, and indignantly scorning all offers of bribes, the men who had taken him sent him a prisoner to the nearest post.

Here another error was made. The commander, Lieutenant-colonel Jamison, was so astonished at the contents of the papers turned over to him that he lost his presence of mind. He sent the

documents by special messenger to Washington, but at the same time forwarded a note to Arnold, telling him what had taken place. This reached Arnold while he was at breakfast with his family. Hastily bidding his wife good-bye, and leaving her fainting on the floor from the effect of his terrible disclosure, he galloped to the river and in a boat reached the "Vulture," which again had worked up stream.

Thus Arnold avoided the vengeance of his countrymen. He received the promised gold, and later we shall find him serving in the war as a British officer. But from the bitterness of his own thoughts and the knowledge of his own perfidy, he never could escape.

At first he bore himself with an air of reckless bravado; but soon he found himself despised and distrusted by all honorable men. Degraded he lived, deserted and lonely he died; meanwhile the country he sought to betray became free and prosperous, and his brother officers won deathless glory in which he could not share. Doubtless the punishment of his conscience was more severe than any which man could have devised.

Shortly after Arnold's flight, Washington arrived. When the news was made known to him, great must have been his alarm; but not for a moment

did his self-possession leave him. One cry only, to his dear friend Lafayette, "Whom can we now trust?" unveiled the anguish of his soul. Then calmly and quietly plans were made and orders given to frustrate any attack General Clinton still might contemplate. There was no way of telling the extent of the conspiracy, and a smaller man would have looked with distrust on every officer. Washington extended to all the same cordiality and confidence as before, thus showing the breadth of his character and the strength of his nature.

Eight days later André met his death on the scaffold. In a letter to Washington, written immediately after his arrest, he argued that he entered the American lines in uniform, and unwillingly and through force of circumstances was compelled to put on citizen's clothes. It was of no avail; and rightly so. In disguise he traveled in American territory, and in disguise tried to pass American sentinels, with important information concealed on his person. As a spy he had acted, as a spy he was captured, and as a spy he must die.

General Clinton blustered and threatened, but to no purpose. Washington would have exchanged him for Arnold, but the British would not play false to even a traitor. André begged for a

soldier's death by shooting, but this was denied him, for the rules of war are stern and inexorable. Aside from this, every possible favor and courtesy were extended to him. The consolation of a Bible and a minister freely were offered, and his letters to General Clinton regarding his personal affairs were forwarded carefully.

The memory of the brutal treatment of Nathan Hale was yet fresh in the minds of the Americans, but André's death was decreed by justness, not by revenge; and he met his fate boldly, as a brave soldier should.

The fate of André has called forth many expressions of sorrow. Sad it is to see any man cut down in the prime of his life, while serving his country in whatsoever way to him seems best, and to everyone death by hanging is most abhorrent. To this extent, and no more, is he entitled to our sympathy. While our hearts may soften towards him, we must not forget that he was not the victim of circumstances.

When dawn approached, as he was consulting with Arnold on the river-bank, he could have returned to the "Vulture." When Arnold left him at noon, and the "Vulture" could not be reached, he might have abandoned his mission and given himself up as an honorable prisoner of war. In-

stead, he assumed the disguise of a spy, though as a soldier he well knew the penalty if taken. To mercy he had no claim, and justice he received.

For our hero, let us turn to him who gladly met a similar death in an effort to save the day when the colonial cause seemed desperate—to Nathan Hale, whose only regret was that he had but one life to lose for his country.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea ;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear ;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil ;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads, —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain ;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
 Forever from our shore.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

XXV.

THE BUFF AND BLUE TRIUMPHANT.

During December, 1780, war was declared between Great Britain and Holland. The folly of George III. now had involved him in hostilities with three European countries as well as with the colonies. Nevertheless, the prospect for the American cause at the opening of the year 1781 could not be considered very bright. As we have seen, the English held possession in the south; in the north they continued to occupy New York, from which it would be difficult to dislodge them. The financial condition of the country had gone from bad to worse. There was no money for the army, and everywhere the soldiers were suffering from lack of food and clothing.

In January the whole Pennsylvania line, consisting of fifteen hundred men, mutinied and started for their homes. How to deal with them was a delicate question. They were entitled to sympathy and forbearance, because Congress had been negligent in failing to make provision for them, and their physical suffering had been great. They still

were patriotic, for when Clinton sent men to them offering aid and comfort if they would come over to his side, the messengers promptly were turned over to the American officers to be tried as spies. The difficulty was settled finally by taking steps to supply their pressing needs.

A New Jersey brigade, which entered upon a more violent revolt, was quelled by sterner measures and two of its leaders were hanged. On the whole, the disturbances had a good effect because Congress and the colonies now realized that even a patriot could not reasonably be expected to fight for his country, while cold and hungry through the slow action of those at home whose duty it was to provide for him.

On the part of the English, the activities of the year commenced with a raid through Virginia by troops under Benedict Arnold, now a Brigadier-General in the British army. The object was to pillage and plunder the colony, and for this purpose Arnold was eminently fitted. No longer is he the bold and skilful general who fought for freedom. At times there seems to be a touch of his old spirit, but it is mere show. Fear has taken the place of courage, and his desire is not an honorable victory, but to satisfy that hatred and longing for revenge aroused by the failure of his despicable

plans. His fate, if captured, well he knows. Inflamed with passion and trembling with fear, laying waste with fire and sword the country which once exalted him, and which once he fought to save, he is a figure upon which the mind does not like to dwell.

Lafayette was sent to Virginia to act against Arnold and if possible to capture him, but in this he was not successful, owing in part to the inability of the French fleet to co-operate. In April General Phillips, with a force of British regulars, joined Arnold and took command. In a few weeks he died, and again Arnold was in supreme control. On May 20 Cornwallis himself arrived, and Arnold was sent back to New York.

In the latter part of 1780, General Greene succeeded Gates at the head of the American forces in the south, with headquarters at Charlotte, North Carolina. He was an officer of great energy and ability. The troops were so demoralized by numerous defeats and lack of money and supplies that his services were needed badly. He immediately re-organized the army in two divisions, himself taking charge of one, and assigning the other to General Morgan. Early in January Morgan was dispatched into South Carolina to further American interests in every way possible,

and in haste General Cornwallis detailed Colonel Tarleton with his famous cavalry to capture or disperse Morgan's forces.

On the 17th of January these armies met in the decisive battle of Cowpens. The field of action was chosen by General Morgan, and he arranged his forces with much skill. On a slightly rising piece of ground were placed the regulars and veteran militia. One hundred and fifty yards in front of them were stationed three hundred raw militia, with skirmishers thrown out still farther in advance. Behind the regulars, the cavalry of Colonel William Washington rested as a reserve. In this way, on Tarleton's approach, the skirmishers could fire and gradually fall back to the line of militia. The militia in turn could fire, and hold their place as long as possible; then, retreating, could fall in with the regulars and continue the conflict if Tarleton still should advance.

If the militia should become panic stricken and flee, the regulars were behind to receive and steady them, while Washington's cavalry was ready as a reserve to attack or support where most needed, as the combat developed. In all, about eight hundred men composed the colonial detachment.

Early in the morning Tarleton's force of one thousand veteran soldiers confidently advanced.

As they drew near, the skirmishers, retreating from tree to tree, opened a rapid and deadly fire, emptying many a saddle. The militia, too, fought manfully, sending volley after volley into the British ranks and falling back only at the point of bayonet and sabre. Then the regulars took up the battle, and Tarleton, calling his reserves, fell upon them with great fury.

Now a change of position on the part of the Americans seemed advisable, and the order was given to wheel to the right. Misunderstanding the command, they turned and marched to the rear, though calmly and in perfect order. Tarleton accepted this as a retreat, and already feeling assured of victory, pushed forward in pursuit.

Here Colonel Washington, waiting with the reserve American cavalry, saw his opportunity. With a mad rush his riders swooped down on the unsuspecting British, and with such impetuosity that they burst clear through the line. Wheeling about, they charged them again from the rear. At this point, the regulars turned around, and commenced a severe fire from the opposite direction. Thus hemmed in on both sides, Tarleton's famous cavalry threw away their arms and begged for quarter.

The victory was absolute. Tarleton himself, with a few companions, escaped, but one hundred

of his men were slain and six hundred taken prisoner. These were the British troops who had spread devastation throughout the south, and had butchered soldiers and colonists without mercy. Now when they themselves begged for quarter, in every case it was granted. Even in the heat of battle and the flush of victory, the patriots refrained from the foul deeds which stain the record of their adversaries.

Great as was this victory, the Americans were not in a position to press the advantage. Cornwallis was but thirty miles distant and hastened to avenge the defeat. The only course open to the victors was a retreat to the north. Greene joined Morgan in order to conduct this in person. In ten days the Americans reached the Catawba River, and late in the afternoon safely crossed it, with their prisoners and baggage. At sunset Cornwallis arrived on the the southern bank. He waited for morning before passing over to attack, but during the night a severe storm came on and the river rose till it was unfordable.

When the water had subsided, the British again started after Morgan's army, now falling back towards the Yadkin River. So close was the pursuit that on the bank of this stream Morgan's rear guard was assailed, and some of his wagons were

taken. Once more a storm delayed Cornwallis, and though he did not give up the chase, the Americans managed to keep ahead and finally crossed the Dan into Virginia. Here Cornwallis, disgusted, abandoned the effort. Too much credit cannot be given General Greene for the masterly retreat.

In the latter part of February Greene, with his army re-inforced and recuperated, re-crossed the Dan into North Carolina. On March 15, at Guilford Court House, he engaged with Cornwallis and through the bad behavior of his militia was forced to retire, although the British loss was the larger.

After this battle, Cornwallis returned to Virginia, leaving the forces in the Carolinas under Lord Rawdon, at Camden, South Carolina. Into this state Greene advanced, and on April 25, a battle took place at Hobkirk's Hill. Again Greene was forced to withdraw from the field, but the British had no grounds to claim a decisive victory.

During the next few months Rawdon abandoned numerous posts in South Carolina, and finally gave over his command to Colonel Stuart. On August 22, Greene engaged Stuart in a fierce battle at Eutaw Springs. At first, victory was with the Americans; but in the end Greene was forced to yield the struggle. The next day, however, Stuart retreated and eventually was driven into Charleston.

In North Carolina, meanwhile, the Americans had been successful; and now the only English posts in the Carolinas and Georgia were Charleston and Savannah.

To a casual reader such a brief account of Greene's campaign will not do this general full justice. His ability and force are responsible for that weakening of English control in the south which marked the beginning of the end. After the victory at Cowpens his masterly retreat saved his army from capture or destruction; though compelled for the moment to fall back at Guilford Court House, the British far from obtained a definite victory, and to them this was the same as a defeat. At Eutaw Springs, too, he may not apparently have been the winner, but the next day the British retired, and he followed them till after two months they took refuge in Charleston. Deservedly he holds high rank among the bravest and the best of the generals of the Revolution.

The scene of action now changes to Virginia, but before tracing the course of events there, let us take a final look at Benedict Arnold. When by Cornwallis he was sent from Virginia to New York, Clinton gave him command of another detachment, with which he proceeded to the mouth of the Thames River, in his native state, Connecticut

Here, on the west bank, stood the village of New London, protected by a small fortification called Fort Trumbull; and on the east bank was Groton, with Fort Griswold near by. This was the locality where Arnold had spent his childhood, for he was born at Norwich but a few miles distant. Now it was to be the scene of his most blood-thirsty deeds.

In two divisions the English troops advanced up the banks of the river, against the two villages and forts. The column which attacked Griswold contained seven hundred men. The garrison, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ledyard, numbered only one hundred and forty. Nevertheless, the post was not surrendered till after as stubborn a resistance as could be made against such overwhelming odds.

When it could be seen that further contest was useless, Ledyard ordered his men to throw down their arms and he himself handed his sword to the British commander. The next instant it was thrust through his breast, and he fell dead on the ground. Then the massacre was continued till over eighty of the garrison had been killed after they had surrendered. Additional atrocities were perpetrated against the wounded and the bodies of the slain. The barbarities practiced by the English on that day would bring a blush to the swarthy cheek of a savage Indian.

In the meantime, on the other bank of the river, Arnold had been ravaging among the homes of his old friends and neighbors. A few houses were spared by his orders, but the devastation was general and to such an extent that even Clinton expressed his regrets. The wharves, vessels, stores, public buildings, and churches were burned and the flames carried destruction throughout the entire town. So low had Arnold sunk that the entreaties of former playmates and companions, and the sacred associations of innocent childhood appealed to him in vain. Here in the depth of his infamy we leave him, for he has no subsequent connection with the history of our country.

During all these months Clinton, with his army, has remained in New York, closely watched by the Americans under Washington and the French under Rochambeau. An English fleet has been lying in New York harbor and a French flotilla at Newport News, Virginia.

In April, Cornwallis had taken command of the English army in Virginia and had ravaged the colony. He had been dogged by an American force under Lafayette, ever watchful and wary, but who was not in a position to risk an engagement. Early in July, Cornwallis, perhaps against his own best judgment, but under orders from Clinton,

stationed his forces in Yorktown, a few miles from where the York River empties into Chesapeake Bay. The object was to have him where he could move to support Clinton, who greatly feared a combined attack by Rochambeau and Washington.

At once the Americans took a position a few miles from Cornwallis. Each day a powerful French fleet was expected from the West Indies. Lafayette saw that with the French ships in Chesapeake Bay, and his own forces surrounding Yorktown by land and reinforced if necessary by the troops under Washington, Cornwallis and his entire army could be captured.

July and August were anxious months for both Lafayette and Washington. The latter kept Clinton constantly excited and alarmed by causing false dispatches to fall into his hands, indicating that a vigorous siege of New York soon would be undertaken. During the latter part of August, Washington suddenly broke camp and marched with his entire army to Yorktown. On August 30 the French fleet entered Chesapeake Bay, and about the same time the flotilla arrived from Newport News. Within a few days the English fleet from New York attacked the French ships, but were driven off and returned whence they came.

So in September the Americans and French sur-

rounded Yorktown by land and sea. The siege commenced, and the days of Cornwallis were numbered.

It was on September 30, 1781, that the allied forces fully invested Yorktown. The siege was brief and was pushed with the utmost possible dispatch. On the night of October 6, in rain and darkness, six hundred yards from the British works, the first line of trenches was dug. When discovered in the morning, they were deep enough to afford protection. Within three days the batteries were completely mounted and from that moment till hostilities ceased a constant stream of shot and shell was poured into the city.

Then, but two hundred yards from the British, a second line of trenches was commenced. Two British outposts, which by their fire were annoying the men at their work, were carried by assault; one position by the French, and one by the Americans, and with the utmost gallantry.

So by day and by night the colonial forces drew nearer and nearer the doomed city; by day and by night cannon and mortars roared and flashed, while balls and shells dismounted the artillery of the English, battered down the fortifications, and shattered houses and buildings. Cornwallis quickly realized his desperate straits. The attacking forces exceeded his almost two to one. Two thousand of

his men were fit only for the hospital. Still he held out, for messages came from New York promising assistance. On the 5th Clinton was to sail with five thousand men; again on the 12th; but he never came. He actually started on the 19th. Then it was too late.

By the 15th the condition of Cornwallis was such that he deemed it unadvisable for Clinton to run much risk in attempting to rescue him. He had decided to trust to his own efforts. On the 16th a desperate sortie was made, but little was accomplished. The same night he planned to cross the bay to Gloucester, and by forced marches essay to reach New York, but a storm prevented. Yorktown had become absolutely uninhabitable, while escape was cut off by land or by sea.

So on the 17th Cornwallis, the titled and haughty British general, sent to Washington an offer to surrender, and on the 19th the exact terms were agreed upon.

It was a proud day for the allied armies when, drawn up facing each other in parallel lines, they waited for the arrogant red coats to march forth and formally to yield. In heat and cold, through dust and mud and snow, ragged, starving, lacking arms and ammunition, inexperienced, undisciplined, and outnumbered, for years these very men in the

buff and blue wearily had marched to and fro, up and down, fighting only to be defeated, or winning a victory only to be forced immediately to seek safety in flight. Through all the gloomy months and years, confidently and patiently they had waited for victory. Now, as the hour of their triumph drew near, we can imagine how each tattered, careworn patriot stiffened proudly in his place, musket steady, head erect, eyes straight to the front, as becomes a soldier tried and true, with only flashing eye and throbbing heart to betray in part the excitement all must feel.

At length, forth from Yorktown come the British troops, still outwardly insolent and disdainful, but in vain striving to conceal their bitter humiliation. Their colors are not flying, for that honor had been denied to General Lincoln when he surrendered Charleston. Between the French and American lines they march, their arms are cast in a pile on the ground, and away they go under guard as prisoners of war. Cornwallis, sick with mortification and chagrin, skulks in his tent. In his place, Major-General O'Hara tenders his sword, which is received by General Lincoln, detailed for this purpose by Washington.

Seven thousand soldiers and eight hundred sailors laid down their arms and other equipments,

and one hundred cannon also came into the possession of the allies. What wonder that England gave up hope when she received tidings of this disaster.

On the 23d the news of the victory reached Philadelphia, where Congress was in session. Tears as well as smiles attested the joy which filled every loyal heart, and assembling in the various churches the people gave thanks to God for the victory which seemed about to deliver them from the hands of their enemies. Towards Washington all eyes were turned in love and veneration. His services, through the hours of darkness and despair, as well as in the victory just won, now were fully appreciated.

One touching incident shows the depth of the sentiment which swayed each soul. An aged patriot approached the commander-in-chief, and after gazing in silence for several moments, raised his hands to heaven and cried aloud: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Thus felt our forefathers. They fought, not for themselves, but for future generations; and now that peace seemed near at hand they were willing to die in God's good time, thankful that through the perils and sufferings of war they had been spared to see the dawn of this glorious day, and satisfied in that they had secured for their descendants the blessing of liberty.

XXVI.

INDEPENDENCE.

With the surrender of Cornwallis, the war of the Revolution practically ended. Washington immediately proceeded to the vicinity of New York and kept close guard over General Clinton, but there were no more hostilities. In May, Clinton was succeeded by Sir Guy Carleton, and even warlike preparations ceased. November 30, 1782, provisional articles of peace were signed, and on November 3, 1783, in Paris the representatives of the United States, Holland, Spain, France and England signed a formal treaty of peace. Then the colonies became in fact a free and independent nation, covering the territory from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from the Great Lakes to Florida.

Here reluctantly we must close this volume. To recount the story of the exertions of the early voyagers and explorers, the privations endured by the first settlers, and the contests of the colonies with the Indians, the French, and finally with England, has been for us such a delightful task that we long at once to follow with you the farther

history of this young republic, now standing, expectant, on the threshold of national life. Perhaps, in the days to come, in other books we may have this pleasure. Meanwhile, we hope that you will not be content with the few facts these pages contain, or with the brief period we have been able partially to cover.

When, in the flush of early manhood, a youth leaves his native town, to take his place, a man among men, in the outside world, those who have known him from babyhood are not forgetful of his past nor unmindful of his future. In the postoffice, the store, and at home around the evening lamp, relatives and friends talk of his deeds and sayings as a boy, and every letter or paper eagerly is scanned for news of what he is doing as a man. So we trust that you may feel an intense interest in this young republic, now ready to assume a position among the nations of the world ; that you will read and talk among yourselves of what has been endured and accomplished during these early years ; and that you will not fail to pursue farther the course of the United States, through reverses and success, through adversity and prosperity, through war and peace, and into the present glorious century.

From even this little volume we can learn many lessons. The successful soldiers and statesman of

the Revolution were men who made the most of their opportunities while boys. Had Benjamin Franklin neglected to train and educate himself in his early years, he might have been working in a soap factory instead of upholding the honor of his country as an ambassador to the French court, and his fingers might have been employed in moulding tallow candles, instead of affixing his signature to the immortal Declaration of Independence.

If in his youth Patrick Henry had yielded himself to evil habits, his voice might have been heard in only the ribald songs of the tavern, instead of arousing patriotism by thundering defiance to the tyranny of George III. Fame may not come to all who wait, but it seldom comes to one who is unprepared.

Those who at any time gave way to temptation, lessened or entirely lost the honor already won. The renown of General Gates, so honestly gained in the victory over Burgoyne, is dimmed by even the suspicion that later he was not true to his commander-in-chief. Lee was a general of exceptional ability, but he is known chiefly as the man whose obstinacy nearly brought defeat at the battle of Monmouth, and whose perversity aroused the just anger of that Washington who should have had his love and obedience.

Benedict Arnold, by succumbing to the grossness of his nature, fell to such a depth of degradation, that everything he did during the years he fought for liberty is ascribed to the basest of motives. To end well, one not only should start right, but stick to the right.

Fame and fortune came to men who did their duty regardless of danger, or even death. Had Washington, on the day of Braddock's defeat, been stricken with fear, and had he hesitated to ride from point to point, as his position as an officer demanded, his soldiers would have marked him as a coward, and his career then would have ended. If he had leaped to the ground and lowered the flag after he rode between the lines at Princeton, a bullet might have found his heart. Sitting erect, as a commander should, he was spared.

And this thought is not complete without reference to the men who acted with equal bravery, but whom death claimed. Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, and Warren, who gave up his life at Bunker Hill, are not less honored nor less remembered, nor did they achieve less true success, than if they had been saved for many years.

Perhaps the greatest lesson of all is to be gained by turning our attention to the countless heroes,

med, who toiled and suffered at home, or fought and died in the field. The men who in the dead of winter built on the bleak New England coast a place of abode for the friends of liberty, and o'er whose graves corn was sowed in the early springtime, that the green blades might conceal from the Indians the weakness of the little colony, lived as useful a life and met as honorable a death as any general who ever strove and bled in battle. The naked, starving, feverish forms that rolled and tossed on the frozen ground at Valley Forge, are as worthy of admiration as any soldier whose dying moments were cheered by shouts of glorious victory.

Nor should we forget those noble and patient women who at home wearily toiled during the long hours of the day, and quietly prayed through the silent watches of the night. Never a battle, but some mother's heart was torn in anguish; never a skirmish, but some sister's head was bowed in sorrow. Yet, mourning in secret for the dead, their lips uttered no complaint, and ever spoke words of encouragement to the living. The example of these peerless men and women should teach us that true success is for all who patiently, uncomplainingly, and bravely follow each day the path of duty, however humble; and that such a life

is open to every one of us, though it may be unheralded by fame.

These pages have been filled with tales of fighting and bloodshed. In closing, let us turn our minds to thoughts of peace. History too often emphasizes only the splendor of battle. Beneath the tinsel, the trappings, and the glittering panoply of war, are horror, privation, and anguish unspeakable. No one realizes this more than did our forefathers. They fought from compulsion, not for enjoyment, and that they might leave to us, their descendants, the boon of liberty and the blessing of peace.

No American, who keeps the picture of our illustrious past fresh in his mind, ever can be a coward. Because we prefer the hum of the factory to the roar of cannon, and the rattle of the reaper to the crash of rifles, we need none the less be prepared to maintain our supremacy on land and sea in the hour of necessity and for a cause which is just. If slow to anger, our wrath but the more will be feared.

So, honorably, we may hope that the days of war are gone forever. May the time never come again when the apples are torn from the orchard trees by screaming shells instead of laughing children, and the peaceful droning of the happy bee is lost in the groans of the dying.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Abercrombie (äb'ër-krüm-bi).
Altamaha (äl-tä-mä-hä').
Amerigo Vespucci (ä-mër-ë'go vës-pöt'chë).
André (än'dri)
Appalachee (äp-ä-läch'ë).
Arbutnot (Är'büth-nöt).
Aristotle (ar-ís-töt'el).
Ashe (ash).

Balboa (bäl-bō'ä).
Bean Séjour (bö sä-zhör').
Bon Homme Richard (bō-nōm'rich'ard).
Burgoyne (bü'r-goin').

Cabot (kab'öt).
Carteret (kär'ter-ët).
Carthagenä (kär-tä-jē'na).
Cartier (kär-'yā').
Clarendon (klar'ën-dön).
Coligni (kō-lën'yē).
Créve Cœur (kräv ker').
Culpeper (kul'pëp-ër).

Darien (dā-rī-ën').
Delaplace (dë-lä-pläs').
Desborough (dez'bur-ō).
De Soto (dā sō'tō).
D'Estaing (dës-tän').
Dieskau (des'kau').
Dominique de Gourgues (dō-mën-ëk'de Görzh.)
Duquesne (dū-kân').

Ferdinand (fēr'dī-nand).

Frobisher (frō'bīsh-ēr).

Frontenac (frōnt-nāk').

Gaspereau (gäs-₁ēr-ō').

Gomez (gō'mēs).

Grand Pré (gron prā').

Hennepin (hèn'ē-pīn).

Henrietta (hèn-rī-ēt'ä).

Huguenots (hu'gē-nōts.)

Iroquois (īr-ō-kwah').

Isabella (īz-ä-bēl'ä).

Jesuit (jez'ū-īt).

Joliet (jō-lī-ēt').

Kankakee (kän-kä-kē').

Kieft (kēft).

Ladrones (lä-drōnz').

Lafayette (lä-fä'yēt').

Landonniere (lō-dō-nyār').

La Salle (lä-säl').

Magellan (mä-jēl'än).

Maria (mä-rē'ä).

Marquette (mär-kēt').

Massasoit (mäs'a-soit).

Mather (māth'er).

Melendez, Pedro (mā-lēn'dēth, pā dro).

Mendoza (mēn-dō'thă).

Mesquita (mēs-kē'tă).

Miami (mī-äm'i).

Monongahela (mō-nōn-gä-hē'lä).

Montmoreuci (mōn-mō-rōn'sē).

Narvaez (när-v -ätl').

Oglethorpe (ō'gl-thôrp).

Orinoco (ō-rĭ-nō'kō).

Pascua Florida (päs'kō-ä flō-rē'-dä).

Pequod (Pē'kwōd).

Pitcairn (pit'kärn).

Pocahontas (pō-kä-hōn'täs).

Ponce de Leon (pōn'thā dā lā-ōn').

Powhatan (pow-hä-tän').

Pulaski (pū-las'ki).

Raleigh (rā'li).

Rappahannock (räp-ä-hän'ok).

Ribault (rē-bō').

Roanoke (rō-ä-nōk').

Rochambeau (rō-shäm-bō').

Sabrosa (sä-brō'sä).

Samar (sä-mär').

Samoset (säm'ō-sēt).

Scarborough (skär'bō-rō).

Schuylkill (sköl'kil).

Serapis (sē-rā'pis).

Stuyvesant (stī'vē-sänt).

Talon (tä-lōn').

Ticonderoga (tī-kōn-dē-rō'gä).

Tierra del Fuego (tē-ēr'rä dēl fwā gō).

Tituba (tī-tō'bä).

Tonti (tōn'tē).

Valcour (väl-kör').

Vasco da Gama (väs'kō dā gä'mä).

Vergennes (vēr-zhēn').

Verrazani (vēr-rät-sä'nē).

Versailles (vēr-sälz).

Wachusett (wä-chū'set).

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